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THE LETTERS
OF SAMUEL
REYNOLDS HOLE


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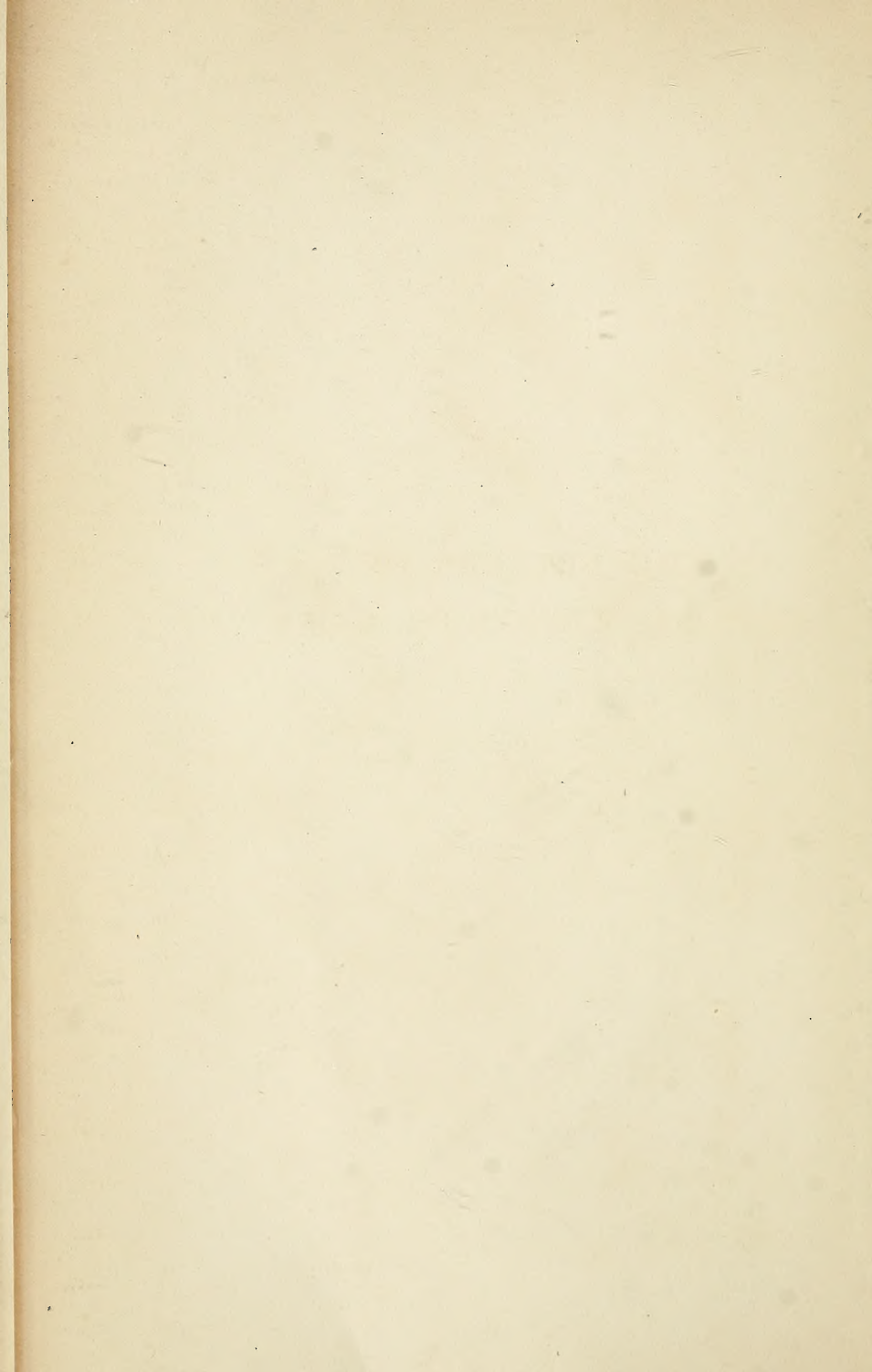
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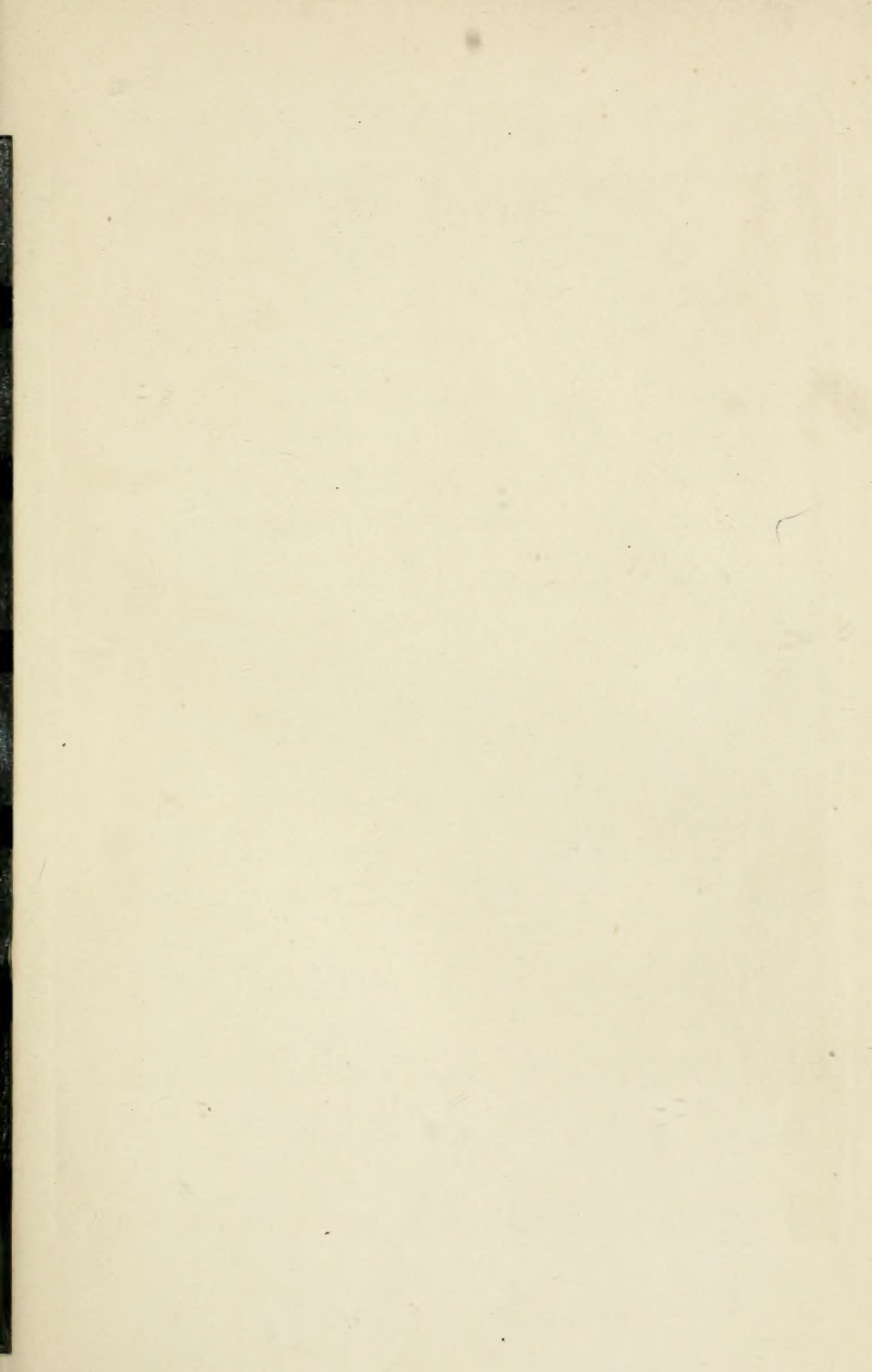
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THE LETTERS OF
SAMUEL REYNOLDS HOLE

*"And as the flower of roses in the
spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers
of waters, and as the branches of the
frankincense tree in the time of summer."*

—ECCLESIASTICUS 1, 8.





Allen & Co. Co.

Samuel Reynolds Hole

THE LETTERS OF SAMUEL REYNOLDS HOLE

DEAN OF ROCHESTER

EDITED, WITH A MEMOIR, BY
GEORGE A. B. DEWAR

138503
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17/5/16

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & SONS
156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
1907

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SAMUEL REYNOLDS HOLE

"*DEO GRATIAS.* I have Lord Salisbury's note. You will care for the souls of those men *and* you will care for the Church. You will care for the Church *and* you will care for those souls of men. And we shall have no pettinesses. *Deo Gratias.*"
—(Archbishop Benson, 10th December 1887, on Dean Hole's appointment to Rochester.)

It is a true saying that no man can write even

"his single day,
And no one can write it for him upon earth."

A man's life, even the life of the most artless of men, is a thing too complex, with its ceaseless and largely hidden interplay of circumstance and motive, and its finer lines and shades of character, to be told in language and printed off. Dates and other obvious events can be stated with authority and precision; but when it comes to the heart and mind, the story of these—the real inner life of a man or woman—can never, with sureness, be fully told. Probably the truest pages of a man's life that can be written are his letters.

In the "Life and Letters" of a public man, it is commonly the letters that form the most valuable part of the biography. In them, as Goethe said, a man's soul does often seem to lie bare. They answer to the "original sources" of history, and on the whole are more trustworthy than even Autobiographies and Confessions, which sometimes have been written with an eye on the world. The letters which are specially valuable for throwing light on the character and life of a man are often his everyday letters; letters touching on his play as well as his work, on the daily round and trivial task, on his friendships, memories, books, garden, on the many little things which, after all, must together form so large a part of the life of the public man as of the private individual. It is through these things, and the way in which he engages in them, that we often get a good idea of a man's character and of his disposition.

The letters in this book have been collected and chosen with a view to give the public, that has long shown such interest in Dean Hole as preacher and as author, a picture of the man himself. The collection certainly differs a good deal from many "Lives and Letters" of public men which have been printed of late years. In collecting material for this book we have not tried to find and choose for publication "important" letters of a public character, throwing light on this or

that church phase, or absorbing social or political question of the hour. The letters actually chosen from Dean Hole's large correspondence with men in every class of life will not take the reader behind the scenes in church politics or polemics. They throw little light on controversies as to High Church, Broad Church, Low Church, and as to ritual; controversies which burned and cooled during the fifty-nine years of his ministry. They are wholly without the *odium theologicum*, though their writer was well known to be far from colourless; well known to hold stiff opinions on the subjects out of which liveliest church controversies spring, and when he chose—for nobody chose for him—to put these opinions into plain English. They let out no secrets, and they argue the case for no faction of church thought. Where they argue, they argue the lasting, larger truths of life. The words of Archbishop Benson, quoted above, seem to sum up admirably the work and disposition of Hole as Churchman: "*Deo Gratias*. You will care for the souls of those men *and* you will care for the Church. You will care for the Church *and* you will care for those souls of men. And we shall have no pettinesses." The words apply well to any period of Hole's ministry.

As to controversies, no doubt a certain number of his letters, published and unpublished, might be collected which touch on this side; but they were

few and far between, surprisingly few they might seem to some people, considering the world of debate in which he moved, and the wide circle of people of all shades and extremes of opinion he dealt with. One would not suggest that he was above controversy; everybody knows that many good and strong men, earnest in the search for truth, have engaged in argumentative Christianity; it would be wrong to say that he was above—rather he was, in the main, outside it through strong taste for other ways of activity. A large, joyous, full-blooded, warm-hearted vigour took him in another direction than that of dispute. His was a very human activity, man being with him truly brother-man; and his eager aim was to plunge straight into the crowd, to be really in touch with people who needed to be humanised and Christianised—for you must humanise them first, he would say. Such natures are not for dialectics, or the arena of words and forms: and when they do engage in this field it is not often with marked success. For one thing, they are not subtle enough; for another, they are often too impatiently direct. The missionary does not set out on his work to argue what the gospel is, or with precisely what ritual it should be presented to the people. And Hole was nothing if not a missionary; one of a child-like simplicity, an iron will—qualities by no means clashing—and a great, roomy heart, with

a warm corner in it for men of any class and fortune. These characteristics are brought out by the letters in this book, but it may be worth while to touch on them here. First, as to his simplicity. He was a child in this to the end of his life. Many who knew and cared for him bear witness to it. Here are some pleasant words by Mr. Bristowe, the Director of Education at Nottingham, whose uncle, Sir Henry Bristowe, was a great friend of Hole's. He says: "The last time I saw my uncle, I was with him in Cheshire. Dean Hole arrived first, and later my uncle came in. I shall never forget those two big men meeting and hugging each other, their eyes glistening with happiness—and I believe with tears. They had not met for so long. Both were so affectionate and true-hearted. They had not put away the best of childish things. . . . They had poached together as boys, and I never hear, alas, now such stories as they told!" Hole kept to the close that charm of freshness and singleness of mind that touch us in an artless child. Was not his occasional impatience like that of a child? I heard the word "petulant" used—lovingly—of Dean Hole in this; and it struck me as the perfect word for the purpose; petulant to carry through his programme of good-doing. The artlessness and simplicity appear in nearly all his written and printed words. They notably appear throughout these letters. There

never were letters less artificial than these. I have not read a single stilted or conventional line in a letter of his. Some people, I know, have rather expected to find in this book the flavour of the old style of letter-writing, such as flourished when the atmosphere of leisure was more general, and people took elaborate pains in writing their letters; when the writing of a letter was a comparatively rare and serious business. But from the first letter to the last in this collection there is no sign or suggestion of this old-time model letter-writing—no trace of the “epistolary” style of our forefathers. One and all they strike us as quite modern—just as one and all they strike us as the letters of a man who never let loose his hold on the joyousness, fulness, and intense interest of life in its many phases. Much of the letter-writing in the old style was marked by a certain restraint and artificiality. We find this even in some of the model and classic letters of the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth centuries. Our ancestors punctuated with such pains. They were nice—in the old sense of nice—they were precise; and they did not let themselves go. The old-fashioned letter was often a kind of essay—a prize essay. As a result, there was more of the man’s pen than of the man himself about it. But in these letters of Dean Hole, it is nothing if not the man that we see throughout. A cynic said that words are given us to conceal

our thoughts with : if so, Hole never made use of the gift.

In one way these letters, it may be said, fail to show the man fully. They show a man with an abounding zest for life in various phases, with "active powers" that were rarely still, but not necessarily an incessant mover in the more serious walks of life. And this would be quite truly said. They do not. In this the letters fail to give a full-size likeness of the man. As we shall see, Hole was not engaged continuously in the graver work of life till he was nearly fifty. At an age when some men have begun to think of easing off, he was bringing all the force of his nature to bear on the greater business of life ! It is not surprising, then, that the earlier letters in this collection fail to give us the idea of Hole as a very hard worker ; for they do not synchronise with the most strenuous time of his life. But, on the whole, the same thing might be fairly said of the letters which Hole wrote from, say, 1870 to the end of his life. If we knew nothing of him save through his correspondence, we should hardly picture a great worker. This may be partly due to the fact that comparatively few letters seem to have passed between him and friends who were deeply engaged and interested in the same serious subjects of church work. Dean Gregory, Canon Knox-Little, and the present Archbishop of Canterbury were dear and constant

friends of his, often discussing with him the questions of church work they had at heart, but no correspondence to speak of passed between them; and the same might be said of many others. The notes in his diaries of crowded engagements from 1870 onwards give a better idea of Hole as a worker than anything in his letters to friends. These are proof of an unceasing call on him from all parts of the country. Between his fiftieth and seventieth years he preached many hundreds of sermons in English and Welsh churches and cathedrals, and during the greater part of this period he was engaged in mission work in various crowded places: Hull, Norwich, Northampton, and Reading amongst others. His strenuousness as a worker is of course very well known to a large number of people; but a still larger public has, I am sure, never fully recognised that Dean Hole ought to be thought of first and foremost as a great worker. His fame as a rose-grower and gardener, his witty speeches, the atmosphere of leisure and quiet about some of his writings, the knowledge that he did enjoy with a full heart and thankfulness the good things of life—these have somewhat deceived people about him as a hard worker. Yet it is as a hard worker that we must view him. Looking only or chiefly at the genial side of his character, we miss the right proportions altogether.

A notable fact about Hole as a great worker is

the lateness in life at which his public career began. There are cases of men who have changed their profession at forty years of age, or thereabouts, and succeeded in their new calling; and there are many cases of men ripening late in life, and making a name and position against competitors who had the start of them by many years. Indeed to blossom with great vigour in early youth is often to run to seed in the prime of life. But I imagine that Hole's career is almost unique among careers made late in life. The turn in his life practically did not come till he was about fifty. His is thus a great example to men who have "missed" in youth. The contemptible cry of "Too old at forty," or forty-five, or fifty—whichever it be—is one which no man worthy the name would raise if he studied and took to heart a life like Hole's. Hole would not feel himself too old for strenuous work at fifty, he would not feel himself too old at seventy; and nothing but good came out of his refusal to unman himself. He did, it is true, slacken in the late 'eighties in what he called "foreign service"—mission work and preaching in churches throughout the country—but then he had his constant duties at Rochester, which left him, nearing his seventieth year, not much facility for outside work. Hole's career is a lesson not only to those who have missed their mark in earlier years, but to many of us who have the conscience to work but a will

unhappily that wavers. We work by spurts only, and attribute our failure to indifferent health, or want of vitality, or to the interference of numerous pursuits and engrossing interests. One man bemoans his nervous headaches, another his weak digestion. And health and constitution no doubt are factors. But, after all, work is largely will. This is especially so in what may be called piece-work—where the worker is not obliged to keep on continuously. Hole's "foreign service" was of this nature. It was quite voluntary, and there must have been a frequent temptation to slacken and to enjoy more of the company, flowers, books, and the life at Caunton which he prized so much. But there is little sign of slackening to be found in the records of his preaching and mission work. Once he says, in reply to some call for aid, that he wishes to set apart in future a time for his literary work. But, with all the popularity of his books, with their high spirit and direct force, they were, I think, but a small part of himself. Their success, financially, was not a consideration he could always afford to overlook, but on the whole his books were in the nature of a relaxation. Work ruled: a great driving strength of will kept him at it.

Perhaps the lateness in life of his career was partly due to physical causes. He said that he did not feel his full strength of body till he had

passed youth. One can conceive that a massive frame like his is not always at its prime, knit to perfection, so early in life as a smaller one may be. In any case, the store of health and strength which he laid up during youth and earlier middle age at Caunton must have availed much in later life. He did not, it is true, lie fallow after taking his degree at Oxford and settling down to the life of parson and squire at Caunton. It was not a wasted life there at any time; but it was not a life lived at any great or anxious strain. Two written and read sermons each Sunday and ordinary parish work during the week left time for the garden and the chase. Here was just that mingling of work and play, of mental and physical activity, which spells health; neither the body nor the mind put to a strain—the golden mean of health, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, which those may well aim at to whom never comes the ambition nor the call for a strenuous public career.

At Caunton, during this easy-going time of his life, Hole preached written sermons. One Sunday the light failed, and he could not read his manuscript, which had not been learnt by heart. He had to finish his sermon without its aid, and, after the first plunge and few minutes of doubt, found the task easier than he had imagined. Henceforth he trusted to memory, with a few notes, and matter and manner greatly improved. He became a live

preacher, felt his power and persuasion grow ; and, in the years of crowded life that followed, was one of the most telling speakers in the Church of England. From trifling chances, revolutions in men's lives often seem to spring. But we can attach too much importance to them. The revolution is there and will come about, if not through this incident then through that. It would be absurd to suppose that Hole would have remained the parish priest at Cauntton till the end of his life, had it not been for the chance of the light failing that day. He was made for other things.

Hole often referred to church services and to preaching, the old style and the new, in his books and in his addresses to working men and others. He would recall the days when the Church slumbered somewhat heavily. In boyhood and early youth, he never even saw the man who had charge of the parish in which he lived. The parson did not live in the county. "A curate," he said in one of his addresses, "had lodgings five miles away, and came to us once a week for one cold, heartless service. My memory recalls him as he stands, with his overcoat, hat, and riding-whip upon the Holy Table, asking the sexton whether there were any infants to be baptized (at home, of course, in a pudding basin), or any dead to be buried in the churchyard which was the village playground, and where horses were turned out to graze." Hole

came to believe with Döllinger that the unwritten sermon was the only good way, and twice only it failed him. The strain of travelling constantly from place to place, and of preaching to strange, sometimes very large and expectant congregations, when he was fagged by a long journey, was heavy, even for a man of strong constitution. There is an ordeal in such work through which the speaker or preacher whose pulpit is a fixed one scarcely passes; and notwithstanding his strength, it is perhaps surprising that he should only twice have failed for a few minutes in a long working life. Once—somewhere in Herefordshire—he came to blank silence before he had been speaking two minutes. He said afterwards that it was as if the upper part of his head had suddenly turned to stone. He had travelled four hundred miles and was weak from want of food. Another time, memory completely left him, whilst he was speaking to a great meeting of working men at Leeds. Unlike poor Lowe on a famous occasion in Parliament, he had not a single note to turn to. But his fortune was kinder than Lowe's. Dr. Talbot gave the signal to the organist, and, whilst a hymn was sung, Hole recalled the substance of what he had meant to say, and finished his address.

As speaker and preacher he was at his best among working men. He succeeded in Northampton at a time when feeling was very bitter there

against the Church—in the early 'eighties; and in those years he aroused enthusiasm by his addresses to working-class audiences in Nottingham, Derby, and elsewhere. "The finest speech I ever heard," was Canon Shuttleworth's verdict on one of his addresses at Nottingham: "A finer conceived speech never was spoken to a meeting of working men," wrote another who was present; "full of humour it was sure to be—but there was an earnestness which one saw went right home to the audience. . . . I never was so impressed—and as I walked away with three of the working men, they gave expression to my own thought, 'If that country parson remains a country parson much longer, it is a disgrace.'" His physique and voice no doubt all told with a working-man audience. He has been much criticised for speaking too plainly in his sermons, but when he meant to hit he hit hard and called a spade a spade—there was no mistake about his meaning. A bargeman going out after evening service in the cathedral was heard to say to a friend, "I like to hear that chap. I can understand what he says. He hits straight from the shoulder."

His obvious, *felt* sympathy must have told, too, with working men, and the very human character of his speaking and preaching. His doctrine of life was so broad-minded, so clear of bigotry and pedantry; it was so *possible*. His speeches and

letters on three social evils illustrate this well—drink, gambling, and horse-racing. I shall quote later a few remarks on the first of these. I find that so far back as 1876 he had in his thoughts some practical plans for drawing working men away from excessive drink. “I have set my mind upon a village club—a room with papers, books, and games to entice men from sotting . . . it is no good declaiming against drunkenness if we do not find something in the way of a more wholesome refreshment for the working classes.” He detested betting, and—notably in some correspondence with a friend, the late Duke of Westminster—tried to start a practical crusade against it; but he liked a race-horse and never hesitated to say so; and he wished even that certain days could be set apart on which working men could, if they chose, go and see a good race. “It is not the beautiful animal on four legs that I object to, but the biped, and when the course is cleared of those who disgrace it, the first person to go to the races will be myself.” As to gambling—“a foe most formidable, powerful, subtle, cruel, triumphant”—he insisted that the reform must come from the “upper stratum.”

A feature of these letters that is so warm and human is the complete understanding and the intimacy shown between Hole and various men humbly placed in life. Canon Knox-Little once said at a meeting, “There is no man through the

length and breadth of the land who knows the working man half as well as does Canon Hole." Such knowledge can come through intimacy alone ; but it was something more with Hole than going amongst and closely studying working men in order that he might learn how to preach before them with effect. From very early years he found himself at home and happy among those who worked for his father at Caunton ; and the boy enthusiasms for the keeper, coachman, gardener, gardener's boy, woodman, bird-scarer, which are common no doubt to many English lads brought up at manor or hall, never left him. University and entry into the hard world of work and anxiety often make men forget these early associates. Many fail to keep up even their school and university friendships—ties that once seemed binding for a lifetime. The still earlier friendships and enthusiasms, naive and child-like, can have, ordinarily, a slight chance of survival. The world, its interests and pressing duties, ends them. But Hole's was one of the rarer cases where the friendships of youth thrive through the whole of a long life. Of one of his chief allies at Caunton, especially, it is a pleasure to speak. A series of letters written to Joe Birley have been grouped together in this book. These have been chosen from a large bundle which include letters written from the 'seventies continuously to the end. Birley started as the shepherd's lad at Caunton in

the "old Squire's" day. He was promoted to work at the Manor, in and out of doors. Quick with the gun, a good hand in most matters of game, and bold to mount any horse almost before he was tall enough to reach the stirrups, he was the very lad for such a household. When the Caunton beck flows at its ordinary strength, you may cross its stickles and flats at most places without wetting yourself above the knee, but it is another tale when after great rains a brown spate fills up the deep narrow channel, floods the water meadows, and rushes down to the Trent. At one flood-time a horse from the Manor-house stables was carried off its legs and became entangled in some wooden poles stretched across the brook. Many spectators were free with advice, but the horse must have been drowned had it not been for young Birley, who went into the water, got it free of the rails, and succeeded in getting it somehow on its feet and at a spot where it could be extricated, after being in the water two hours. Birley certainly risked his own life in doing this, but probably nothing that he ever did at Caunton is better to remember. Hole pinned a blue ribbon, with a gold coin inside, on his coat and complimented him on his good act before the whole household.

I should think that the series of letters in this book to Birley, to James Blackney, once choir-boy and bell-ringer at Caunton, and now a worker in

the Railway Clearing House, and to George Powell of Derby, form together a most uncommon feature in the correspondence of a very hard-worked public man. All the letters are in his own handwriting—he was too strenuous a man to want the aid of a secretary.

The letters of sympathy—actual sympathy, suffering with—which Hole wrote to people beaten down by the master griefs are notable. Several to his working-men friends are given in this book, one written to the Derby factory-worker just mentioned, George Powell, being a good example. Moving they are for anybody who cares for living words, but the full worth of such letters can only be felt when the receiver of the letter has a faith somewhat answering to that of the sender. This was so in the case of Hole and his workman friend. Powell really believed. And the faith of both was the faith of a child in its simplicity, and yet the faith of ripe manhood in strength and depth. Is any form of faith except this artless form of much avail against the tremendous wrenches of life when these suddenly come upon intense natures? A sort of iron philosophy does instead in some cases; if, however, the anchor is to be an anchor of faith, it had best be the faith not of reservations, hedgings, higher criticisms, but of the kind that steadied this man Powell. Coleridge, with all his probing and subtle intellect, was clearly persuaded of this

Nothing could be simpler than the letter which he wrote to "a friend [Charles Lamb] in great anguish of mind on the sudden death of his mother." In its artlessness and fervour it reminds one of several in this volume.

We cannot forget Dean Hole's gift of humour in considering the causes of his power and popularity with working men.

"Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"

Real wit being so nearly allied to truth, and some of the wisest men having used it for emphasising truth, it is strange that some people should be so suspicious of humour when brought into serious discussion. The attitude of some earnest social reformers because Hole used humour now and then in very serious argument is an illustration of this. The Church Congress of 1892 may long be remembered by those who were present for the strong speech Hole made in favour of moderation in drink as against enforced teetotalism—for conviction as against constraint—and I believe it was Mr. Lathbury who, in an editorial note in the *Guardian*, had to defend himself for writing of this speech as "courageous and sensible," and to point out that the speaker was misunderstood largely because he employed humour to drive home his argument. A man who has a gift of wit, and uses

it for serious ends, is always in this risk of misinterpretation by those who suppose wit only exists for frivolous purposes. The campaign of humour which, about the time of this Church Congress, Hole carried on in favour of a moderate and wise use of wine and beer, brought on him a storm of protests. But he was not to be deterred. He declared himself as hearty a lover of temperance as the most violent abstainers—but did not propose to “discard his raiment because some men got into debt with their tailors.” At a meeting in the Midlands he was refreshing himself at the restaurant when three friendly opponents came in and ordered three cups of tea. “Well, I happened to have a bun in one hand and a glass of beer in the other. It was most excellent beer, and I think it must have been made from Newark malt. I went with the bun in one hand and the beer in the other and said to my grave and reverent friends, ‘Thinkest thou, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?’” He said he had at the Deanery a drawer full of protests from severe abstainers; at last he grew tired of reading these letters and wrote to one of his correspondents, “You must excuse brevity, but I cannot see why, because you have water on the brain, I should shave my head.” As strongly set as any man could be against real gambling, he yet aroused solemn protests because he drew the line at some

rather absurd anti-bazaar movement. "I am not sanguine," he said at the Church Congress in 1890, "of grand results from a cannonade against raffles and bazaars."

But if his irrepressible humour got him at times into disfavour with those who think that wit in a grave matter is profanity, there is no doubt that on the whole it stood him in good stead throughout his life. "Wit is upon the sudden turn," says Selden in one of his essays, and at least a small volume might be made of witty sayings of Hole's that could not possibly have been prepared. Every friend of his, many slight acquaintances, can probably recall some *bon mot* of the kind. Colonel Anstruther says, "I stayed at Rufford some years ago with Hole and found him one of the most witty and charming people I ever met. I remember he tripped on a hidden step in the great hall at Rufford, and, when I ran to help him up from a very nasty fall, he said, '*Bos procumbit humi.*'" Once he called on Mr. George Allen at Sunnyside, Orpington, with some inquiry about Ruskin's work: "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," which had lately been re-published. As he left the hall, he struck smartly with his head a hanging lamp. The last thing that, as a rule, comes off a man's tongue in a case like this is a witty remark; but Hole instantly remarked with good humour, "If I am not careful, there will only be Six Lamps left."

Now and then the wit might spring from a sense of indignation over some mean deed or sight. One day at Caunton Church during morning prayer a member of the congregation was distinctly tipsy; this man had been at a wedding the day before and had not slept off his drink. After a while Hole stopped reading for a few moments, and said sternly, "Are you fit to remain in God's House?" The man got up as well as he could and with the help of James Blackney left the church. After service, Hole said, "James, what did you do with him?" The reply was, "I put him on a tombstone, sir." With a look of wrath, sorrow, and amusement Hole exclaimed, "Couldn't you put him under it?"

Towards the hard-bitten poacher he was not altogether unsympathetic, as a passage or two in his books show. He recognised that a poacher often has in him something of the sportsman; but who can be expected to feel kindly towards a neighbour who slyly pursues one's game for mere gain, and in an unneighbourly spirit? An amusing illustration of a witty saying driven home with uncommon force occurs in this connection. He was driving to Ossington on an autumn morning with a constant shooting-companion, when he noticed "a kite" being flown over one of his own fields. He tied the horse to a gate and walked to the spot over which the kite was flying. There, to his

amazement, whom should he see but a certain "methody" preacher — one of the so-called "rangers" of that day—flying the kite whilst a party were walking up the birds close by. The poacher had long been a little rival in spiritual matters of the Vicar of Caunton, but when in difficulties in the village he would not hesitate to go to the Manor-house and beg for aid. The sight of this man, of all men, taking advantage of Hole's supposed absence from home was more than flesh and blood could quite stand. "C——, what are you doing here?" asked Hole, going up and pointing to the kite above. Caught in the act, what was the trespasser to do? He grinned and said no word. The question was repeated, sternly; and the grin was repeated, sickly. The trespasser stood in the furrow. Hole went up to him and said, "C——, you may encroach on my spiritual, but I won't have you on my earthly ground!" And in that instant C—— found himself on the other side of the broad ridge that separated furrow from furrow. There the incident ended. For the relations between the two afterwards, it was, with Hole at any rate, as if nothing had happened.

A great thing about Dean Hole's wit was its freedom from all taint of malice. It was never sardonic. It never stabbed nor stung. Of a great Parliamentary wit it was said that he would not suffer his friend to stand between himself and his

jest. How different was it with Hole! Rather than have wounded a friend, he would have foregone at all times his jest. The arrows of his wit were unbarbed. This care not to lacerate in fun has not been invariable even among men with fine qualities of heart as well as of head: Charles Lamb, for instance, undoubtedly gave pain at times by his humour, though, as Canon Ainger says, he generally was quick with a salve.

Hole had the reputation of being an inveterate punster and *raconteur*. We only tolerate the pun when it is clear of all suspicion of being prepared. It must in conversation have an instantaneous spring about it, and be a surprise alike to listener and to speaker. Even then a sparing use has to be made of the gift, or it grows intolerable. The man who is always ready with his play on a name or an idea strains friendship, and in the end may forfeit popularity. Hole, being a wit—which every punster, however ingenious, is decidedly not—understood how to be sparing of puns. The apt saying or quotation, then, and the pun—both flashed out in the nick of time, which in itself is fifty per cent. of wit—these were the forms of humour which he excelled in: humour so fresh and spontaneous that it never needed flavouring, even for jaded appetites, with a biting personality. But he was a famous hand, too, at another branch of humour—the good story. The story, unlike the pun or

retort, bears touching-up and elaborating, both for public speech and for private converse ; and no doubt with him, as with other *raconteurs*, stories improved in his keeping and telling ; the personality of the teller is a considerable part of the good story. I suppose he could hoard a good story and chose the right people to tell it to. This form of humour never can be spontaneous as the flash of wit is, but there have been noted humorists who have hoarded too much, and told with over-elaboration. There was, for instance, a *raconteur* of Dean Hole's day, a famous editor, who actually kept a list of his best stories, and of the friends and acquaintance he had told this or that story to. Once his list played him false, for he told, as an experience that had lately been his own, a certain anecdote to a party of friends, several of whom unfortunately had heard it before in various forms. It convulsed one of the listeners, however, whose laughter grew painful. This was more than the story-teller had bargained for, and, when the party was breaking up, he said to a friend, "I should not have given that experience of mine had I known it would have had such an effect on B——." "Oh, don't trouble yourself about that," was the reply, "B—— always laughs immoderately when he hears that story." With the over-serious, as we have seen, Hole's love of humour was not successful, but I think he never had such a rebuff as that. Many of his stories have

appeared over and over again in a score of papers within the last few years, such as that of the green young curate in a sporting district who asked the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey—not knowing she was a race-horse—or as that of the very stout clergyman at the City dinner, who innocently spoke of his attachment to “this vast corporation”; and it is too clear from these later editions in print that the goodness of a story often depends greatly on the teller; or perhaps it is the same as with choice wines, the aroma of which, once escaping, is so soon gone for ever. But there is one story that may be recalled here, as it relates to village life in Cauntton, and is referred to in a letter to Dr. John Brown, the author of “Rab and His Friends.” One morning Hole went to Cauntton school to catechise the children. The Diocesan inspector was coming. When the children were all assembled, Hole asked, “Why were Adam and Eve turned out of the Garden of Eden?” For some time no child gave any sign of replying. But at length a little boy, who was noted for often being ready with an answer before the other children, held up his hand. “Ah,” said the questioner, “I’m glad you know, Johnny Brown, but don’t answer just at present—perhaps some other little boy or girl will remember too.” He waited awhile, Johnny Brown eager with outstretched hand. “Well,” said Hole, “I am glad there is one little

boy here at any rate who can answer the question ; now tell the whole school, Johnny." "Please sir," said Johnny, "you've got a dutty wes kitt." Dr. John Brown, hearing of his Caunton namesake's reply, sent him a tip. A correspondent who has reminded me of the incident thinks that the little boy's answer referred to some clay which Hole had omitted to brush off after hard gardening in the rosary at the Manor ; and he adds that Dr. John Brown thought the answer the very best that could have been given to the question. But I am told this unconscious embellishment, though pretty and appropriate, is not founded on hard fact. A little egg-yolk had trickled during breakfast on to Hole's "wes kitt" and dried there ; it was this made Johnny stretch out his arm.

We speak about some men having the "genius for friendship." There really does seem to be something comparable with genius in the way in which they make, without labouring to make, a great circle of friends among people of all kinds and temperament, and inspire affection and loyalty. Perhaps the explanation is simply that they have abounding and quick sympathy, and the natural tact—the tact of the heart more than of the head—that makes for friendship everywhere. Dean Hole had this genius for friendship. It is shown through the letters of his friends to him, as well as in his own letters to his friends. Days must have been

taken in answering the shower of letters, for instance, which poured upon him at the news that he had been appointed to Rochester. The absence of formality in a large number of these messages of congratulation is a delightful thing. "How I should like to see you in a shovel hat and gaiters!" exclaims one friend. "I hope he will make a good Dean, and behave as Deans should," writes another. "I know the man by sight, and consider that he will look well in a cope. He will take a big one.

"There once was a Dean of Rochester
Who measured four feet round the chest, sir,
He said mass in red
With a thing on his head,
That ritualist Dean of Rochester."

"What a change for you, and what a change for Rochester," says a third—Sir George Grove—"to have a Dean who is perpetually telling good stories—whether in the original form or not, no matter—and overflowing with perennial and most undecanal liveliness. I am sure it will be a very good thing for the town—and for you, why, it will give you an opportunity of getting up the Kent dialect, and speaking it as perfectly as you do that of other shires." But mingled with the chaff in these and many other letters from churchmen and laymen of all kinds, there is invariably a graver note of thankfulness. Even Archdeacon Denison in the midst

of a campaign against the Lower House of Convocation "gone mad," as he declared it, "in meddling and muddling the Prayer-Book without a grain of authority," could turn aside for a moment to record his pleasure. There was something in Hole's play as in his work, in his gay moods as in his grave, that was always kindling friendship. Many of his friends only knew him through his books, which, like Izaak Walton's, mirrored his own disposition. He often had letters from strangers, who, reading these books, felt they had made a new friend. Two out of a good many I have seen may be touched on as illustrating this. One came towards the close of his life from a dissenting minister in the Far East, warmly thanking him for one of his books. Perhaps few letters of praise in his life touched him more than such a one as that. Hole had many admirers among Nonconformists. No doubt in early years at Caunton there was strong feeling at times between Church and Nonconformity; I believe two of the leading men in Primitive Methodism were formerly connected with the place; but it left no lasting bitterness. Would bigotry be imaginable, were workers like Charles Kingsley and Reynolds Hole general? The other letter referred to came from the late Dr. Haig Brown of Charterhouse. "I have just finished the reading of your charming volume ('Then and Now'), and gratitude constrains me to offer you thanks for the pleasure

you have given me. You will, I trust, pardon this expression of feeling from one who is unknown to you, but has held communion with you not only in this but in your other books." I thought that Dr. Alexander, the Archbishop of Armagh, was an undergraduate with Hole at Balliol in the 'forties; but the Archbishop told me that he took his degree from Exeter, and was only put on the B.N.C. books later. "How I wish I had known Dean Hole," he writes; "his whole character, his wit, his eloquence, his passionate love of natural beauty, his spiritual elevation, must have made him one of the most charming of men!" There are men, who, apart from their work, through personality alone—through the effect it has on strangers as on friends—leave the world a little brighter than they found it. Finely Mr. G. W. E. Russell says of Matthew Arnold in the collection of Arnold letters, which is now an English classic, that to have known him and to have had a place in his regard, is "part of our lives' unalterable good." But now and again comes one whose strong personality, irradiating, serves to light the world a little for the stranger as well as for his own circle. Kingsley's notably was one of these helpful personalities, and I think that Hole's was another. I cannot better end these notes on how, in later life, his noble, open nature appealed to men than by giving Bishop Talbot's words for the *Diocesan Chronicle*: "It was not one of the

smallest happinesses of my Episcopate to find him as Dean of the Cathedral, to come at once into close relations with his noble and generous nature, and to associate the hospitality of the Deanery with most of my recollections of days in Rochester. He received me from the first with a delightful cordiality just touched with the something more by which an older man shows his respect for the office which his junior holds. It is difficult to convey just that impression of 'distinction' or nobleness which was exactly what no one could help receiving from his presence. But it would have been difficult—and disagreeable—to bring anything mean, or unchivalrous, or unworthy, into his presence. It has been said, I think, that in most of the men who attract us most there is still something of the boy. How true this was of the Dean! Quick, impulsive, ready to kindle up, and as ready to forgive, with an unbounded relish for life and for its humours and sympathy with its light and shade—that was the boyishness of him, and it wielded its instrument in the quick-flashing wit which sometimes took form in anecdote, and sometimes flitted by in the turn of a phrase, or a half-noticed word. But there were deeper things than these. He was a fine example of the Christian gentleman, but he had besides the heart of the pastor and the evangelist. The things of his Master were first, unquestionably first, with him, and therewith the desire, the eager and

constraining desire, to make those things known to his fellow-men. He wanted them to share; he wanted them to understand that they might share. He had found there the sanction of all goodness in man, the witness of the goodness of God. The Gospel of Jesus had given to him 'love, joy, and peace.' Here, too, he was as a little child. His heart and conscience wholly answered to the gift of God. He had no doubts about it; he could not find room for anything more critical than simple acceptance. He wanted others to do the same, to know how simple it was, and how human, though so divine, not to fancy that it was something remote from them, or strained, or difficult. So the grave, beautiful words were always at hand in close neighbourhood to the fun, and the sympathy with the moment's topic. And in the pulpit they spoke out with a fervour which was the more free and forcible because it had evidently compelled into its service, in the careful hours of preparation, the resources of his rich memory and reading and experience. God bless him! and may many who have heard his words and seen the witness of his example, show the fruit of them in the coming days! It has been said that there are always two types of Christian life and character, the genial and the severe. Such a life as his will have had its secret things of self-discipline and self-control, as in its last days it shone with quiet, grateful patience. But his



CAUNTUN MANOR HOUSE

memory will remain with us abidingly as one of the happiest instances of the genial character, touched and sweetened by the life of the Spirit."

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No sketch of Dean Hole, however slight, can fail to touch on his early life at Caunton, his field sports and his gardening. It is nearly twenty years since he left Caunton for Rochester—and twenty years, how often "it cuts all meaning from a name!" Yet, though many of his old friends have disappeared from the village, it must still be fresh enough in some memories how his aid and advice, as squire and pastor, would be sought by all and sundry. There is a suggestion of the Vicar of Wakefield about the way in which he would cater for old and young alike in many little things, though at times I daresay he would be more in a mood then, as in the larger life outside, to wield Burchell's big stick when a wanton ill-doer was detected. There is the flourish of a big stick now and again in his letters, where he has to speak of a rascal or a snob. There is a letter of his I have seen—written when he was quite eighty—in which he chafes at his inability to turn his garden hose on the roughs and rowdies who broke up one of Mr. Chamberlain's meetings. But he had a charity towards the trifling flaws. "Many of his kind actions to the old folk," Birley writes, "can, I fear, never be adequately expressed. For instance,

Mary, one old woman, to get material aid, was always in a pious mood when he was on his rounds. Especially if she had the misfortune to break a vessel, she would be invoking and thanking the Lord for His goodness, until she had got perhaps double the cost, whilst Nancy would go to church in her pattens, so that she could get a new pair of boots; she well knew the pattens would draw forth the needful. I really think he used to appreciate their little tricks, for his face would brighten when he gave the money. His pockets often contained packets of tea, stockings, mufflers, and a bit of tobacco for the old men; and for the sick folk it was rabbit here and rabbit there, soup, jellies, grapes, or wine. In fact he was always doing a kindness among them. I can well remember that, when I was a child with measles, he walked in with the 'cowslip wine' for 'Joe.' That was more than fifty years ago, and many were the mornings I had my breakfast with him and the dear old Squire in the early 'fifties; and when I look back on those happy days and onwards, I know that better friend could not possibly be than he was to me." As Birley suggests, Hole no doubt saw through, and was tickled by, the harmless tricks of a villager now and again to win his charity or sympathy. He was not, however, I should say, quite easy to impose on when he had a mind the other way. Once a well-known poacher

of the village waited near the church, and, on Hole passing, pleaded, "Look here, sir; see what your keeper have done to my dog!" Dog, like master, was a professional poacher, and bore clear sign of a recent peppering. Hole said to the poacher, whose character he knew well: "Yes, Tom, I see; but I don't quite know what I can do for you, unless this"—taking from his pocket a penknife—"is of any use to you for picking out the shot."

The Dean Hole of public fame is before all things rose-grower; but doubtless he knew the good points of the horse ere he knew those of the rose. It may be said he was born a sportsman. It was in the bone with him. The first of his letters in this book—the earliest we can find—is an earnest plea for the chase; and his interest in hound and hunter was lively to the end. Caunton in Samuel Hole's—his father's—day was a house of sport. The spirit of sport fired, more or less, everybody about the place, and there are still people with an affectionate memory or two of the stirring days there, the bustle of fox-hunting or partridge-shooting mornings, in the "old Squire's" reign. Old Samuel Hole, it is no secret in Caunton, believed in another English practice besides that of horsemanship—and he had about him one or two retainers who decidedly understood the "noble art of self-defence." From what I have heard, they did not always strictly limit

themselves to self-defence, however. There are stories floating about Caunton which point another way. For instance, W——, the “handy” coachman at Caunton in the old Squire’s days, was notorious for his tiffs that would end in hard knocks. Dean Hole spoke to this man sternly more than once about his love of fighting, but found him incurable. Whenever he drove Hole to any place which necessitated a long wait, W—— insisted on giving the inhabitants a taste of his prowess. After a day’s covert-shooting, he turned up at the rendezvous with one eye entirely in retreat, and Hole, as he drove off, was of course bantered by his host and the other guns for encouraging muscular Christianity in his people. Hole relieved his feelings on the journey home by discharging W——. Then W—— attempted a defence. “I took no notice of a party as insulted me, sir, in the public, well knowing your views; but when he altered his note and began abusin’ you, sir, I felt as you’d have wished me to take your part, sir.” “Disgusting!” exclaimed Hole warmly—“I hope they separated you.” “Beg pardon, sir,” said W——. “Well”—testily—“What is it?” “Beg pardon, sir, but ’e didn’t want no separatin’, sir!” And—says the teller of the story—the closed eye flickered for one instant like a gleam of sun through a bank of purple cloud.

These, however, were little passing incidents common to a somewhat harder day than the present in homes of vigorous sport. Field pursuits were the great thing at the Manor when Hole was a young man fresh from college, and were followed with zest. In one of his earlier books—"Nice and Her Neighbours"—he has given us a delightful glimpse of a scene or two, at the close of the hunting season, when his father's hunters were summered: "When the grass was growing and the air was warmer, in May, they were led forth, two by John Ward, master of the horse, and two by Tim Chappell, equerry-in-waiting, to a large pasture of abundant herbage on the banks of the silver Trent. Then the old exercising-bridles were quietly slipped off, John gave his favourite, Benedict, a farewell pat; for a few seconds the steeds stood motionless, and then, as they realised their freedom, rearing and kicking, with wild whinnies of delight, they galloped off at speed, as if a fox had gone away." And he could recall the careful putting by against next season of the hunting-clothes—"the buckskins and cords laid to rest in their drawers of mahogany with embalmments of lavender in muslin bags and the snow-white tops" in a rack hard by. Who that has spent his early years in a sporting home easily forgets such little scenes and touches that relate to gun or saddle or fishing-rod? Hole touches

on his fox-hunting days in several of his books, as well as in various letters in this collection. The sound of the horn and the sight of the red coats—then so numerous—among the old oaks of Rufford when Jack Davis was huntsman, were never forgotten. Once after his appointment to Rochester he said to Davis, “You see, Jack, I am still keeping my breeches—I’m going to wear gaiters instead of tops.”¹

Among the letters are several allusions to shooting, whilst I find other allusions in letters which we have not included in the collection. There is a characteristic touch in one letter that has been shown me. “We had a grand day at Worksop [September 4, 1895] on the dedication of St. Cuthbert’s College. . . . I wish you could have seen our turn-out from the Abbey—a carriage and four with postillions, and a four-in-hand drag. Nevertheless old Paddy and Tim Chappell bringing the luncheon up Moor Lane was a more beautiful procession.” This is a memory of the old shooting days at Caunton. Moor Lane led to some of the partridge fields and pheasant coverts where game was so keenly followed in those times. Hole, with an endurance of body great as his will strength, would walk the fallows and the high

¹ I have heard a story that Hole, when Vicar of Caunton, used to hunt in a red coat, but abandoned it because “t’ Bishop wouldn’t let him wear it.” It is pure myth.

stubbles—the corn was sickle-cut then—through-out the day in any weather; and those who have been out for part of a burning September day in modern and much easier conditions—in the first grilling days of September 1899, for instance—can tell how hard the work is in the blaze of early afternoon. But I wonder what Moor Lane would be like after heavy rains. In the past spring Mr. Hugh Hole took me a few hundred yards up the lane after some moderate rains, and I realised fully the weight and the sticking power of these Nottingham clays. The clay one walks over in Hampshire partridge-shooting or rabbiting seems to belong to quite a different class of matter. What with the high stubbles, and the deep, sticky clays and the walking all day, save for the lunch interval—for they shot over pointers in those days, and driving was unknown—partridge-shooting must have been something like exercise in the open air.

A visit to Caunton for the first time by any one who cares for the things that Hole cared for is delightful. There is little—there is nothing perhaps of the more typical Midland scenery about the village or the land on which the Manor-house itself is set. Some of the best sporting country, at any rate fox-hunting country, of the Midlands is certainly flat, one acre very like another acre; fat pastures everywhere, with hedgerows of elms, elms, elms. Nor are the rivers clear or lively in their

flow compared with the chalk streams of Hampshire or the moorland streams of Devon. It is the prose of English landscape; prose with rare man-making, Empire-making qualities. One who visits Caunton for the first time, travelling thither, say, from the south, by Peterborough and Grantham, may expect to find a village set in the usual, almost fen-flat land through which the train brings him. But Newark left behind, and the Trent crossed at Kelham Bridge, where the Scotch gave up King Charles, it is quite another story. Here is at once a shooting country, and yet a hunting country; hill and hollow, pasture and arable land; fences are here in plenty, but an absence of that monstrous barbed wire and that—to the eye—hardly less aggressive twisted wire, vibrant and threaded through iron rails, a thing we expect to see about the gloomy rhubarb and cabbage fields just outside London and other great towns, but one that robs the country of country feeling. Caunton has its beck too—"the Caunton Beck"—an undoubted trout stream, though it feeds the great river of coarse fish; its high banks are willowed all along the Manor length of water; there are little pools at each sharp twist, the very spots to hold a fat trout; and above the Manor length, in the Beesthorpe Park that Capability Brown laid out, the beck is beautifully and densely wooded. It is simple to understand what a hold this pretty little bit of quiet

English countryside would have on a man like Dean Hole. I saw it this year in April with everything growing into green or flower, and felt how these little hills preach peace. But if to a stranger the place makes such appeal, how much more to an intimate whose family has been bound up with the fortunes of the village and the Manor for generations without a break? There was a Hugh Hole vicar of Caunton in 1567, as a brass in the church tells us; and a Hugh Hole is there to-day. It must be an incurious and unimaginaive mind which is not interested in a fact like this. There may be false pride in birth and pedigree; and rank may often be but the guinea's stamp; but there would be surely something wanting or careless at least about a mind wholly untouched by such consideration. A man who could say, "My father ruled here and my grandfather and generations before him," and yet not care for the spot any better for this, would not be in the right way. It is pleasant to find a Hole once more after a lapse of some years settled at Caunton Manor. Glimpses of this snug place we get in several of Dean Hole's own books, though it is not always named; and one can understand his large affection for it and the refreshment he must have got out of it, coming hither for a short holiday in the later and harder worked years of his life. The compact little farms, the beck running at the end of the kitchen garden,

the paddock for horse exercise, the plantations about the house, the house and the church, in true manor fashion within a few steps of each other, and the exquisite flower and rose garden—these together do make a very English scene. The sense of oldness yet the sense of freshness all about!

In a speech in 1899 Dean Hole spoke about himself as a beginner in gardening “seventy-six years ago.” Almost generations before gardening became a popular pursuit in England, Hole was gardener. The garden is rarely absent for any time from his correspondence. Not only in his letters to friends, but in their letters to him, flowers, especially roses, are constantly appearing; and this though the chief subject of the letter may have nothing to do with gardening. Bishop Thorold, Dean Bradley, George Mackarness—Bishop of Argyle and the Isles—John Leech, Alfred Tennyson, these among many others spoke somehow of gardening in their letters to Hole. Mackarness likened him at Caunton to a flower in a pot too small for it. In 1870 Tennyson wrote welcoming “A Book about Roses”: “I do not worship the yellow but the rosy ones—rosy means red not yellow—and the homage of my youth was given to what I must ever look up to as the Queen of Roses—the Provence—but then you as a great rose-master may not agree with me. I never see

my Queen of Roses anywhere now. We have just been planting a garden of roses and were glad to find that out of our native wit we had associated the berberis with them as you advise." "A Book about Roses" was first published in 1869. The author might have said of it as Walton said of "The Compleat Angler," "In writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might not read dull and tediously I have in several places mixt some innocent harmless mirth; of which, if thou be a severe, sowre complexion'd man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge." And, as Walton said, so Hole might have said, "The whole discourse is a picture of my own disposition." "A Book about Roses" is truly a picture of his disposition. Sun and breeze play through it as they played through him. It sparkles with joy, a joy quite infectious. One dips into it over and over again, to find poesy and pun and practice so winningly blent. But perhaps the author did not know how good it was. At any rate I recall a remark of his to me about another book for which he had a fancy. He wondered how it had sold, and hearing that its sales were (unlike those of his own book) not large, he said, "I can understand that—it is a book too good for the many."

One of the last papers which Dean Hole touched was a list he was making of the roses in the Deanery Garden at Rochester the year he died.

It included about 135 varieties, and it is curious to compare this list with a list of roses grown at Caunton by himself in 1851. The Caunton list included 1027 rose bushes of 434 varieties, but the great majority of the names of the roses are quite unknown to a rosarian of to-day. Hundreds of them have long been obsolete, and only a name here and there on the Caunton list is familiar to-day, such as *Devoniensis*. The list does not include *Gloire de Dijon* or *Maréchal Niel*; I doubt—though I have not checked the two lists carefully—whether it contains a single rose given in the Dean's selection of best all-round roses printed at the end of this book.

The chief date in his life as gardener is undoubtedly July 1, 1858. It was then that his first grand National Rose Show was held at St. James's Hall. Hole was honorary secretary and promoter, and his three chief helpers were Thomas Rivers, Charles Turner, and William Paul. How he brimmed and bubbled over with enthusiasm the delightful letter to Thomas Rivers given in this book shows.

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These notes amount to a personal impression and no more: I quite know their slightness. Many of his intimates, if they accept my outlines, will be able to add touches of their own and so make the sketch a little less imperfect.

His life gives good proof that it is possible, though it be rare, to be of the world, and yet unspotted by the world. His life was—and is—a lesson in faith, kindness, and simplicity. There are two passages that have come to my mind lately whilst I have been reading the letters; the one so fitting to the benign side of him—

“He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

And the other to his splendid manhood—

“The elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world THIS WAS A MAN.”

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

[In choosing the Letters and writing the Memoir the Editor has had the kind and constant aid of Mrs. Hole. He could not have done his part of the work without her quiet advice and help.]

A CHRONOLOGY

1819. December 5. Born at Liverpool.
1844. Graduated B.A. of Brasenose College, Oxford.
1844. Ordained deacon and appointed curate at
Caunton, Notts.
1845. Ordained priest.
1850. Vicar of Caunton.
1858. His first book, "A Little Tour in Ireland,"
published.
1858. Organised the first National Rose Show.
1861. Married Caroline, eldest daughter of John
Francklin of Gonalston, Notts.
1869. "A Book about Roses."
1878. Took his M.A.
1883. Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.
1887. Appointed Dean of Rochester.
1892. "The Memories of Dean Hole."
1904. Died at Rochester.

THE LETTERS OF DEAN HOLE

[*Born* 1819. *Died* 1904]

TO HIS FATHER.

[CAUNTON, 1834.]

DEAR PAPA, you're aware that but very few days,
Are left me to hunt or to shoot o'er the clays,
That ere long I must leave this my dear country
house

To reside in my town, not quite so salubrious :
At six in the morning must open my eyes,
Forget Lochinvar ! the old horse ! the pork-pies ;
In short, forget all save my Greek and my Latin,
And must study with zeal, to young boys a pattern.
Ere I go then, dear pip, one favour to me yield,
Ere I bid long farewell to the joys of the field,
Ere I leave, but I'm wasting my words—in a trice,
Allow me this week, dear papa, to hunt twice,
To Laughton to-morrow to ride Lochinvar,
Leaving here very early—the distance is far.
There is but little fear of my missing my way,
Since my uncle has thoughts of mounting his gray.
Grant me my boon, dear Papa, and believe me I am
Your truly affectionate, loving son,

SAM.

A

TO J. W. MAXWELL LYTE.

CAUNTON, *June 7, 1847.*

MY DEAR LYTE,—You have doubtless reached ere this the old house at home, and, therefore, your pseudo-papa hastens to proffer his very sincere thanks for your last dispatch. Indeed it is one of the privileges of friendship to be remembered at all in another land (and this by a lover!); and I can assure you, in spite of off-hand rackety mannerism, that such tokens of attachment—few and far between in our cold, calculating, terrestrial (snow) ball—are very highly prized by one, who still blesses Heaven for a warm heart and quick sympathies with those he loves. How glad you would be to meet “*the Governor.*” Earnestly I hope and pray that his patient cheerfulness may be recompensed *here* by a renewal of health and strength. And what a budget of interesting detail (told in his mild musical English, which I can recall so pleasantly, as when we sat in his library or strolled on the stony cricket-ground “the days I spent in Devonshire”) he will unfold anent the eternal city. (By the bye, there is a cry of “Question” as to the eternity, for I read that the Malaria advances indubitably, and Exeter Hall will doubtless predict early suffocation unto its Babylonian foe—*vide* a little book well worth your notice, “Kip’s Christmas Holidays in Rome.”)

Pray offer my true regards and respect to the Pilgrim Father, and Heaven grant that for the future he need not of necessity

“Go where the Coliseum rears
It's sad majestic pile,”

but live at home at ease

“In his home by Berry's steep
Where the broad blue waters round him swell
And the tempests o'er him sweep.”

He will forgive me for lightly handling his poetry because he knows that I am an earnest admirer of it. And pray give my sincere remembrances to all my very kind friends, Mrs. Lyte, Mr. and Mrs. Hogg (what is your little niece's name?), and to the Misses Craigie. Happy John!

All your friends here rejoice in your well-being and prospects. I have attempted a feeble portrait of *la paulopost-futura* Mrs. Peter, but I hope you will shame my powers of description by introducing the reality. Mrs. W—— seems rather to think that W—— will take *a First*. I think he would take it if they were to offer it, but I anticipate a third at most.—Yours ever very sincerely,

THE LONG UN.

TO J. W. MAXWELL LYTE.

CAUNTON, May 31, 1848.

DEAR OLD PETER PATERFAMILIAS,—You would have been pleased, I am sure, to have contemplated

the Long Un's smiling and happy countenance, as he recognised your caligraphy, and, specially, as he read the good tidings which it brought. My very earnest and sincere congratulations are proffered in all truth, and may the blessing of Heaven be upon your wife and your child for ever. If the boy be not already baptized, don't omit the good name of John among his appellatives.

I have had a rather serious illness this winter, and for two months, Feb^y and March, I was not beyond the walls of mine house: in fact I am only just *qualis eram*.

How long have you been in London? I was there the second week in May to hear Jenny, but never dreamt of your presence in the metropolis or I would have called on you the first thing, tho' I was only up for three days. I yearn to grasp your true hand again, and have pyramids of things to talk about. Could not you come to our Archery Meeting on the 8th, to-morrow week? *Do*, Peter! I would give anything to see your long pliant old back whirling once more round the ball-room at Southwell.

Mrs. Raven¹ had a little girl the last day of April: the young lady arrived rather unexpectedly during my visit, and I had the pleasure of seeing, a few hours after her advent, the realisation of Keble's beautiful lines:

¹ Mrs. Raven and Mrs. Hilton were Hole's sisters.

"Mysterious to all thought
A mother's prime of bliss,
When to her eager lips is brought
Her infant's thrilling kiss."

Mrs. Hilton is leaving, *ay de mi*, this morning, and she desires her kindest regards to you. I wish Mrs. Maxwell Lyte knew her. I shall escort her to Nottingham on her way to Staffordshire, as there is a flower-show at the former place, and bachelors love flower-shows as institutions conducive to the production of pretty bonnets. Apropos to prettiness, I am still haunted by bright visions of that tall and elegant and beauteous bridesmaid whom I took (happy Long Un!) to your wedding *déjeuner*. In the impassioned language of Toots, I left London quite "sore with love."

I must go for to decorate for the Horticultural: do you remember how we used to "get up" for the High? I should like to take my M.A. at the Commemoration, but the depressed state of the money market and the perturbed state of the Continent won't permit.

Now do come over to the Archery: I'm sure you're quite in the way now, you long lot of pater-nity, and I have most important things to tell you. The Cricket Club of which I am V. P. will be delighted to witness your *fine forward* hitting on Tuesday next, the 6th instant, or 13th or any time.

My kind regards and congratulations to the ladies at 1 H. P. Place, and my best love to little

Peter. (I could send that latter message somewhere else, *entre nous*.)—Thine ever, dear B., mo.
affectionately, THE GOVERNOR.

The two letters above were written to one of Hole's greatest friends at Oxford, J. W. Maxwell Lyte, who went up to New as Gentleman Commoner in 1843. The originals belong to J. W. Maxwell Lyte's son, Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, the present head of the Public Records Office, who has also kindly shown me various undergraduate verses written by Hole at this time. Lyte, Stokes, W——, and Hole were Oxford friends. Stokes and W—— were apparently reading men. Hole himself went to Oxford to get a First. He read for two terms. But one day he met a friend in "black velvet cap and scarlet coat, a bird's-eye blue tie, buff keyseymere waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and pale brown tops," coming down into the quad—and then he wrote home for a horse. Stokes took a First, afterwards married a daughter of Dean Gaisford of Christchurch, and became Proctor in his turn. W——'s hopes of a First were dashed, as his friend thought they must be. A searcher tells me he cannot discover W——'s name on the class list for 1847. Perhaps he was given "a gulf": such a fate has certainly befallen before now the hopeful candidate for honours. Hole himself graduated in 1844.

There is no doubt that life at B. N. C. in the early 'forties had strong attractions for a lover of sport, fox-hunting particularly, and it is not less clear that Hole knew how to enjoy it.

"How jollily, how joyously we live at B. N. C.!

Our reading is all moonshine—the wind is not more free,"

he exclaims in some verses written in 1841. Driving tandem, hunting with Mr. Drake's pack and others, and

“wines” of the good old sort—small wonder W— was disappointed of his First, if he were involved even a little in the generous life of the riding and hunting men. In 1847 a little book was published by Vincent at Oxford containing Hole’s hints to Freshmen, his parodies, and a note or two throwing light on the way of life among the leading men at B. N. C. From one of the notes I gather that J. R. G. was “one of the first men in the college with hounds.” J. R. G. managed, in spite of sport, to take his degree in 1844, but evidently the type came to grief at times, as a parody of Hole’s relates :—

“He wore grey worsted stockings that term when first we met,
His trousers had no straps—his high-lows had no jet ;
His look it had the greenness, his voice the sleepy tone—
The token of a raw young man who’d lately left his home.
I saw him but for a moment, yet methinks I see him now,
With his cap the wrong end foremost upon his freshman’s brow.

A pink and snowy buckskins when next we met he wore,
The expression of his banker was more thoughtful than before ;
And riding by his side was one who strove, and not in vain,
To borrow five-and-twenty pounds he ne’er might see again ;
I saw him lend the money, and methinks I see him now,
With his hunting cap of velvet upon his sportsman’s brow.

And once again I see that brow, no sporting cap is there ;
An article at four and nine sits on his untrimmed hair ;
I see him playing racquets in the Fleet, yet even now
Methinks I see my freshman with verdure on his brow.
The face is somewhat dirty, yet methinks I see it now,
With a cap the wrong end foremost upon the freshman’s brow.”

The letters of Hole to Lyte and a letter of Lyte to Hole show that neither belonged to a set merely thoughtless and selfish in its pursuit of sport and pleasure. Whatever record leapt to light about their life at Oxford, I think there could be little in it to put their repute to shame. Theirs was rather the joyous vitality and heart of young England in the most

8 THE LETTERS OF DEAN HOLE

generous years of life—the cup of youth sparkling over as it has in many men hereafter to be honoured workers and thinkers in public life. It may even be in some cases that—

“ . . . had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live.”

Hole was a groomsmen in June 1846 at the marriage of Miss Lyte to the Rev. J. R. Hogg at Brixham in Devonshire, and groomsmen also at his friend's marriage to Miss Craigie in the following year. He protested vigorously against the doctrine of celibacy for priests in some verses written on the Brixham wedding :—

“ And then the Bride, the stately one ! I would some Abbess pale
Had learned then how English Maids do wisely take the Veil,
And to her melancholy nuns had taught our better ways
As gracefully shown forth by thee, Miss Lyte of other days.

Oh ! ye gaunt Hermits, who maintain we poor priests must not wed
Those Bridesmaids soon I think had chased such crotchets from
your head,
Had made you sell your sackcloth and forthwith begin to think
One only Hermitage correct—the *Hermitage* we drink.”

Lyte proposes a trip to Oxford just before his marriage, writing to Hole on May 1, 1847 : “ The Misses Craigie are (to my grief) at present abiding in the tents of Kedar (*i.e.* a house that Mrs. Craigie has most inconsistently taken a lease of, believing as she does that the world is coming to an end in a year or two¹), at 1 Hyde Park Place, West, London—where, should aught call you to ‘ the village,’ I am sure they will be delighted to see you. Please to make arrangements to come up to London a week before *the* day—as

¹ The influence, perhaps, of Dr. Cumming. It used to be said that at the very time he was announcing the end of the world as imminent he took a ninety-nine years' lease of his house.

I intend to have a slight preliminary lark in the way of a trip to Oxon., and it would be nothing without 'the dear old Long Un.' Only think of my mathem.—I have brast asunder all my stock of Tops and cannot replace them! I hope that my dear father will be returned in time for my wedding (as if he had been lent somewhere!) and that he will be able to perform the ceremony for us."¹ Lyte died in the following year, a few weeks after the birth of his son—the present Sir Maxwell Lyte—but Hole never forgot his greatest Oxford friend, and referred to him affectionately in a speech nearly sixty years afterwards.

TO THOMAS RIVERS.²

CAUNTON MANOR, *June 22, 1858.*

My dear Mr. Rivers,
Altho' my hand quivers,
With writing about our Great Show,³
I must send you a line,
Just to say, wet or fine,
To-morrow I'll be at Har-low.
Ah! 'mid fruit-trees and flowers,
In evening's still hours,
I'll be happy as merry King Cole.
And therefore, no more,
Until "two twenty-four,"
From yours, my dear Sir,

REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ The Rev. H. F. Lyte, author of "Abide with Me"; "a true gentleman, scholar, poet, saint," Hole describes him.

² Author of "The Rose Amateur's Guide."

³ The First Grand National Rose Show, started by Hole and held in St. James's Hall, London, on July 1, 1858.

TO JOHN LEECH.¹

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

September 24, 1858.

MY DEAR LEECH,—If you will imagine our friend Batty, the Zoologist, who “challenged the world” at Donnybrook, unexpectedly presented with a White Elephant, a Lioness (as Lionesses ought to be who love their Lions), a Sea Serpent in suitable Tank, a Gasometer full of gin, 12 new Caravans, and £500; or a young Lady, in the first delight of receiving a new horse, a new Ball-step, 3 offers by the same post, a piping bull-finch, an opera-box, and miniature of Arthur set in diamonds; or yourself, suddenly possessed of all the pictures that were in “The Art Treasures” at Manchester, a hat which could never grow old, perfect forgetfulness of what headache, catarrh, or fatigue were like, the finest salmon fishing in the world, Heidelberg Tun full of claret, and the best stud of hunters going; why then you will form some idea of my joy on receiving the grand gift, which you have so generously sent to me.

But seriously, and in plain sober truth, I can

¹ The letters to Leech were lent by Mr. Henry Silver. “They were given to me,” writes Mr. Silver, “by Mrs. Leech herself, with many others from his friends which she had thought worth keeping. And I may just add that it always seemed a pleasure to the Dean to be reminded of his intimacy with one whom all agreed in thinking the most loveable of friends; and whose loss left such a blank in life as never could be filled up by any later friendship.”

honestly say that I *never received a present which pleased me so much.*

Alas, I have nothing to offer in return, but "evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor," and the assurance of a regard and admiration, every day increasing.

I hope you found all well at Scarborough; please offer my kind regards to Mrs. Leech.—And believe me, my dear Leech, your obliged and attached friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Leech and Hole were great friends. At Leech's suggestion they travelled together in Ireland, and the result was "A Little Tour in Ireland," which Hole wrote, and which was illustrated by what Ruskin called "the kind and vivid genius of John Leech." John Deane, one of the members of the Royal Commission at the time of the Famine, drew out a route which included Dublin, Connemara, the scenery of the Shannon from Athlone to Limerick, Killarney, Glengariff, and Cork. In some manuscript notes among the Dean's papers I find this passage: "We had ample time thoroughly to enjoy that which we saw, not acting on the principle of that cockney tourist, whom dear old Waterton, the naturalist, met in Belgium, and who boasted that he had 'knocked off thirteen churches that morning,' but going leisurely like large butterflies from flower to flower. . . . In fact you cannot hurry in Ireland, there is something in the humid atmosphere and in the habits and demeanour of the people which ignores haste. Ah me! how happy we were—looking from the steamer at the calm, phosphorescent waves (so thankful they were calm, though Leech had represented himself in a letter as revelling in the stormy

seas), or gliding along the rails, or riding in cars, or rowing in boats, listening to quaint carmen, oarsmen and guides, talking and laughing in genial converse, or . . . silent in perfect sympathy, one of the surest signs and one of the purest delights of a true friendship."

"A Little Tour in Ireland" was published by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans of *Punch* in 1859, and reprinted by Mr. Arnold many years later. It is a book full of romping spirit both in letterpress and pictures. The large-paper copies of this reprint, with Leech's brilliant illustrations in colour of the Irish peasantry, have now a value of their own among collectors and lovers of choice editions. During a visit to Rochester in 1903, the Dean gave me one of the large-paper copies, with a joyful inscription on the flyleaf. The memory of that visit is fresh with me. It was a little after "the roses and the longest day," but the herbaceous borders in the Deanery garden had scarcely passed their lupin and larkspur zenith, whilst the "jolly" sweet peas, as he called them, were in full bloom. The white lilies, rows of them, shone in the Kent cottage gardens about Rochester that July.

Leech and Hole corresponded regularly, and Leech stayed at Cauntton and saw something of sport with one or two Midland packs. I have not been able to find any of the letters which Hole wrote to Leech, save those which Mr. Silver has supplied, and I doubt whether they now exist. But the tenor of the gay correspondence is shown clearly enough in these few specimens, and in those which Leech wrote to Hole. There is a large number of the latter among the Dean's papers, and they are undoubtedly the letters which Mr. W. H. Frith, R.A., refers to in his life of Leech. He says they were "denied" him. The reason of this was that Hole himself thought of writing a life of

Leech, and numbered and noted the letters for this purpose. Mr. David Douglas, the Edinburgh publisher, mentions to me that Hole and Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," discussed the project. Hole wrote some introductory matter, part of which, years later, was embodied by Dr. Brown in *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Some of Leech's letters were illustrated by sketches dashed off with his quill, and a few of these sketches, lightning work of genius, were reproduced in Hole's "Memories."

But though so quick, Leech was a most conscientious draughtsman. "He went a second time over the Channel, and across Ireland to Galway, that he might finish to his satisfaction the wonderful picture of the Claddagh. . . . Sometimes his rapidity of execution was marvellous. I have known him send off"—I quote from some MS. notes of the Dean's relating to the "Tour"—"from my own house three finished drawings on the wood, designed and realised, without much effort, as it seemed, between breakfast and dinner—but there was never haste."

Here are a few extracts from Leech's letters :—

Monday, April 25, [?] 1859.

"Lincoln Fair is impossible, but I say!—I am going to the Derby (on the 25th of May, I think) with Morris, Dasent (one of the Thunderer's¹ biggest guns and no end of [a] jolly fellow), Lucas, and one or two others. I have been requested to ask an agreeable companion to make up our number—I think I know of one and he lives at Caunton—What does he say? Do—We go by the road in a Broosh—"

¹ The *Times*.

On the death of Mrs. John Hilton, Hole's sister, in May 1859 :—

"At the risk of intruding upon your sorrow I cannot resist writing to you a few lines to say how grieved I was to receive your note this morning. I know too well how useless mere words of condolence are for such a loss as I feel sure yours must be. Still, I write in the hope that the assurance of my earnest sympathy may be some comfort to you; believe me, my dear friend, you do me but justice in thinking that you have it. This will be a sad affliction to your poor father, and I am glad that you are with him to sustain him in the trial."

Leech was enthusiastic over the "Little Tour in Ireland," and he tears open one of his letters, as the book nears publication, to give "Hip-Hip-Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!" for it. On August 11, 1859, he writes that his sketches are absolutely finished, and he is stirring up the firm at Whitefriars to put extra hands at work on the mechanical process.

"November 18, 1859.

"I will try hard to come on the 26th. I am not quite sure whether I ought to mix with those Commoners, but, however, when I get to Caunton I will see what can be done! I am glad you like Bow-wow. I can't bring myself to think that old England is chained up yet."

"November 18, 1860.

"MY DEAR HOLE,—The hamper arrived safely. Pray accept our very best thanks therefor. You excel in your drawings upon the wood. There's a delicacy of execution, a featheriness, so to speak, about the birds in the foreground, relieved, as they are, so gracefully by what one may call the hare-iness of the middle

distance, that I stand with my hands in my pockets and gloat over the beauty of the whole. I shall hang them up as they are for the present, and by-and-bye put them in appropriate frames in my dining-room. It's of no use my saying to you how busy I am, and how utterly impossible it is for me to think of hunting in Nottingham yet, but depend upon it as soon as I possibly can I shall accept your cordial invitation. I am beginning my Christmas work earlier this year, so that perhaps I may turn up earlier than usual. To one who has been accustomed to the ducal science of deer-stalking, perhaps the effeminate sports of the South may appear comparatively poor and uninteresting. Nevertheless, if you will find me a young and extremely hot chestnut horse, and as stiff a country as you have about your neighbourhood, I may find a little engagement in a day's hunting with you and *Mr. Speaker*.

. . . Believe me always, my dear Master Reynolds, yours faithfully, JOHN LEECH." *Mr. Speaker* was *Speaker Denison*, afterwards *Lord Ossington*, who hunted with the *Rufford*. *Leech* was under no delusion as to his sportsmanship. His deer-stalking was chiefly of the imagination, and though he rode and cared for horses, he would never have been happy on any but a very quiet and slow one. Perhaps this helped him to realise and depict the ludicrous side of sport with horse, dog, and gun, for which many of his sketches remain matchless. But, ineffective himself in the saddle or with the gun, *Leech* entered fully into the spirit of the thing; he revelled in the life and colour of a first-class foxhunt, as a letter written for the *Garrick Club* in March 1863 shows: "We had a very pleasant gathering at *Moulton*. . . *Nethercote* took me yesterday to see a meet of the *Pytchley Hunt* at *Cottesbrook*. It made me think very small of my poor little

Hertfordshire county. I can fancy nothing much more delightful than a few first-rate hunters and a little first-rate pluck, and to be set going over the grass. I met a friend of yours with the Puckeridge some weeks back—he hunts with the Rufford, and gave me a glowing description of your new horse and of your hard riding in a two hours' run. Don't you think you ought to be ashamed of yourself—you, the father of a family !”

“September 5, 1864.

“Although I cannot stand the physical exertion of stalking about Turnips, I am happy to find there is a good fellow who can do it in earnest and greatly to my satisfaction. He sent me a hamper with three brace of birds in excellent condition, and we are all much obliged to him.” In this letter, the last I need quote from the long series which Hole kept, Leech says that the Whitby air is restoring him to a little health. He had evidently been suffering from the effects of overwork. These letters, as a whole, give one the idea of restless, high-spirited, nervous toil. In the writing, the very punctuation, there is something that tells of a man who, in the stress and endeavour of life, has barely a minute to spare. Leech indeed was always overworked : he once told Denison that he felt like a man who had pledged himself to walk a thousand miles straight off in a thousand hours.

TO JOHN LEECH.

CAUNTON MANOR,

September 25, [1859].

MY DEAR LEECH,—I am sure that I need not say that I am most sincerely sorry to hear of your dear little boy's indisposition, and shall be quite anxious

to hear from you, when you can find a few minutes to give me a bulletin. My address during this week will be at

SPRINGKELL,

ECCLEFECHAN, N.B.,

and an account of my Little Tour in Scotland will appear in the "Athenæum," with some very wooden cuts by "H. D."

I have written to Milward by this post. I went over to Thurgarton and had a shy at Aunt Sally yesterday. She is a *gentlemanlike* looking hack, *dark* chestnut, with rather more white about the face and hind legs than one requires, but good-looking, and *particularly pleasant* to ride, good in all her paces, but especially in her walk and canter.¹ She seems very good-tempered, and I rode her close up to the gate of the rail by Thurgarton as a train came up, but she took no notice. She is five years old. I believe she would suit you exactly, but Milward very kindly says you can try her and return her. As to her value, I should not myself be inclined to exceed £50, but at the same time I am well aware that an animal, which would cause you to *enjoy exercise*, is a luxury for which a high price must be paid.

The Little Tour is delightfully reviewed in "The Gardeners' Chronicle," published by B. & E. and

¹ "The quietest and most retiring of riders," writes Hole of Leech, "much as he loved the sport ; never going over a fence when he could find a gap or a gate."

numbering S. R. H. among its contributors. But really it is a very pleasant bit of praise. "The Leader" of Sept^r 17 has found out that the work is written by Mark Lemon!—not the first Leader that has been taken in by a Goose.

I hope to see you as you return from Scarboro', and apropos of that place I think the sketch sent from Caunton one of your happiest, and feel quite proud of it. I dreamed the other night that I wrote an article about you, in which I proved you to be the greatest author, as well as artist of your time.

("Gardeners' Chronicle," by the way, terms you "our modern Hogarth"), and made it perfectly clear that you caused more cheerfulness in British hearts than all the philanthropists going.

Send me a line about your boy, and with our true sympathies, and our kind regards to Mrs. Leech,—Believe me, dear Leech, yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOHN LEECH.

SPRINGKELL, ECCLEFECHAN, N.B.,
September 27, [1859].

MY DEAR LEECH,—I have read the review of our dear little Tour (that is to say, of our remarkably cheap Little Tour) in "The Times" of yesterday, and have been drinking the Reviewer's health ever since in any liquor which came to hand. I don't know that I ever was so jolly in my life, as when I first

caught sight of that genial, graceful, glorious notice ; and I could *almost* have shaken hands with H—— D——.

How is your little boy? This is a lovely place, but the post leaves (of course) in the middle of the day, and as we are going after grouse and blackcock, I have no time for more.

Besides I'm not sober, and don't mean to be for many months.

Sir, the Press of this country is the Sun of the nineteenth century. Let us bask in its rays and be glad!

With kind regards, and love to the children,—
Yours ever and sincerely, "THE OXONIAN."

Alluded to [in] "The Times" of
September 26—whack!

TO JOHN LEECH.

September 30, [1859].

MY DEAR LEECH,—Tho' the article which you have sent me from the Unwelcome Pest is highly amusing to the public generally and to those who know you in particular, and ought only to be read with the serenest mirth, I must confess that my teeth snapped and my toes quivered, and I had not a single thought or feeling which a cool clergyman ought to have, when I reperused the dirty document in question.

It becomes more manifest every day that snobs hate gentlemen more and more. The worst of it is that snobs have clever pens (the Muse has fallen in love with the groom and taught him how to write), and can make their malice palatable to many minds.

But I have no time to say my say, and I am glad of it, for the mountain air will restore my equanimity, and hereafter we shall have nothing but fun out of this excessively unclean production. The grub will attack the rose, my Leech:—Would that I could take this ——¹ and treat him as I do the Caunton caterpillars.

You know how happy I am in hearing of your boy's convalescence. I do not return at present.

Well, well, I'm coming.—Thine ever,

S. R. H.

TO JOHN LEECH.

CAUNTON MANOR, *October 12, 1859.*

MY DEAR LEECH,—I have received a cheque from Bradbury & Evans for £105, with an allusion to future favours. I have thanked them sincerely, but my chief thanks and theirs (as I told them) are due, of course, to *you*. For they know, and I know, and you know, and all the world knows, that “A

¹ A critic not friendly to John Leech.

Little Tour in Ireland" would in all probability have made a Little Ditto to the Trunkmakers, had it not been illustrated by John Leech—God bless him.

I am the last man to say that there is nothing to recommend the text; but the first to maintain that the merits thereof (if any) would never have been recognised, had they not been chaperoned by you. And so, my friend, with the delightful document on "Smith, Payne, & Smith" before me, I see thro' the signature of "Bradbury & Evans" the name of John Leech, and to him I tender my most genuine gratitude.

The cheque is most acceptable, for my normal state, ever since I was weaned, has been to be in arrear, but far beyond the pecuniary pleasure is my real pride and delight in having "whipped in" to you during one of the pleasantest runs I ever saw in my life, and in having feebly assisted you in killing your fox, as you would do with the worst whip in England.

The Reviews, I suppose, are very satisfactory, because Evans says so. The citizen in "The Times" makes me thrill with delight, and I was immensely pleased with "The Spectator," "Examiner," "Globe," and "Illustrated"; the others read the book in no spirit of *sympathy*. All praise you, except H. D.—poor beast! . . .

My dear Leech, I have so much to say that I

shall not attempt anything of the kind. The chief thing on my mind is to ask you (and if you knew how really anxious I am on the point, you would not refuse, tho' you are such a granite-hearted old ruffian) to *come here in November and do the Almanac*.¹ I can easily prove that it is your duty to do so.

I. You cannot get the little oxygen, which there is to be got in Nov^r, except in the country. II. You want all the oxygen there is in the firmament to do justice to the Almanac. III. We have horses and dogs and every adjunct of country life. IV. You will be removed from the cares of housekeeping. V. It is proved that Caunton is singularly adapted for the realisations of Art, all critics at home and abroad uniting in the assertion that the three drawings finished by you in one morning here were the best (with the trifling exception of 3 little sketches of my own) ever done in the same period of time.

No but *really* will you bring the mahogany box and come? *Please do*, for how else am I to tell you all I have to say and to hear all I desire to know? How else are you to get your gun, which I am thoroughly ashamed to have forgotten? How else are we to arrange about "A Little Tour in Holland," which I hope will be realised, and for which we can get some capital introductions?

¹ *Punch's Almanac.*

Echo answers, "Nohow," so fix your day. Bring Aunt Sally to "keep company" with my new horse, a beauty, and I will guarantee that you shall do twice the work you ever did in Town, far removed from smoke, and gas, late hours, &c.

Returning from Scotland I spent a few hours at the English Lakes. Windermere is a mere duck-pool to the Lower Lake of Killarney.

Please give our united and very kind regards to Mrs. Leech. I hope your children, those two "stars so blue and golden" (the allusion is to their pretty hats and hair) are blooming (Hang it! stars don't *bloom*) are shining brightly after their planetary visit to the sea.

I wonder whether you could persuade Lucas to try change of air for a few days and come here with you. I should be so glad to see him.—Believe me, my flinty friend, thine ever,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS FATHER, SAMUEL HOLE.

CAUNTON MANOR,

September 2, 1860.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Gentle Joey and I had a much more pleasant passage to Newark yesterday than we had from Filey to Scarborough on Thursday; and I found all well on my arrival at home. I went out with my gun for a couple of hours, and it makes one quite thankful to see how

surprisingly the corn, both wheat and barley, has withstood the heavy rains. The young partridges have not been so successful, and bear no proportion to the bread sauce. I saw old birds *only* on Henry's farm, and far more old ones than young ones throughout my walk. At the same time you will understand that from the amount of standing corn my survey was a partial one. I killed six brace, of which *four* brace are old birds. I hope I may be wrong in my presentiment that it will be necessary to "cease firing" this season at a very early date. It seems like going out at the end instead of the beginning, the old birds being packed in coveys of 5 and 6. We have had rain this afternoon: the ground is very damp under the corn, and yet the corn itself looks wonderfully well.

My horse has still inflammation in the near hind leg, and recovers very slowly. As Frank said, "he's only *a very* little better" than he was when we left. Your architect's son has been found in Henry Mann's orchard, experimentalizing with apples, like Sir Isaac Newton. His next studies will, I trust, have reference to rotatory motion at Southwell.

Hoping to be with you in 400 minutes after you receive this, and with love to your children,—
I remain, your very affectionate Son,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOHN LEECH.

Thursday, [February 21/61].

Brick, Nobleman, Ace of Trumps, Star of Brunswick (Square), Top-Sawyer, Prima Donna, Tit-bit, Real Havannah, Madame Clignot, First Favorite, in two words, *John Leech*, I shall be as pleased to see you on Sunday, March 3, and so will my father, as tho' we were a brace of famished spiders, who had just secured the fattest blue-bottle of the period. I'm afraid there is only one train, which comes up to the scratch at Hitchin for Newark on Sundays; and that leaves at 9 A.M. Can you make an effort accordingly? We shall have ample accommodation for "the Horse and his Rider" (did not our friend Nethercote's ally, Sir F. Head, "catch it" in "The Saturday Review"?) and also for the groom *With 'em* (Aha, y^e merrie prieste!).

Do stay a while this journey—there's a good fellow.

Very glad you were so successfully acquitted at the Bar. Those gates are most dangerous things. I have just come in from hunting, slightly depressed, the Young 'Un having rushed into a thick fence in the presence of the whole Field, just as we started, distributed me over an acre of grass as he fell, and then galloped away.

We men with wives (in prospect) and families (in the womb of time) must really be prudent.

Hurra for March 3! shouts from his heart,—Your attached friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS WIFE.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

MEMORANDUM.

5 o'clock p.m., July 1, 1863.

From

REV. S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

To

HIS WIFE CAROLINE.

DEAREST DARLING,—This is the only bit of available paper I can find in the Superintendent's office, and I have about five minutes in which to fill it. The southern roses, fully in bloom, have beaten mine, as I thought they would, but I am *quite as good* in quality tho' not in quantity.

The Queen of Prussia and the two Princesses, Helena and Louise, came, while we were judging the roses, and I was presented to them! So if I am rather high when I return, you will know the reason. Perhaps it would be better if you were to call me "Sir" for a few days at all events.

Hay fever entirely gone, since I took the camphor this morning, and this under a burning sun! I shall make the most of my day ticket and return by the train which leaves *between five and six to-morrow afternoon*. Please look it out in Bradshaw, and send the brougham to meet us. Kiss the tweet a million, and with love to my Father and the Marlborough Slodger,¹—Believe me, always and in my very heart, your loving husband,

REYNOLDS.

¹ Harry Francklin, Mrs. Hole's brother.

TO HIS WIFE.

GARRICK CLUB, *September 30, 1863.*

I dined here last night with Leech, Millais, and Percival Leigh, and to-night repeat the performance, Thackeray being substituted for Leigh. Leech and I called on the great man this morning, and Miss Thackeray, the authoress of "Elizabeth," is very anxious to make your acquaintance.

Among the Dean's papers I have found a few letters from Thackeray and Millais. He was a friend of both, and concerned himself with Millais in pressing for the pension to Mrs. Leech and her son and daughter after the death of John Leech. Mr. J. G. Millais, in the "Life and Letters" of his father, has told the story of this pension. It was secured for the widow and children only after resolute pressure on Lord Shaftesbury by Millais. Had it not been for Millais's dogged persistency, the claim of the Leech family might never have been recognised by the State. The incident has indeed its stern warning. Authors and artists, though they delight and refresh thousands through work which may ultimately be reckoned national treasure, cannot safely trust their old age or their family to the mercy of the State. They must strive, often by labour day and night, to provide against workless days coming; there alone is possible safety.

Dean Hole described, in his contribution to John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ* and elsewhere, his delight in meeting and becoming a friend of Thackeray. Mrs. Ritchie tells me that her father had a great regard for him. She remembers a friendly competition as to height between them at a dinner given by Leech.

To settle it, they both stood up back by back, and were measured, the result being a dead heat. Dean Hole gives an account of this in a manuscript called *De Amicitia*, a fragment of an unpublished life of Leech. "The company decided that there was no difference, and I remember that my modesty, which then and there fled away for ever, made her last expiring speech. 'Yes, the fiddle-cases are of equal size, but in His there's a glorious violoncello, and in mine a dancing-master's kit.' Whilst this was going on, Thackeray told how he once went with his friend 'Jacob Omnium' to see a giant, and the man at the door of the exhibition inquired whether they were 'in the business.'" Hole describes Thackeray from the day of their first meeting as "my hearty, hospitable, beloved, and honoured friend." "It was a great intellectual treat to meet . . . Thackeray and Millais, Holman Hunt and Tennyson, Dasent and Wingrove Cooke and Knox, Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks, and dear old Percival Leigh." At about this time Hole also met Charles Dickens, and there are a few of Dickens's letters among his papers; but they lost sight of each other in later life.

TO HIS WIFE.

7 ST. JAMES'S PLACE,
4.40 P.M., [November 4/64].

MY DARLING WIFE,—After a dreary journey alone and feeling much depressed, I have reached my lodgings safely, and hasten to send you the promised assurance of my arrival.

I am now going down to Bouverie Street to enquire about the arrangements for to-morrow.

Everything seems sadly to remind me of my lost friend, but I will not be low-spirited. Dejection would be a poor tribute to the memory of one whose mission and chief delight it was to make people happy.

With dear love to my father and my little boy (the sun that makes our home always bright—the rose looking in at the window),—Believe me, my heart's Love, your fond and faithful husband,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS WIFE.

7 ST. JAMES'S PLACE,

Wednesday, 9.20 A.M., [January 19/65].

After I wrote to my darling yesterday, I went to the British Museum, where the Speaker's kind introduction secured me every attention, and a small waggon (literally) of books which I wished to see.¹ I was quite bewildered at first, but settled down to my work shortly, and looked thro' some folios of caricatures, to give me some idea of the style of those humorous artists who preceded dear John Leech.

At one o'clock I went at Shirley Brooks's request to see the christening of two of his boys, and then to a *déjeuner* at the Bedford Hotel—a horrid nuisance, oyster soup, ices, and champagne in the

¹ For his proposed Life of Leech. The Speaker was Lord Ossington.

middle of the day. Then I went to call on Henry Bristowe, and was kept so long waiting for him that I had no time to fill my engagement with Millais, but I dined with Adams, Leech's oldest friend, and he can give more information than any other man concerning his early life. He is going to send me all his correspondence, sketches, &c., and seems to sympathise in my project with all his heart.

Nethercote came up yesterday, and joined us in the evening.

This morning I have the happiness of your dear note and of hearing that "Dadda's boo-eyed booty" is recovered from his illness. Bless him, and kiss him. Also a note from the Squire, congratulating me on Benedict's successful début in Leicestershire.

This morning I am going to have a long set-to in the Museum, after which I shall call on Mrs. Leech.
—Your loving husband,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS WIFE.

7 ST. JAMES'S PLACE,
Thursday, [January 19, 1865].

I immensely enjoyed my sweet Darling's note this morning, and kissed the "affect" wife," as also the letter from my son, which I think shows great talent. Speaking of Talent, I am very glad you enjoyed the dance at Newark, and will shoot — as soon as I get home. You were quite right not

to go to a public ball without your husband, though you would, no doubt, have been mightily amused at the gymnastics of the adversary.

Hurra for home to-morrow. You had better send the brougham for Louis and me and the luggage. I have all my shopping to do and more literary inquiries and investigations, so don't blame a hasty note. I saw poor Mrs. Leech last evening. She does look so sweetly sorrowful in her widow's dress that it is heartbreaking to see her and her fatherless children. I had a long conversation with her, and was very very pleased to hear from *his* wife that Millais and I were the dearest friends he had. She inquired about you, my father, and Tweets.

I dined last night with the A.'s—Salmon at 5/9 a lb. (so R—— said). Turkeys as big as Benedict, Ice in every form, Champagne, Hock and Claret worth 3/6 a drop. But I have time for no more at present, and remain,

YOUR LOVING HUSBAND.

TO HIS WIFE.

7 ST JAMES'S PLACE,

Tuesday, January 17, [1865, 1855, or 1905].

We had a pleasant journey to London yesterday (the train was late, or I should never have seen it, and I fancy our clocks are slow), the gallant S——

beginning to eat and drink as soon as we left Newark, and following up that occupation throughout the journey, except when he was asleep. At Peterborough we saw the shed in which the engine burst last week, smashing the roof to pieces, and actually forcing a poor boy through a brick wall, and dashing him to pieces 20 yards from where he stood.

I did not write to you yesterday, as our train was late. Went to Lincoln & Bennett's to have a foot or so taken from the brims of my hat (the one I bought at Birmingham, and which must have been made for the member of that place, John Bright), and coming back met Millais, who tells me that he hopes poor Mrs. Leech will have about £500 a year. I am going with him this afternoon to the house of our lost friend.

I dined with Shirley Brooks and had a long literary talk with him. Deeben is not in London, and I fear I shall not see him at present. In the evening I went at "half time" to the St. James's Theatre, where I saw Charles Mathews and a Spectacle, or Burlesque, which, by its extreme dullness and debility, got me into fine condition for bed.

I have got Clark's First Floor, and am as comfortable and cheerful as a bachelor can be, but I don't feel all there, as the saying is.

—Your loving husband,

REYN.

C

TO HIS WIFE.

7 ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.,

Monday, 3.30, [April 1865.]

You will like to know that I had a prosperous voyage, only touching at those havens, Grantham, Peterborough, and Huntingdon, and anchored in the port of London about 10 A.M. I called on Miss Leech and had a chat with her and her father, and then spent the morning at Christie and Manson's, to which place I am about to return.

It is a most interesting Exhibition¹ and includes specimens of the great artist's genius of every description, from the merest pencil sketch to the finished picture in oils. I met the Speaker, who wishes me to buy two or three small things for him. I have been to Emmanuel's, and they will send you a pair of earrings by this post, which I think very pretty, and hope you will like—price Three Guineas. Write to me and you shall hear more worthily of,—Your loving husband, OLD REYN.

The exhibition brought together many of Leech's chief friends and colleagues. Among them would be Shirley Brooks, the editor of *Punch*. Hole was a diner at the *Punch* table and an occasional contributor to its columns. Writing to Mr. M. H. Spielmann about the *Punch* dinner of February 15, 1860, Hole said: "There was such a

¹ The exhibition was one of John Leech's works.

clash and glitter of two-edge swords, cutting humour and pointed wit (to say nothing of the knives and forks), the sallies of the combatants were so incessant and intermixed, the field of battle so enveloped in smoke, that there was only a kaleidoscopic confusion of brilliant colours in the vision of the spectators when the signal was given to cease firing." Among Hole's "Punch" friends were Tom Taylor, Sir John Tenniel—who has written me a charming note recalling those old days—and Shirley Brooks. Hole must have written a good many letters to Shirley Brooks, but these, like most of the letters to Leech, are not to be found. Mr. Layard, who is writing Shirley Brooks's life, tells me that all Brooks's letters and papers were destroyed or scattered at his death. I give a few extracts from Shirley Brooks's letters to Hole, relating chiefly to Leech.

"6 KENT TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK,

"February 17, 1862.

"I don't know whether John Leech got off a note to you last night to tell you that we duly attended Committee, a very large one, and that you were unanimously elected. He and I dined together afterwards and drank to the health of the new member. When do you come up to take the oath and your seat?"

"December 14, 1864.

"One thing I wanted to mention is that I see Holten, of Piccadilly, advertises a memoir of John Leech. I shall get it and send it you, with any comments that may occur to me. I am told, but do not know, that the author is Sam Lucas. The only thing that inclines me to doubt this is that I think he would have felt that as editor of 'Once a Week,' such a life (being the memoir too of a former proprietor and coadjutor) should have appeared in that journal. . . . Dickens would, I am sure,

give you any assistance, but I do not know that he can give much. He *burns* all letters, enraged at the way in which such things are used by the unauthorised. But I make no doubt that he could write you a capital letter of his own."

"April 20, [1865].

"Are you coming up to the Sale? If so, mind that we meet. You will see the 'fine Roman hand' in the advertisement in the back of 'Punch,' also in the inside, also in the catalogue, for I did not like to leave his fame to auctioneer-eloquence. . . . The enclosed from an Australian lady friend may amuse you. You see *heroism* ever flourishes. Any *explanation* may be satisfactory. How *he* would have *looked*, reading.—Ever yours,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS."

"He" in the last sentence means Leech. The enclosure is from a letter recalling an instance of Hole's presence of mind and pluck: "The name of the clergyman who performed poor dear Leech's funeral service is very well known to me. Reynolds Hole used to visit a house close to my poor father's, and I used to hear a good deal about him. He saved —, our neighbour, from being burnt to death." A woman's dress caught fire. She must have been burnt to death, had not Hole come to her rescue and put out the flames at the risk of his own life.

The two friends had not lost touch with one another eight years later. I find Shirley Brooks writing then: "Your well-remembered handwriting was very welcome. Thanks for the suggestion. I hope to do something of the kind, ere long, and, in short, to re-issue the 'Noggletons.' Your last book was sent me at the end of the year, and we read it with very great pleasure.

The sketch of the young gardener is, *meo judicio*, as clear, and fresh, and pleasant a creation as I have seen for a long time. I hope your 'impulses' will continue to send you to your inkstand—that form of 'dipping' is permitted to an Anglican clergyman, though he ought not to turn Anabaptist, like the Hon. and Revd. Noel, to whose long and mellifluous discourses I was a victim in my boyhood."

TO HIS WIFE.

7 ST JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.,
Tuesday morning, [April 25, 1865].

I had such a happy evening yesterday, dining with the father, mother, and five sisters of my dear friend,¹ and seeing the most interesting and precious memorials of him, sketches made by him when he was hardly more than a year older than our pet, letters to his parents when he first went to school, the first drawings of his boyhood, the first that were ever published, and many more art treasures. A coach and four drawn and painted when he was 7 years old is wonderfully full of spirit and power, and at 16 you would call him a finished artist. Miss Leech gave me a coloured sketch done by him at that age, which shows the highest talent, and which I shall have engraved for my book. I am going again for an hour this evening to make some notes, &c.

¹ John Leech.

You will be grieved to hear that I am very comfortable in my little parlour and that I have only lost my way once at present. But I am going now to have my hair cut in the Burlington Arcade and quite expect to find myself at Greenwich. After that I am engaged for an early lunch with Lucas, a great literary swell of "The Times" newspaper, and with him to the Sale, of which I will report before I close this.

A lovely day for G——'s wedding, and I hope emblematic of a bright sunny life for her. I hope Harry's new breeches gave that tone to the ceremony which he expected, and that his new tie made it impossible for the bridesmaids to eat their breakfasts. Did not the dresses look as if they wanted a few flowers on the skirts?

5.30 P.M.—The Sale has gone off most successfully. The pencil sketch¹ of Joe Johnson and my Carrie sold for Twelve Guineas.

I have only time to add that I am as ever,—
Your loving husband, REYN.

TO HIS WIFE.

7 ST. JAMES'S PLACE,
Thursday, [April 27, 1865].

A letter from the Revd. Reynolds Hole, in a gasping and perspiring condition, having just come from the summit of a photographer's

¹ A famous hunting sketch by Leech, in which Mrs. Hole is one of the figures.

establishment, two miles above the level of the sea (thermometer 560 Fahrenheit), to his wife Caroline.

O CAROLINE,—Don't expect much, for I can't do it. Thanks for your note. I love you as much as a dissolving clergyman can love.

Ice me, Clark, and let me try to be serious.

(Interval of ten minutes.)

I am very glad that poor Dermot's¹ sufferings are over.

(Soda-water.)

I am going to the House of Commons.

(Fanned by Mrs. Clark for 20 minutes.)

Slough to-morrow — Home Saturday, Newark 3.17, and will take fly if you do not send.—Always, that is to say, always when hot as now, your steaming husband,

REYNOLDS.

P.S.—Must bring it something. Will buy fish for Coopelow Banquet.

¹ A horse at Caunton.

TO HIS WIFE.

SALE, NR. MANCHESTER,

[July 1868?].

OUR DEAREST,—We won everything we tried for yesterday : all first prizes.

Grand shows, both Horticultural and Agricultural—particulars when we meet. DADDY HOLE.

The ten letters which follow were written to a fellow-archer, sportsman, and gardener, the Rev. C. C. Ellison, who permits them to be used. I have kept together this series of letters, as they are of the same character throughout. The spirit of frolic in which the friends corresponded was kept up almost to the end, quip, pun, or personality occurring in every letter. In, I think, about the last letter which Mr. Ellison got, the Dean described himself as confined to his room, “a Prisoner with a Chill-on,” after fulfilling a long series of ubiquitous engagements “which no rational being within a few weeks of his 80th year would have undertaken.”

TO THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK.

“This day is called the Feast of Crispian.”

1869.

Charlie is my darling, and it is good of him to ask me to meet his royal brother of Basan, who is also King of the Pippins,¹ but alas! I cannot

¹ Dr. Hogg, editor of the *Journal of Horticulture*.

come. We go to Thurgarton to-morrow, en route to Gonalston, from whence we attend the Nottingham Infirmary Meeting and return on Saturday. Give my love to Hogg and tell him that if he will pay me a visit on Friday, I shall rejoice to come home a day sooner than I intended. Try to persuade him, and come with him.

I was much pleased with the notice of your garden, altho' the poor fellow who wrote it told me that you set him to write at the end of your workshop, where the target is, and stood opposite with an arrow drawn to the full, threatening to shoot him, if he didn't make the compliments hot and strong.

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

To the COCK OF POMONA
of the County of Lincoln.

A TESTIMONIAL FOR THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

CAUNTON MANOR,
June 1, 1871.

This is to certify that altho' the bearer, C. C. Ellison, has the lineaments of a Garotter and the manners of a rhinoceros, he has never, *to the best of my belief*, been convicted in a court of Justice.

(Signed) S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

"This was my introduction to George Paul," writes Mr. Ellison, "delivered personally amidst Waterer's Rhododendrons. George Paul's face was a study when he read it."

TO THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

From the longest man on the longest day to his

DEAR OLD CHARLIE,—Will you kindly take my father on the 29th of June, and go with Henry Merryweather to judge at Wishead? I have a notice this morning of a meeting in London, which I am very anxious to attend, and, as I shall be in Town, am anxious to transfer my engagement at Wishead.

Roses are a coming on but I dare not go to look at them until night, as the heat brings me into a miserable state of Hay Fever. Mrs. Wordsworth paid our Tea-roses which she saw, when dining here on Monday, the doubtful compliment of calling them Peonies.

I hope to get you down and kick that old 'ed of yours as nearly off as may be at the first Show at which we compete, instead of going to the Judge and saying, "It's no use showing variety, if this is to be the result." First or second, I am,—Yours heartily,

OLD REYN.

TO THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,
May 19, 1873.

MY DEAR CHARLIE,—They say that you have been very unwell, and I want to hear that you are

so no more, but as sound and robust as one of your prize onions. You must be content to do rather less, and not let the circular saw of your Brain go such a pace as to set your timber on fire.

And the word "fire" reminds me of old Stephenson's advice, when people talked about the advantages of medicine or bleeding. "Don't waste your steam, rake out your fire."

How's the garden? I am turning mine completely round, the entrance being now near the Church, and eventually shall have a very pretty and peaceful spot, in which to meditate as an old man, should God so will. The budded roses are sadly starved, but a genial change would set them growing, and I never had so good a lot.

The Walkers of Averham and others have formed a new Archery Society, to be called the Robin Hoods, and to meet in Pic Nic fashion at private houses. The first gathering is at Clifton in July. Is it too far for you, or shall I propose you? They have one rule, which is new to me, but I think a good one,—a prize winner loses a ring every time he wins, until he is beaten, and then gains a ring on each defeat.

Must go back to Roses. Mad^{me} Lacharne, Thiers, Etienne Levet, Lyonnais, Mad^{me} George Schwartz, are all worth having.—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

January 5, 1875.

DEAR OLD CHARLIE,—Never smoke, when you have six spades in hand, and then you won't choke yourself, nor singe your bushy whiskers, nor want to shoot poor harmless little wrens.

Mens sana in corpore sano to you and yours in 1875! May there be no grub in your Roses, but abundance in your larder! May you handle bow, bat, and breech-loader as deftly as ever, and be as earnest and true withal, in all the duties of your active and useful life.

May your happiness like your family be ever increasing, and may you ever reciprocate the hearty regard and affection of,—Your sincere friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

July 16, 1875.

DEAR OLD CHARLIE,—We dine at Averham on Monday, but shall be delighted to welcome you and party on Tuesday. As I am to report at a meeting of Archdeacons and Rural Deans at

Lincoln on Wednesday, we might return together on the morning of that day. Roses damp and dishevelled, but the plants are grand. Are you disposed to join a Little Company, Limited, which I am organising to promote the punching of George Paul's 'ed, the gouging of his eyes and the substitution of a pair of new ones, which may enable him to distinguish between Etienne Levet and Blairii No. 90.

I could show a magnificent 48 this morning if the Judges did not mind a little repetition such as 14 M^{elle} Eugenie Verdier, &c.—Ever yours,

OLD REYN.

TO THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

CAUNTON MANOR.

DEAR ELLI,—I am much pleased to hear of your good conduct, as one of my pupils, and of your obtaining a prize. Continue in the paths of virtue and industry, wheeling upon them large quantities of farm-yard manure to your rose-trees, and you must ultimately win the highest and most honourable of all titles, the title of a good Rosarian. May the aphid of difficulty and the mildew of disappointment always disappear before the syringe of your assiduity and the sulphur of your perseverance.

I shall rejoice to see my Black Prince in the

Tournament on Thursday, tho' I scarcely hope to be myself in the Lists. It is here the worst crop of roses which I have seen for years.

I should recommend to your friend, Miss Cookson, the following Twelve Rose-trees for Pots :—

Monsieur Woolfield.
 Victor Verdier.
 Monsieur Noman.
 Baroness Rothschild.
 Souvenir d'un Ami, Tea.
 Celine Forestier Noisette.
 Charles Lawson.
 John Hopper.
 M^{adme} Charles Wood.
 Jules Margottin.
 M^{me} Clemence Joigneaux.
 Marie Beauman.

TO THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

WELBECK ABBEY, WORKSOP,
July 22, 1882.

REVEREND SIR,—Having been recently appointed by the Rev. Canon Hole his Secretary in the Strawberry Department, I am honoured with his instructions to inform you, that if you cannot succeed in producing the Green Tip on your British Queens by shading them from the sun and general mismanagement, you must either avail yourself of a

paint box, or poison the Judges, who insist upon the tint in question.—Believe me to be, Reverend Sir, your most obedient servant,

SCOTT PORTLAND.

“At the Newark Show,” writes Mr. Ellison, “the judges awarded the first prize for ‘Oscar,’ rejecting a splendid dish of ‘British Queen’ because they had no ‘green tips,’ and so could not be ‘B. Q.’ I had objected to showing ‘Oscar’ as a duplicate, as it would have no chance with the ‘B. Q.,’ when poor Bentley said : ‘You never can tell what fools you may have as judges.’ So ‘Oscar’ went and won.”

TO THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

CAUNTON MANOR.

DEAR OLD CHARLIE,—I cannot be at Lincoln before 5.40 P.M. to-morrow, and am very sorry to give you so much trouble. But you won't mind it, for there are not many who know and care for you as I do.

I only returned from an 8 days' mission on Monday, and I preached or spoke some 25 times in the same, so that I am very glad to take a subordinate part at Lincoln.

How strange our lives are, and how good God is to permit idle sharks like me to come to their senses and try to do something for Him.

I shall have a good deal to do in preparation at

Lincoln, but I shall try hard for a Constitutional to Bracebridge now and then.—Yours lovingly,

REYNOLDS HOLE,

*Canon of Lincoln; and winner of the second¹
prize at the Jonathan Rose Show.*

TO THE REV. C. C. ELLISON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
October 26, 1899.

MY DEAR CHARLIE,—I am not going to “die of a rose in aromatic pain,” at present.

I suppose the “some one” must have been referring to a quotation, which I made from Lord Brougham’s description of a rose in his garden at Cannes, named “General Shablekene,” which he declares to be the grandest rose in the world.

I had a most delightful visit to your county last month, at Revesby Abbey, when I saw the best collection of trees and shrubs which has ever gladdened my eyes,—all planted by the owner in the last half century.

I was eating oysters yesterday at Colchester with Cardinal Vaughan, and not many days before receiving a deputation from the Salvation Army. Few men have had a more varied experience than,
—Yours always sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ Mr. Ellison won the “Silver Cup” from him.

Dean Hole was twice a speaker at the Colchester Oyster Feast, and Mr. W. Gurney Benham has sent some notes about his speeches. The first time was in

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.



DEAN HOLE AND CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

1893, and the second, referred to in the letter above, in October 1899; and Sir F. C. Gould has kindly allowed us to reproduce the clever sketch he made for the *Westminster Gazette* on the second occasion.

Proposing the toast of Agriculture and Commerce, Hole told the story of Lucy Gray and the curate out of his element, which, as it is often told wrongly, may be given here: "A young curate, a good fellow, but very shy and bashful, came into a parish which was occupied by Yorkshire yeomen, who bred horses and rode them—and sometimes had steeplechases. He did not get on, and was very much depressed. One day the clerk said to him, "If you please, sir, the prayers of the Church are desired for Lucy Gray." "Very well," said the curate; and at every service in which the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men was offered, the Church was asked to pray for Lucy Gray, till one morning the clerk rushed into the vestry and said, "You needn't pray for Lucy Gray any more—she's won the steeplechase." "Have I been praying for a horse?" asked the curate; "I shall leave the place." But the clerk said, "You'll do nowt o' sort, sir; I thought little of ye when ye came, but now ye've got the hearts of them all, and ye can do what ye like in this parish, since ye took to praying for that horse."

TO CHARLES TURNER (OF SLOUGH).

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

May 13, 1870.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your two letters reached me this morning. "Safe with his Saviour" were the first words of comfort which came from my sorrowful heart. And yet, though we know that the lamb is in the Good Shepherd's arms, we cannot but mourn that he is gone—such a sweet,

engaging, winning little child. I used to hope, as he sat on my knee, that I might see him here and my own boy in happy friendship among God's beautiful flowers, such as our own has been. That hope is gone, but there is a better and brighter already come in its place. That we may see him again in the land where the flowers fade not, and where there shall be no death. I have his photograph, which I shall prize, always before me—a beautiful boy upon earth, but far more beautiful among angels now. His mother will know how sincere are my sympathies with her, and that my prayers will be with hers and with yours for that divine strength which only can sustain us in these overwhelming sorrows. I would suggest for the card, if not too late, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Believe me, dear friend, in your sorrow and in your joy,—Your most loving

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

This letter relates to the death of Charles Turner's little boy, to whom Hole was godfather. Hole had among his personal friends most of the leading florists, to whom he often refers in his books.

The letters to Joe Birley, a few of which follow here, cover more than thirty years, from early in the 'seventies to 1904. A diary of the most active part of the Dean's life might be almost compiled out of them.

Birley, a Caunton lad, began work as the shepherd's boy, and now fills a most responsible position on the line. His career is a very good example of the way in which character will lift a man in life.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CAUNTON MANOR, *December 4, 1872.*

DEAR JOE,—I am very glad to hear that you are happy in your new mode of life, and shall always have pleasure in receiving a letter from one in whom I have taken an interest ever since he was a "Top-per"! Above all, I must remember you in my prayers, for you will no doubt have many temptations. At the same time, I have a good faith, that, with God's Blessing and His means of grace, you will not let the world or the evil one win your heart from our dear SAVIOUR.

I have not yet found a house-servant to suit me, but I am [in] treaty with Leighton, who came with Mr. Turner from Scotland, and was the most respectable-looking servant I ever saw in his employ.

Ward came home with his wife last Thursday, and lives in the house occupied by Widow Wiles. Poor —— came to me just before she left, and complained that the man who had promised to marry her had proved himself both a rogue and a fool. A rogue he might be, but it by no means

proved him a fool in my opinion because he declined to marry Mrs. —.

.

We are going to make great alterations in the garden next spring. A new road thro' the stack-yard, and the entrance to the house to be through the present Rose Garden, thus doing away with the old carriage drive, which will be grassed over.

.

—Believe me to be, your sincere friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

September 1, 1882.

DEAR JOE,—We were much disappointed that you could not be with us to-day, tho' you had no great loss, as we were driven home by the rain, and compelled to cease firing at 1 P.M., when we had bagged 14 brace and 5 hens. Had the weather been propitious, I think we should have reached 30 brace.

I hope you may be able to come next week, as we go to Scotland on the 12th and shall not return until the 23rd. I am to address the Working Men at the Church Congress at Derby on Wednesday,

October 4, and should like a little talk on the subject with my friend

Knickerpecker!
 Jilly flower!!
 Cololy Cololy Cololy!!!
 Keckleckity Joe!!!!

and

TOPPER.¹

—Hoping you are well, I remain always, your
 sincere friend, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CAUNTON MANOR, *December 5, 1884.*

DEAR JOE,—I am heartily pleased to be remembered on my birthday, and thank you sincerely for your kind wishes. And I rejoice to hear that your sick house has become a convalescent home. I have just returned from a 10 days' Mission in East London. The amount of sin and misery is appalling. Such scenes as make the heart bleed. Large families crowded in a small room. Three children in a bed, two of them sick, one *dead*. The little corpse taken out at night, and put on the floor to make room for the parents!

¹ Nicknames for Joe Birley which Hole remembered and used to the end of his life. Once, having left out a favourite nickname in a letter which contained a long row of them, he sent a postcard to Birley next day making good the accidental omission. See p. 64.

A husband brought home drowned—the wife takes off his boots and pawns them for drink!

It was a great day at Northampton! I am amused at your account of the stranger and his remarks. As to my *refusal* of the *Bishoprics*, it reminds me of a certain Miss Baxter, who thought that a gentleman proposed marriage, when he had no such intention, and “begged to decline.” Whereupon her brothers used to tease her by saying:

“Poor Miss Baxter, poor Miss Baxter!
Refused a man, wot never ax’d her.”

Do you know anything about Keighley? I am going there, after frequent invitations, to speak upon Free and Open Churches on the 22nd of January.—Yours always truly,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,
October 31, 1885.

DEAR JOE,—Ask the Liberationist lecturer:—

When was the Church established?

Was there a Church of England before there was a Parliament, or a national Government of any kind?

Was there not a Church when England was divided into Seven Kingdoms?

When were Tithes first begun? Leviticus xxvii. 32.

For whom were Tithes given?

Did you ever read the prophet Malachi, chapter iii., verse 8.

Did you ever hear that a man who would rob a Church was the worst of all thieves?

Is —, an atheist and an adulterer, the right sort of man to make laws for Christians, and for husbands and wives?—Yours very truly,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CAUNTON MANOR,
NEWARK, *September 1, 1886.*

DEAR JOE,—In consequence of the lateness of the harvest, the shooting here will not commence until Monday the 13th. I do not propose to take out a certificate, but Mr. Hugh¹ will be delighted to see you, and *we* can wander about the lanes and *mark*, if you can arrange to come.

You would be glad to read the result of the Election of Proctors in this diocese. They thought that they were pulling me out of my saddle, but they were only tightening the girths.—Always your sincere old friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ Hugh Hole, his son.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CAUNTON MANOR,
NEWARK, *December 5, 1887.*

DEAR TOPPER,—It is very pleasant to be remembered by old friends, and I am glad to receive your kind wishes on my birthday. It will be a greater pleasure to *see* the writer, whenever he can come, and you must need a little change and rest—especially as you have been unwell. Caunton air will bring back the bright eyes and rosy cheeks, which I can remember for a longer time than their owner. How astonished they would be at the Station to see you down on the platform, and to hear our old conversation :—

Gie o'er !

Why must I gie o'er ?

Coz you'll catch it.

Who'll gie it me ?

Why *I* shall.

Well—time seems flying with swifter wings than ever, but I trust they are bearing us upward, for our dear Lord's sake. You and I shall be always true friends in this world, and shall, I trust, be together in the next.—Yours ever sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CAUNTON MANOR,
NEWARK, *December 10, 1887.*

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—It gives me special pleasure to write, because I know that it will give you special pleasure to read, that I have a letter from the Marquis of Salisbury this morning, in which he says that “the Queen has been graciously pleased to name me for the Deanery of Rochester.” It is a most honourable appointment, and the income is £2000 per annum.¹

I hope by God’s grace to do some service for my Divine Master, among the soldiers, sailors, dockyard labourers, and other working men.

You must come to Caunton before we leave—I should think in two or three months. I trust that your health improves and that your wife and family are well.—Yours always truly,

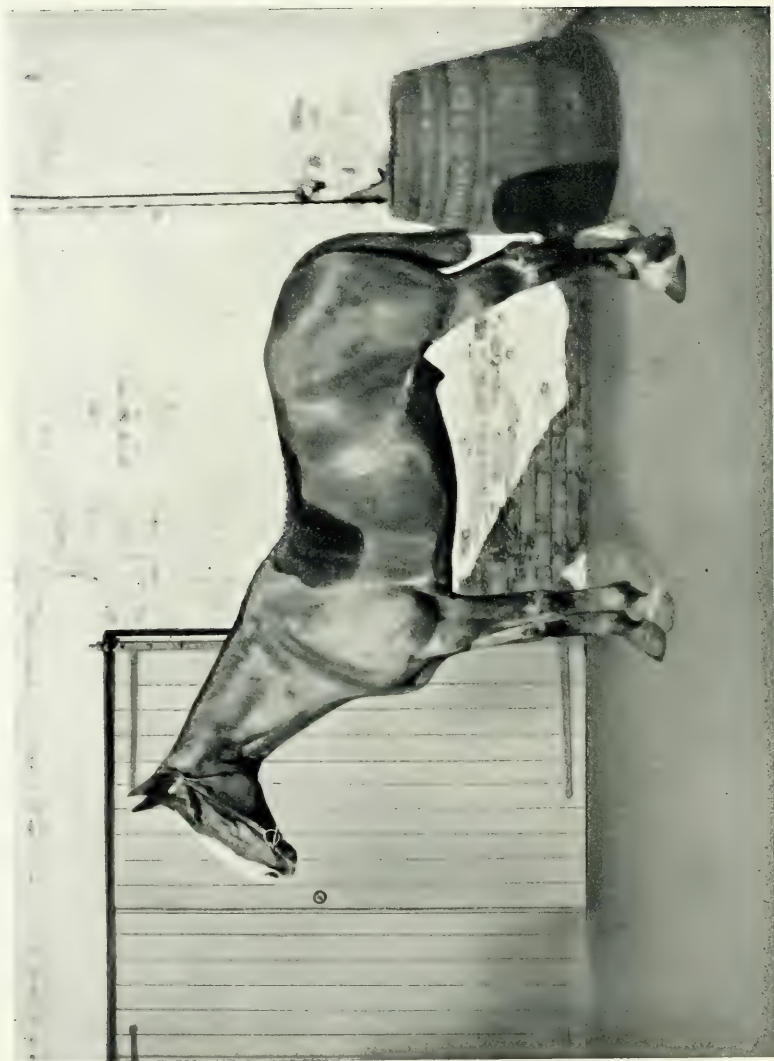
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

THE DEANERY,
ROCHESTER, *April 22, 1893.*

DEAR JOE,—You will know, without any words from me, the happiness which I feel in hearing of the good work which you are doing for our Divine

¹ It never amounted to this, however, in Dean Hole’s time.



BENEDICT.

Dean Hole's favourite horse.

Master in His Church; and I rejoice greatly to be informed of the generosity of Mrs. Meynell Ingram.

I can hardly imagine that the blue-eyed boy, whose ribs I used to tickle as he struggled on the grass, is now Mr. Churchwarden Birley! I hope that he has ordered from Broxley the long official gown.

On Tuesday last I stood over the grave of our dear Benedict.¹ Do you remember the advice I gave you to mount him from the laundry window?

Caunton Manor is empty, and, if we do not get a tenant, we think of furnishing two or three rooms and living there for a few weeks in August and September. If we do this, you might have a shoot with Mr. Hugh, and Moor Lane might see us once more at lunch!

With our kind regards, I remain always,—Your sincere friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Your class of young Colliers will do incalculable good.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

THE DEANERY,
ROCHESTER, *September 30, 1893.*

DEAR JOE, — I am heartily pleased at your affectionate letter, and I can assure you that I

¹ His favourite horse.

enjoyed most happily our bright Sunday together. I had not time, when passing thro' London, to call upon the publishers of the Ordnance Maps to inform them of the new road to Park Springs, but we must have it in the next edition.

Mrs. Hole was none the worse for her evening drive, and we arrived here in safety, but with some sad regrets that our holiday in the dear old home was over. Nevertheless, as the sailor said, "Life can't be all Beer and Skittles," and we must resume work and duty with thankfulness.

There does not seem much probability of agreement between the miners and their masters. The subject demands legislation, because no one wheel of trade can be allowed to stop the machine. Parliament should insist on a Board of Arbitration.

With kind regards, I am always,—Your sincere
old friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CONEY HILL, COMRIE, PERTHSHIRE,
S. xiii. Trinity, 1895.

DEAR JOE,—Your letter is written in such an excellent spirit, and I am so anxious to hear of further promotion, that I have forwarded it, so far as it relates to your position on "the Midlands," to my friend Mr. ——. Time goes on, dear Joe, and

having downed you so often in your childhood, I should like to assist in raising you in manhood, not only because of our friendship, but because you deserve an advance. I thought that you had received this very recently, and I hope that Mr. — will do something more and not be very long about it. He will perceive, I think, from your letter, that you are a better scholar than he knew, and will see at all events that you have learned some lessons which no mere human wisdom can teach.

The Church here is about the size of the old Methodist meeting-house at Caunton, but it holds me nicely, and having put the choir on the roof, I can preach to the congregation outside from the open window.—Yours always sincerely,

RENNUDS.

TO JOSEPH BIRLEY.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

Sunday evening, January 8.

DEAR TOPPER,—George Williamson has just left the Deanery, and a better specimen of a young English sailor I would not wish to see. I had a long and pleasant conversation with him, and very fortunately Captain Atkinson, who is an Officer in high authority in the Dockyard at Chatham, came in after service, and promised, after I had

introduced Williamson, to speak a kind word in his favour to the Captain of the "Pegasus," in which ship Williamson takes his next voyage. He does Normanton and his schoolmaster great credit. I have told him to apply to me if I can ever promote his wishes.

I have been an invalid for a month, but am gradually recovering. Under these circumstances, I do not propose to ride this year in the Grand National at Liverpool, and I have also given up all idea of Epsom, being several ounces over the Derby weight.—With our kindest regards, yours
always sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

September 2, 1899.

MY DEAR JOE,—I am shocked to hear of the sudden and deplorable death of your Vicar, and I sympathise heartily in the sorrow of the widow, whose home is left unto her desolate, and of those committed to his charge. I know that you and others will do all that is possible, but for such an awful calamity there is only one Comforter.

We shall be pleased to see you here whenever you can come, and your native air will refresh you after your illness and anxiety.

You will see from "The Times" of this day that I have withdrawn from "The English Church Union."—Yours always sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

December 17, 1903.

DEAR NICKER PECKER, keckleckitty Joe, and TOP-PER,—The snipe were excellent, and gave me two most enjoyable dinners. It was a great disappointment that I could not see more of you and have more talk about the dear old times, persons, and places. I begin to feel more and more the infirmities of age, and have to abstain from excitement and fatigue.

I no longer feel any particular desire to walk over 20 acres of fallow under a burning sun, or even through 10 acres of beans about 5 feet high. I could not be tempted by timber, however stiff, were I mounted on Paddy or Benedict,—indeed I fear that the process of getting into the saddle would be too much for me, unless I stepped out of the laundry window. Perhaps "when the green leaves come again" I may revive, and we may sit in the sunshine and once more remember "the merrie, merrie, merrie old times." Be this as it may, I shall remain always,—Your very sincere old friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.¹

I must apologise for
my forgetfulness in
leaving out Gilliflower,
when I wrote yesterday
Dec 18. S. R. A

TO GEORGE PAUL.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,
S. James's Day, 1874.

DEAR GEORGE PAUL,—I have just heard with real pleasure from two of our mutual friends, that my namesake² (let it be "Reynolds Hole" without any prefix, because by that name I am best known to my friends, and the pronunciation is easier) is now blooming at Cheshunt in great beauty and proves itself to be a superior rose. Could you

¹ "Gilliflower" was a favourite nickname for Birley.

² The hybrid perpetual rose "Reynolds Hole."

spare me a few "buds," as my own plants have not done well?

I send you a book by this post, which is written by one of the wisest and holiest of living men. You have latterly been much in my thoughts and prayers, and I seem to be impelled to send you the volume, and to entreat you to read it.—Yours very sincerely,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Mr. Paul was one of his rose brothers, whom, on the flyleaf of a presentation copy of "A Book about Roses," he named "the hero of a hundred fights in the bloodless wars of the roses." The book mentioned in this letter was a copy of Canon Liddon's "Bampton Lectures." "I am inclined to think," says Mr. Paul, "that my old friend, the Rev. W. D'Ombraïn, who died last year [1906], may be the person to whom he alludes, and who may have told him that I happened to be, as my Father and Grandfather were before me, a Unitarian, which induced my dear and kind old friend [Dean Hole] to send the book and the letter. I need not say I took it in the kind way it was meant, read the book and did not alter my convictions."

TO JOHN BROWN.¹

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,
July 16, 1874.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—The letters came back to me with an additional value, because they have been read by one, whom, as they testify, the writer

¹ Author of "Rab and His Friends."

highly esteemed,—and, more than this, by one who, as it seems to me, appreciates more clearly and comprehensively than any other man of mind, who has spoken or written on the subject, the genius and the goodness of John Leech.

Apropos of admiration, Leech told me an incident, which you might think worthy of diffusion in type: When I was a very young artist, he said, Rogers, the artist, pleased me very much by remarking, “Mr. Leech, I admire you much,” but promptly repressed my transports by adding, “I saw you this morning brushing your hat, and the man who in these days does anything for himself is worthy of admiration.”

Little John Brown’s¹ *Horæ Subsecivæ* will be much sweetened by great John Brown’s sympathy and sixpence, and the small heart under his “duty veskitt” shall know grateful joy.

The thermometers are following your example and taking very high Degrees, and the very grass which you trod upon when at Caunton cries out, “We too will be, as he is, Brown.” It is difficult to observe a rule, which I once saw in a Book of Etiquette for Ladies, “When heated with the dance, do not say to your partner, *I sweat*, but rather, ‘I begin to perspire,’” because the monosyllable is not only more expressive of the fact, but is more easily pronounced.—Yours lovingly,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ One of the boys in Caunton School. See Introduction.

Alas ! this is the only one of the many letters written by Hole to the author of "Rab and His Friends" which I have found. What became of them I cannot tell ; but probably they long since went the way of most of the letters written to Leech and to Shirley Brooks. Mr. John Brown, who is publishing a collection of his father's letters, can give me no information about them. I have found, however, a number of Dr. John Brown's letters among the Dean's papers. He was a most vivacious correspondent, his letters being full at once of force and tenderness. The friendship between the two was struck up in 1865. Brown was a great admirer of the genius and character of Leech, whose life he, too, once thought of writing. On March 22, 1865, Brown wrote to Hole from Edinburgh concerning Leech : "I knew how intimate you were with that great and good man. I knew that you read over his body the divinely beautiful and comforting Service of your Church, and that you were one of his three or four most cherished friends, therefore it is to me a great comfort to know that what I so imperfectly said of your friend has pleased you."

"*2nd June*, [1874]. UNIVERSITY CLUB, EDINBURGH. MY DEAR DEAN,—I made an awful blunder in my note to Madam in saying that in Scotland we call a Dean a Deacon—The one is Decanus, the other Diaconus—What means "Rural"? You know, I daresay, the lines made on a hunting Dean, who sang a song in praise of the hounds—he being a grey-headed man :—

Cane Decane ! canes canis,
Ne cane canis, Cane Decane,
Cane canos, cane Decane !

—Yours ever, J. B."

Brown stayed at Caunton one year and enjoyed himself there as much as Leech did. "How is Benedictus?" he asks in one of his letters—"that noble, leisurely, capable fellow—and have there been any more meets? Is my rose alive? is that huge porker still munching the cabbages? I thought he must be descended from the prodigal son's swine. That is an excellent sermon of yours, sir—the sincere milk of the word, which is better than the blue ruin of ultra Calvinism. A cousin who is famous for his good wishes has carried it (the sermon) off, having tasted it when waiting for me. To ride well—to be the best Roser—to have been Leech's friend—to be 6 feet 3—to have as many hairs in your head as you had at 20 is something to be grateful for."

Hole contributed some recollections of Leech to the second series of *Horæ Subsecivæ* in 1882, and Brown wrote: "You must be a good-natured man. All big beings—fortunately—are—they can afford it. That Leech paper would have been dee-deed had it not been for you. There is only one word that characterises my bits, and that is a Latin one—Marcus—maimed, lame &c. &c. . . . How is Astyanax? and Andromache? and what is your successor to the Colonel¹ called and like? I have sent a puny little game Scotch terrier to the Bishop of Peterboro', $\frac{1}{2}$ Skye (original—short and hard hair) otter terrier, t'other $\frac{1}{2}$ Scotch fox terrier, small and wiry. When young, this breed have their tail cocked up and their ears down, but when they come to years (ears) of discretion, the tail drops gracefully and slowly down and the ears prick themselves and their courage up—and I told the Bishop that as the tail (gradually) falls, so falls the C. of England, and as the ears rise, so rises the U.P. Church."

¹ A retriever.

TO HIS WIFE.

CAUNTON MANOR,
S. ii. Easter, [April 11/75].

OWN DEAREST,—I found all well (except a small graze on Kercheval's¹ nose, and the narcissus, which decline to come up during this bitter weather), including 54 chickens, and 5 ducks.

John Hodgkinson has arranged for Bridget "to have a colt foal at the end of this month."²

Crossley's men have made great progress, and the work is so satisfactory that I think we had better change places with the servants, and live in the back premises.

Brian just has given your organ "ode on't"³ to-day. The word piano is not in his dictionary.

Zoe⁴ slept with Papa last night, and I wish Bostock's cat had slept with hers, instead of stealing one of the two whiting out of the larder, which I brought from London for our dinner to-day.

The hyacinths are a thing of beauty.

Very little news, or perspiration, in this parish.

Luncheon Vere Street at 1. — Your loving husband,

REYNOLDS.

¹ Kercheval Marsland, his nephew.

² Which she did.

³ Broad Notts dialect for "hold of it," expressive of action with plenty of force.

⁴ A pet dog.

TO HIS WIFE.

CAUNTON MANOR,
April 22, 1875.

We—I, Maymie, Zoe, Maggie, the forthcoming foal, and the chickens—were delighted to hear that our travellers had arrived safely. There is a note, which I enclose, from Mrs. Lea, certifying dear Hughie's arrival, and, strange to tell, *with* his luggage.

It is just like your kind consideration for others to think of calling at Harbury. See the Church, and the Churl's Pew in the Chancel. The Altar Cross was my offering.

All well here. The hampers have come from H——, the refrigerator and chintz from London. The ice-safe is just what we want, and a larger one would have been a disappointment. It looks quite at home in the larder. I am delighted with the chintz: we shall sleep in a Bower of Roses.

The hyacinths are lovely still, and we have some beautiful roses. Asparagus in plenty, which Kercheval may not eat, as he is training,¹ takes strong exercise before breakfast, *and is rubbed down by Stephen on his return.*

I went down to the Mayor's Meeting, took the wrong side, and defeated the object for which he invited me. But I was right.

¹ For some athletic sports.

I have written one hundred letters this week, and this is about the only one which has been a pleasure. With best regards to our friends, I am still, after fourteen years of affliction, borne patiently,
—Your loving husband, REYNOLDS.

LIFE IN DEATH.

TO A FRIEND IN GRIEF.

CAUNTON MANOR,

November 27, 1877.

MY DEAR BOY (for to me you will always be as you were when I first knew you, and GOD “keep the child’s heart in the brave man’s breast”),—I am constrained to write to you, tho’ I know that, when my letter reaches you, you will not have the power to read it. But you will read it; and, because I loved my mother as you loved yours, and thought that with her all the light and lovingness of my life had gone, you will take comfort from my words.

The “dead” are, I believe, more with us, can do more for us (they “in the rest of Paradise who dwell”) than the living. In a very short time you will *know* this. You will feel yourself inclined, *inspired*, to do more for the SAVIOUR, Whom you have always loved, than you have ever done.

In His Name, I bid you do not be induced to

think that any suggestions of this higher influence are the results of depression and melancholy.

Follow, then, in fear God.

I tell you in confidence, my dear Boy (to whom I owe more than you know), that my mother's death was life to me. Their first thought, when they find themselves *safe* (I do not say that this takes place immediately), is for those they loved best.

GOD be with you—*He will*—to-morrow! How well I remember my beloved mother's funeral. I thought my heart would break, but when I saw the White Cross upon her Pall, I felt as though (why not?) an Angel whispered, "Not lost, but gone before." With my love to your father, I am always,—Yours affectionately,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS WIFE.

11 JESSE TERRACE, READING,

Saturday, [February 11, 1878].

I have just come in from addressing 300 men in the Great Western Works, a very interesting scene. The work is hard and anxious. It is so very very sad to hear histories of sin and suffering from those who come to us for counsel, and, now and then, for confession. But GOD seems *always* to send them comfort through His priests.

There is a dear old man here, one of the old evangelical school, a Mr. Valpy French, for 50 years a clergyman at Burton-on-Trent, father of a Bishop, and having great influence in Reading, and yesterday he paid me the great compliment of urging me to take the incumbency of a large church in the town, holding 1200, and with an income of nearly £600 per annum. Don't mention this, because it would be conceit to speak of it except to you.

I go to Oxford on Tuesday (my name is again on the books, and I shall take my M.A. degree shortly, D.V., and perhaps in a short time D.D. also), Eton Thursday, and home Friday or Saturday. And now to work.—Your fond and affectionate

REYNOLDS.

If you had seen Father Chad trying to light his fire when we came home one morning from Holy Communion at 5 A.M. (it was a sight to see the working men), on his knees with a candle and some old clothes pegs. I think you would have been pleased!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NEWARK ADVERTISER."

[*November 1878.*]

SIR,—Canon Ryle's trumpet gives an uncertain sound. He sends me an evasive answer—the usual process when a speaker has made a statement which

he cannot prove. Canon Ryle distinctly affirms that "there is an organised conspiracy to Romanise the Church of England." I distinctly affirm that "there is no such thing"; and when I ask for proof, he writes that the Bishop of Bath and Wells and other bishops, and the "Athenæum" (!) and "Quarterly Review" have said very much what he says. But I do not want the opinions of prelates and periodicals, though I respect both—I want *facts*. I want to know where this organised conspiracy exists? Where are its headquarters? What is the name and number of the street in which the office may be found? Who is the chairman? Who are the subscribers? Where can I obtain the rules?

Canon Ryle informed us at Whitby (I took the words down as he spoke them), that "the first thing which the devil says when he gets into a church is, 'Up with candles and down with preaching,'" by which he meant that the High Church party, under an evil influence, preferred ritual to preaching. My reply is that the Catholic party preach more frequently and more fervently than the Protestant party in the Church of England; and if Canon Ryle, instead of giving us inappropriate quotations from Latimer, will produce from the roll of the Church Association the names of such preachers as Pusey and Liddon, Carter and King, Gregory and Ashwell, Wilkinson, Knox-Little, and Body, it will be an interesting surprise.

The condemnatory form of procedure by which he commits me "to the public" may seem to him conclusive and sublime, but it does not frighten me a bit. The venerable old dodge is worn out, and scares me no more than the growl of an ancient and toothless terrier alarms a full-grown fox. Moreover, it is my chief desire that this discussion should be submitted to the public, because I believe that men of all parties will agree in this—that no deliberate statement should be made by a public speaker which he is not prepared to prove.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE,

Canon of Lincoln.

Ludicrous though it seems to-day, Hole was undoubtedly suspected by some people in the 'seventies and 'eighties of traffic with the "Scarlet Woman." Canon Ryle—later, Bishop of Liverpool—referred to in this letter, had just been condemning the "Ritualistic Movement"—and Hole in particular, as a prominent member of it—as "an organised conspiracy" to Romanise the Church of England. The full passage from Bishop Latimer quoted against Hole by the Canon is: "Where the devil is resident, or hath his plough going, then away with books and up with candles; away with Bible and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel and up with the light of candles, yea, even at noonday. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry, censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy waters, and new services of man's inventions." The last paragraph in the letter above

refers to Canon Ryle's statement, "I am content to leave him (Hole) to the judgment of the public."

TO HIS WIFE.

[November 1878.]

I have written 18 letters to-day, and you owe me one, but I must communicate two of Plant's announcements—comic and serio-comic.

Comic.

The hounds were at Park Wood on Tuesday, but the weather was so dull that none of the foxes would come out, so there was no sport for anybody.

Serio-comic.

Raps at my bedroom door at two in the morning. "Please, sir, Mrs. Dorman is dead and Mr. Dorman won't let anybody lay her out." . . . Obligated to decline an invitation for Mr. Parr to preach at S. Martin's or might have addressed Mr. Reynard on the subject of "parsons."

TO BISHOP BENSON.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

November 20, 1878.

MY BELOVED FRIEND, BROTHER, AND FATHER IN GOD,—I saw in the newspapers that you were coming to Lincoln. It would have been a great

happiness to me, and you know it, to have seen you, and held your hand, and had your Blessing.'

Perhaps I was really nearer to you than if we had met, for I was on Mission Work, as my First Warden would wish, and with his successor in alliance, and went from Grimsby to other duties.

If I am "attached to this machine" (and HE, Who knows how much of my fallow ground has to be ploughed, will, I trust, in His mercy give me the heart and the time), I hope for five years to send you £10 annually for the Cathedral, and enclose the first instalment. I dare not say much of my regret that I cannot give more, because I feel that I do not deserve the privilege.

I have a little note of yours, which I sometimes read, as a lover reads—aye, with a far deeper, purer, more enduring Love. With kindest regards, I remain, my dear Bishop,—Yours in faithful affection,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

A FIRST SERMON AT ST. PAUL'S.

TO HIS WIFE.

HALSTEAD PLACE,
Tuesday morning, December 1880.

I am up "early in the morning," before Walter has been to call me, that I may send a letter to my best beloved, by some one who is going to

London by train. I should have written yesterday, but was on my legs, except at breakfast and luncheon, until I left for Halstead, going all over St. Paul's with Canon Gregory, interviewing my publishers, and Robinson,¹ and then off to Chelsea, where the Whitlocks were really glad to see me, and heartily pleased to hear good news of you. They are true and sincere people, and in compliance with a request, which they repeated at intervals during my visit, you must go and see them.

I was delighted to hear from our excellent "Mr. Cook" of your arrival at Scarborough. How I should enjoy a glimpse of the pleasant faces, the grand old sea, and *Dahlia imperialis*! My love to all.

Canon Gregory asked a very congenial little company to meet me on Saturday: the Dean, his wife and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Webb (of St. Andrews), Dr. and Mrs. Stainer (he plays the organ better than Mr. B——),² Mr. Butterfield the architect, and a Mr. and Mrs. F—— (he a banker, and said to be the most generous man in London). He said to a friend not long since, "I happen to have between sixty and seventy thousand pounds to give away, I wish you would help me with your advice." Canon Gregory told me that

¹ Author of "The English Flower Garden," the first edition of which was dedicated to Hole.

² The village schoolmaster.

he believed Mr. F——'s charitable outlay would average £10,000 a year.

I was thoroughly delighted with St. Paul's, such a dignified service, and such sublime music. Gounod, Roman though he is, declared the midday Celebration to be the most beautiful service in Europe, and Dr. Stainer, who is the chief source and strength, is so humble and unselfish. He was a chorister, and a kind old lady paid for his first lessons on the organ. I called on him, and he thanked me as though I had been Mendelssohn (no doubt he had heard of my success on the flute), and when I told him how much I had enjoyed his music, he said very modestly, "I only try to do my duty." The congregation in the evening literally filled that immense church from the choir to the western door. How far my voice went I know not, but they seemed to be listening in the horizon! I was not nervous in the least degree in the reality, though I had been in the anticipation, because He, Who sends, always supports; and the more one is conscious of utter weakness and unworthiness, the more one seems to hear a voice saying, "If I condescend to use you as an instrument, your personal failures and feelings cannot interfere."

I found the sweeties here sweeter than ever, and it did me good to see them all rushing to welcome Uncle Reynolds.—Your loving husband,

REYNOLDS.

MISSION WORK.

TO HIS WIFE.

145 VICTORIA STREET, GRIMSBY.

I am most thankful to know that you are better, though (as Frank Hilton said, when it was hinted that his recovery was sufficiently advanced to justify his return to lessons), "only a *very* little." I knew that your long lad would be a good tonic. . . . The work here is very hard. It would, of course, be nothing if the addresses and sermons were read, but that would make comparatively no impression, and, therefore, the strain of preparation and recollection is great. I have a cold and cough which would like to make itself disagreeable, but during a Mission "we don't" (as poor Davis said of the pheasants), "we don't tak' no notice o' them things."

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I have to speak at Nottingham on the 7th, and probably shall come back here for a day, to gather up the fragments that remain, but all this we can arrange. How happy I shall be to see you in our "Convalescent Home," my own sweet, beloved wife!—In this you may fully believe me, your loving husband,

REYNOLDS.

TO BISHOP BENSON.

HOTEL DE ST. BARTHÉLEMI,

PRÈS DE NICE, FRANCE,

Sexagesima Sunday, 1880.

MY BELOVED BISHOP,—No work would be more congenial to me than that which would reunite us ; and I should have made every effort in my power, had I been in England, first to accept your invitation, and then to do your bidding with prayerful preparation, and with happy hopes. But I shall be at the Land's End of France, if I am still "attached to this machine," until the middle of May, and must be content to be with you in heart, as so often and so sincerely I am, and shall always be.

My wife was seriously ill last winter, from some "thickening of the bronchial tube" ; the doctors urged a more genial climate, as likely to release her from the weakness ; and I, having ascertained the length of my physical rope, and somewhat strained it, was glad, on all grounds, to obey their prescription. And now, with a sky above us,

"So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That GOD alone is to be seen in heaven,"

with the olive-clad, vine-clad mountains around us, and the blue Mediterranean before us, we can sing

F

"Non nobis" for health, and strength, and other manifold mercies.

I hear of you, and read of you, greedily, always, like Oliver Twist, "asking for more," and sometimes I dream of you as first Bishop of Southwell, and I awake with a sigh, "Too bright, too bright!" But there is one vision which does not end in despair—an announcement that you are coming with Mrs. Benson into the diocese of Lincoln, and will give us the true pleasure of seeing you at Caunton. With our kind regards, you know me to be,—Yours in high esteem and love,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO MRS. RIDDELL.

HOTEL DE ST. BARTÉLEMY,
PRÈS DE NICE, *February 13, 1880.*

We have just concluded the Carnival of Nice, which is now the most elaborate in Christendom, and you would have been amused to see the old Mester taking notes, through a wire mask and under a heavy fire, or rather snow, of Confetti. It was a charming sight for those who have not lost their childish love of gay toys and merry hearts, and tho' few said Vale to Miss Carnivore habits, we all took leave of our senses for a time.

TO T. B. HALL (A GREAT ROSE-GROWER).

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

July 18, 1881.

MY DEAR BROTHER (of the Royal Fraternity of the Rose),—I cannot satisfy my conscience until I have expressed in writing as well as in words my happy appreciation of all the genial kinship which I received from you, from your wife, your sons, your daughters, nephews, and friends during my delightful sojourn in your home. I shall never forget my visit, and when in the dull and drear season of winter I may feel somewhat depressed, I shall recall the vision of my roseate host, cool in costume, but all on fire with energy and enthusiasm, trying to turn down three different walks (leading to different parts of his rosary) at the same time, now bringing the grandest rose in his garden, some magnificent Paul Trevor, or some Star of Waltham, with the Star plainly visible in the centre, for Mrs. Hole, and now bearing some smaller specimen, which, with a self-denial beyond words, he intends for the public show; and when I see that sight my spirit will be revived, and I shall feel the gladness of the time of roses, and the pride of an old cricketer, who sees his son make 100 at Lord's.

I find some fine blooms on my return, and show at Newark on Thursday, declining Sutton

Coldfield, as it is hopeless to exhibit against men who sell their rose trees by the thousand, and have a show in a Rose Nursery, like Mr. —.—Most sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO BISHOP BENSON.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,
May 13, 1881.

MY BELOVED BROTHER AND BISHOP, — There, where I sought guidance as to my going to Truro, I have thanked our merciful Father for the gracious encouragement which He has sent me in your most welcome words. And I thank you from my heart and those around you for your great kindness and sympathy.

How good you all have been to me, from Bishop to verger, from dear Mrs. Benson to Mārŷ Cöbēldick. It was "a goodly place, a goodly time," and will be always a happy memory.

The way is long, the wind is cold, the minstrel grows infirm and old, but he hopes once again to revisit that pleasant scene, and those genial, generous friends.—Ever believe me to be yours and theirs in truest affection,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

I should be very grateful if you would send me your photograph. I meant to have brought one

from Truro, and forgot. So glad to hear of your son's success at King's. When may we expect the publication of Hugh's Tale of Terror?

TO CANON TREBECK.

CAUNTON MANOR,

June 2, [1881?].

DEAR TREBECK,—I have said, with thanks, in reply to the enclosed, that I have arranged to go with you to the Inn during my brief sojourn of one night at Grimsby.

What special power ecclesiastical they seem to have there! They have already made me a Canon and a Rector, and may perhaps send me home—Yours ever affect^{ly},



S: R: SOUTHWELL.

TO DAVID DOUGLAS.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

May 13, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,—I shall ever remember, with my most grateful appreciation, the brotherly kindness with which, out of your true love for that dear

heart which is still, and with much of its gentle spirit, you have written to me. You have lightened my sorrow, with a very tender consideration, by reminding me that it was my great privilege in some degree to promote that revival of energy which brightened the evening of his life, and which enabled him, to his own happiness, and the happiness of thousands who delight in his genius, to amplify and revise his Works.

The complete edition which you sent me with such genial and generous sympathy will be very precious, and the pleasure which I shall always feel when I see my poor words intermixed with his will only be exceeded by that far brighter joy, the hope of our reunion hereafter.

I should come to the Funeral if I could, but my wife is ill, and I have important engagements at home, in special services during our Rogation Days, &c. I may be in Edinburgh in September, having an invitation to a great Floral Exhibition from my friend Mr. John Stewart, and if so I shall hope to make your acquaintance, to talk with you of "that good grey head which all men knew" and only knew to love, and to thank you again for remembering with such friendly forethought,—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

This letter refers to Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends," who died on May 11, 1882. Hole

wrote of "his admiration of all things pure and brave and true; his condemnation of meanness, falsehood; his tenderness and compassion for the desolate and oppressed. That beautiful head 'with brains, Sir'; that face so bright with intellectual power, and with the purer sunshine of a Divine charity."

TO T. B. HALL.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

June 7, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I accept with all my heart your proposal that I should repeat one of the happiest visits I ever enjoyed, and I hope to be with you the day before your Show. If my roses are good, my gardener shall bring some by a later train, reaching Liverpool *viâ* Godling Junction, at 4.5 A.M., if I do not misread Bradshaw. Roses here look very clean and promising, tho' not much earlier than usual, owing to the check given to them by the pruning-knife, when they were growing so rapidly. My Gloire de Dijon, on the chancel of the church,¹ has had 300 blooms out at once, and the Maréchal has been grand on my walls.

Rubens, Souvenir d'un ami, Niphetos, Anna Ollivier, Marie Van Houtte, and Devoniensis are flowering well, and such H. P.'s² as have recovered

¹ It is still there, hale and strong.

² Hybrid perpetual roses.

from the winters of 1879 and '80 seem likely to follow their good example.

With my love to you all—

“ Sons he had, and daughters fair,
And days of strength and glory ”

—I remain, yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Nine letters which follow were written to a Caunton choir-boy, James Blackney, who was educated in the village school, became a railway worker at an early age, and worked his way up. He is now in the Railway Clearing House. Blackney says that he can never forget the Dean's goodness and friendship, and he has sent these reminiscences of Caunton days.

“ Before going to school, we used to go to the church to morning prayer—at least those who liked to go, or those whose parents insisted upon their children going. At first I was not disposed to go, but I had a dear mother who allowed me no option in the matter. I had to go. The disinclination to go, however, soon passed away, because I enjoyed the fun of running or walking back to the manor with a number of other children, with ‘ Mester Rennards ’—frequently playing at waggon and horses with him—by hanging on to his coat-tails, sometimes a dozen or more of us, and letting him drag us along. I have occasionally seen one of the tails come right off, with which we came sprawling to the ground, much to his amusement and our own. When we reached the front door, we would wave our hands and rush back to school. It sometimes happened, however, that we received a nice little story

book, or a prayer or hymn book, and sometimes—which we liked best—a penny all round. I should not like to deny that these little presents stimulated our church-going principles. It was the ‘bribery and corruption’ which unkind Nonconformists used to say ‘t’ ould parson got the kids to t’ church’ for. That used not to trouble me, and I have never felt any compunction since for having received the same. In a little while I was admitted to the village choir. We were all very stupid choir-boys ; I should not like to say what the men were, but I well remember it used to take us about a month to learn a new tune to a hymn, or a new chant. I remember at our second lesson, when we were supposed to have learned the treble clef, lines and spaces, none of us knew the second space, ‘Mester Rennards,’ who was standing by with an amused expression, came and whispered in my ear, ‘H.’ He had no sooner whispered it, than I gave it forth as my own ; the laughter that followed was humiliating in the extreme, and the taunts that followed, when we got out, led to a fight. When the church was restored in 1869 we had a new organ, and the reopening led to great festivities. About this time our old village schoolmaster, Elvidge, who was sexton, bellringer, parish clerk, rate collector, and everything else of importance in the village ‘next t’ parson,’ left the village, and we had a new schoolmaster from ‘Lunnon.’ Before Mr. Elvidge left, however, he had taught me how to ring the church bells, ‘Ding’ with my right hand, ‘Dong’ with my left foot, and ‘Bell’ with my left hand. Without any formal appointment as successor, I performed the duties of bellringer, clerk at weddings and funerals, when I was about eleven years of age. This brought me into contact very much with ‘Mester Rennards,’ the recollections of which are the happiest of my life. My mother used to take care that I got

up to ring the bells for morning prayer after Mr. Elvidge left, but about this time, under the new schoolmaster, somehow or another the choir-boys and the children who used to go in the old schoolmaster's time, as I have said, ceased to attend or have frolics back to the manor. Many and many mornings, when it was wet or snowy or cold, no one would be at the service except our two selves. On the first occasion this happened, I seemed surprised to think that we should go through the service (though in a shortened form), and he seemed to read my thoughts. When we got back to the vestry, he said, 'James, did you suppose, because no one has come to church this morning, that we should have no service?' I said, 'Yes, sir, I don't see the good of it.' 'Ah, James,' said he, 'it is our duty to have morning prayer, whether anybody comes or not. Suppose at the last day people are asked why they did not go to church? and they answered, Because no service was held.' I made no answer, but although I was but a child, I saw the point; and with a smile on his face he said, 'They won't be able to say that of you and me, James, will they?' One morning he was at church before I was; our clock was wrong or slow—there was no clock in the church tower then—and I looked confused, sheepish, and sorry. He was waiting for me in the vestry, and as I thought looked very angry—I muttered out that I was very sorry and the clock must be slow. He assumed a very severe look, which for the moment made me very uncomfortable, and said in very peremptory tones, 'James, don't you know what to do with a slow clock—a grandfather's clock?' I said tremblingly, 'No, sir.' 'Kick it, my boy, kick it!' whereupon he laughed, and told me to ring the bell for a few minutes to let the people know there was a service. Although this was about the only occasion I was ever so late, 'Mester

Rennards' was very often late himself. I was supposed to start ringing at 8.15 for 8.30 service, but he was often ten minutes or more late himself. As it was very cold in the church steeple on the first floor, from where the bells used to be rung at that time, I got in the habit of looking from an aperture in the tower for him leaving the manor, and directly I saw him leave the front door of the manor, I would start ringing, and continue until he would give me the signal from below to stop. One morning I was watching for him as usual, but there was no sign of him. I began to think he was not at home—as occasionally happened. In a while, however, I heard a voice from the bottom of the spiral staircase of the steeple, 'James, go on ringing, I did not come that way this morning.' I was startled, and went on ringing until he stopped me. I felt he had bowled me out, and expected a 'wiggling' (as they say in Caunton) when I got downstairs into the vestry. To my surprise, however, he had such a merry smile on his face, and said, 'You know, James, there are other ways from the manor than by the front door.' I looked as guilty as I felt, but could not help smiling. He discovered my little trick, and went round by the back way, I believe, out of sheer fun, to have the laugh of me. Some of the old folks used to attend the service, mostly old pensioners of the manor, to whom he was very kind—so kind that they excited the envy of many in the village, particularly the 'Ranters,' as they used to be called, those who attended the Primitive Methodist Chapel. 'Ah! all they go for is for what they can get out th' parson,' I often used to hear.

"Sammy Plummer, Charlie Cartwright, Johnny Hodgkinson, and Nanny Cartwright were regular churchgoers. Johnny Hodgkinson was the most superior of this lot, and was a very nice old man. He was a 'cow

doctor,' and was generally looked upon as the village vet. I have seen him fetched out of church on Sunday afternoon, in 'lambing time,' or to go to a cow that was in trouble with its calf, or a mare with its foal. I could not say whether this was done as an advertisement or not. I cannot forget that morning when Sammy Plummer was complaining to Johnny Hodgkinson about his 'rheumatiz,' as Mr. Hole and I were walking down the church path. Sammy used only to have one stick, Johnny used to walk with two; we overheard Johnny say in a cheery way, 'Why don't you drive a pair, Sammy, like me?'

"After so many years, many of the quaint and interesting events in my boy life and conversations have passed from me, but as I write another one comes to me. As a child, I used to see the Rufford Hounds meet in the 'Front Croft'—the meadow in front of the manor-house, and I also remember seeing the Dean in a hunting suit. I realised as a child that he loved sport. It was my duty every Wednesday and Friday to go to ring the bell, and take part in the litany service at 10 A.M., and afterwards return to school. One day Mrs. Hole, who was at the service, asked me to stay afterwards. I was learning my notes at that time, and I think it was to help me in some way. Mr. Hole had left the church, but before we had got well started, he came and whispered, 'James, the hounds.' Mrs. Hole, I think, heard, and with an amused look, as if wondering what would be the result. I hardly liked asking to be excused. She seemed to read my thoughts, and suggested that I would rather see the hounds than stop to music. She was right. The hounds and huntsmen were passing through the village, and Mr. Hole and I went after them to the wood for which we knew full well they were making. I did not get back to school that morning."



RICHMOND—REGULUS—RINGWOOD.

Three famous hounds bred at the Rufford Kennels in the 'sixties.

TO JAMES BLACKNEY.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

June 20, 1882.

MY DEAR JAMES,—You would know, when you wrote, the pleasure which I should have in reading of your first appearance in the Choir at St. Paul's, and would share with me the happy anticipation of a day when we shall walk in that House of God as friends, you among the singers going before, and I among the priests following after. I read your letter to your mother after Matins this morning, and she listened with fond tears in her eyes.

Not much village news. Sweet, patient Ruth Elvedge has just returned from the Nottingham Eye Infirmary without the eye which was injured some years ago; and Louisa Gilbert was married this morning.

“ So let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must laugh, and some must weep,
So runs the world away.”

—Always, dear James, yours very sincerely,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JAMES BLACKNEY.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

July 14, 1884.

DEAR JAMES,—Your continued progress onward and upward is, I can assure you, a source of hearty

gratification to me, and I offer you my earnest congratulations upon the last addition which you have made to your song "Excelsior," and upon your successful ascent of Mount Parnassus.

And I note with special pleasure that you have written for noble purposes—the relief of the sick, in your plea for hospitals, and the appreciation of the beautiful in your appeal for the cultivation of railway banks (which I have often advocated), and your admiration of moonlit Hastings. If the verses signed "Henry Knight" are yours, you should lose no time in writing a song, and setting it to music.

I need not say how glad we shall be to see you both at Caunton in the autumn. I am very busy, as you will infer, when I tell you that since the year began I have received 216 invitations to preach or speak.

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JAMES BLACKNEY.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

S. x. Trinity, August 17, 1884.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I so much sympathise with the admirable article on "Mind and Labour," it is in such exact accord with my own teaching and preaching as to "the nobility of labour" and the degradation of labourers, that I shall be in a state

of anxious suspense until I know who wrote it. If it is from your head and heart, the confirmation of my hope will be real happiness to—Your sincere old friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Stick to Ruskin.

TO JAMES BLACKNEY.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

March 13, 1891.

MY DEAR JAMES,—No lady in the land is so great, so rich, so happy, as your dear good Christian mother in her rest and felicity. With the spirits and souls of the righteous she will pray for you, and I believe for me also, until the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

I have somewhere, though at present I have searched in vain, a Will¹ which she made many years ago, leaving all she had to you. How she loved you, and what a blessed memory your love for her will always be to you.—You know me to be, dear James, always your affectionate friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ This will was written out by Hole, and witnessed by him and George Antliff, one of the leading spirits in Primitive Methodism, whose brothers were heads of the Primitive connection in England. "I think," writes Blackney, "all misunderstanding has passed away, and George Antliff in his declining years does say that Dean Hole was a good man, a kind man, a lover . . . of his fellow-men."

TO JAMES BLACKNEY.

11 PRINCE'S GARDENS, S.W.,

June 6, 1894.

MY DEAR JAMES,—We are deeply grieved to hear of the great sorrow which darkens your heart and home, and seems to hang, like a thunder-cloud, between you and happiness. But a merciful God will set His Bow in that cloud, and He stands waiting patiently at the door, Who said, "I will not leave you comfortless—I will come to you."

Be sure, dear James, of my prayers, and think of your darling with those that have gone before in Paradise. Give our tender sympathies to your wife, and believe me to remain always, in tribulation or in prosperity,—Affectionately yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JAMES BLACKNEY.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

April 3, 1897.

DEAR JAMES,—I heartily congratulate you on your good works, and on the progress of your boys. I often look with affectionate sympathy on the trio in their surplices; and this reminds me to send you some verses, which I have written for the commemoration aforesaid. We think Dr. Bridge's music to my hymn, "O King of Kings,"

is excellent, and it will be played in the Cathedral on Sunday, June 20, by the band of the Royal Engineers.

As for the "Nurses"—you know what a boon they would be in our villages, as well as in our cities.

Yours ever sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JAMES BLACKNEY.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

May 27, 1898.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I greatly admire your verses, and heartily and humbly repeat the prayer. The lines are specially appropriate to the bright luminary which has just disappeared—Gladstone. Do you know the words of an American poet, which I will write on opposite page?—Yours always sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

"As sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
The golden gates close inwards noiselessly,
Unlocked by angel fingers;
And as they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Shine brightly thro' the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story."

In earlier years Hole was an unreserved admirer of Gladstone. He and Bishop Thorold, who were at the same school—Mrs. Gilbey's—at Newark, could together recall Gladstone on his canvass in the Middlegate, and how he was chaired after the great election of 1832.

"I recall the days as if they were yesterday," said Hole on one occasion, "though it is sixty years since, when I sat next to Mr. Gilbey, joint overseer, at breakfast, and saw him with yearning eyes take every morning frizzled bacon—and I thought at that time in my little mind that if ever I had a sufficient income to justify me in having frizzled bacon, there would be little left in this world to wish for." "Pickwick" was coming out in parts when Hole was at this school, and he managed to save a shilling a month—fifty per cent. of his monthly income—to buy it; Dickens, hearing long afterwards of this, said that it was one of the best compliments ever paid him.

As to Gladstone's first election at Newark, there are very few men who can recall the canvass and speeches, but the historian of the place, Mr. Cornelius Brown—a Newark friend of Hole's—has told me the substance of an interesting talk he had with the great man fifty years later. Gladstone said, "I never worked harder, or slept so badly—that is to say, so little." Among the incidents impressed on his mind was this one: at the close of the first day's poll, and whilst he was speaking from the Clinton Arms window, a man flung a stone which passed within a foot of Gladstone's head. This man was seen, and caught in the act. "I understood at the time," said Gladstone, "that he arranged the matter by voting for me next day."

TO JAMES BLACKNEY.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
October 15, 1902.

MY DEAR JAMES,—It is always a pleasure to hear from you, and I am glad to have such interesting information with reference to the new

Canon of Westminster, of whom I had previously but little knowledge. I was deeply affected by our meeting at your mother's grave, and it seems sometimes as though the spirits of the dead were with us. —Yours always sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JAMES BLACKNEY.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
December 10, 1903.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I value highly your pleasant words and kind wishes, always admiring your dutiful, beautiful life, and recognising your claim to the most honourable of all titles, that of a Christian Gentleman.

I have received more than 100 letters, post-cards, and telegrams,¹ from all sorts and conditions of men, from one whose address is "Cabmen's Shelter, Waterloo Station," ascending to the Seats of the Mighty, so that you will excuse brevity from your affectionate old friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS LITTLE NIECES.

CAUNTON MANOR,
November 14, 1882.

MY VERY DEAR MAY AND BESSIE,—I am highly delighted with the beautiful slippers which I have

¹ Birthday congratulations.

just received, and offer my best thanks for a gift, which arrives at the very moment when I most wanted it, when from each of the old worn-out pair a poor little toe was peeping in anxious alarm lest it should be frost-bitten in the coming winter. But now all fear has fled, and, like Cinderella in her slippers of glass (which must have been slippery for dancing, and rather unpleasant if a clumsy partner happened to tread on her foot), I am prepared for the Ball, and shall quite expect to be the Belle, or rather the Beau, at the very next which I attend, and to have all the world at my feet.

You must come to Cauntton at an early date to see how lovely I look in my decorations.

Yours most affectionately,

UNCLE REYN.

TO ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

March 15, 1883.

I do not quite know how to address one, whom I honour so reverently as my Archbishop, and love so unreservedly as my friend, because tho' there would be no incongruity in kneeling at your feet (not for the first time) to receive your blessing, and then enjoying your bright, brotherly converse, it is difficult to express in combination the feelings which

are so real and distinct *per se*. And I find myself yet more at a loss for words, when I would express my most grateful appreciations of the high distinction which your letter confers. With all my heart, I accept an invitation¹ which is alike irresistible from its authority and from its sweetness—a Royal mandate, set to music; and with all my prayerful hope, that HE, Who sends the message, will not permit the unworthiness of His servant to mar its import, I will come to Lambeth and St. Paul's.

Please offer my best regards to Mrs. Benson. There must be a sigh, now and then, for that peaceful, happy home at Kenwyn, and that fair view from the little Churchyard of the Fal, flowing on to the sea, but sad sighs will only make new ripples in that *αληριθμον γελασμα*, which must have a special glory in her heart, having brought so much light and warmth to all, who love the Archbishop of Canterbury.

To know that this great title pertains to you is indeed a happiness to yours, my dear Archbishop, with truest respect and affection,—Most sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ To be the Archbishop's chaplain. "The Archbishop of Canterbury," observed the *Church Review* of May 26, "has appointed Prebendary Hole to be one of his chaplains. This is the gentleman whom the *Guardian* described as the 'stalwart champion of Ritualism.' We wonder what will happen when he meets Prebendary Cadnam, another of his Grace's chaplains? We suppose they will at once proceed to knock each other down."

TO THE REV. R. H. WHITWORTH.

June 6. 1853.

My dear Whitworth,

When a large hole begins to ascend,
 it requires several weighty appendages
 to keep it steady: hence the
 numerous little of your very
 unassuming friend, who wishes to
 thank you for your kind complacence
 and his request, and to say
 how glad he will be to have his
 name associated, not overburden
 the appendages, in this way you
 I suggest, being always

Your very affectionate friend
S. Keynote Hole

TO T. B. HALL.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

June 18, 1883.

MY DEAR HALL,—I don't like the writing of this letter. I feel as I felt in childhood when they were measuring out the castor oil in a spoon ; or when, in boyhood, it was suggested "that kind Mr. Crackjaw should *just look* at my teeth."

But the gulp and the "scrawnsh" must come.

My Master, the Archbishop, wishes me to speak at the Annual Meeting of the Church Defence Society in London, on the 9th of July, and as this is his first invitation to duty since I became his Chaplain, I cannot plead pleasure as an excuse.

Regarding the Fête des Roses at Larchwood as the *most joyful holiday* of my year, from my first entrance into that pleasant home until you chaperon me to the Omnibus at the gate of the Show ground, I need not enlarge on my disappointment. The less said the better.

When Dido found Æneas did not come,
She mourned in silence, and was Di do dum.

Roses are improving here but they will be very late. May you add to the victories which your zeal and care have so well deserved. Shall you be at Sheffield? If so, you might return with me and

have a quiet day's talk and ramble. With kindest regards and most obnoxious regrets,—I remain,
yours most sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO MRS. BENSON.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

November 5, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. BENSON,—For two reasons I have tried to satisfy my anxiety concerning my beloved Master with the information which I found in the papers. Because “where hearts are of each other sure,” thoughts are known, and words are needless; and because I would not add to a correspondence, which must have been in its kindness cruel.

But now my silence, yea even from good words, becomes a pain and grief to me, and I am *constrained* to say how thankful I should be for a post-card bulletin, however brief.

This Strike of overworked employés was always a fear to those who knew only what the Archbishop was doing in public; surely it may now be succeeded by the hope that he will be satisfied with the work of two or three ordinary men.

I know that I may send my love to him, and that you believe me to be,—Most sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS LITTLE NIECES.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

December 11, 1884.

MY DEAREST VIDY,

MY DEAREST CICELY,

MY DEAREST JUDITH,

I am *so* delighted with the sweet little box which you have sent me, and shall always think, when I see it, how kind it was to give me such a pretty, useful gift. How I wish that you were here, that I might thank you with the *lips*, instead of the *pen*—not only with words, but with kisses. I send you a picture of your poor uncle when he had no place to put his pins,



and a picture of him *now* on receiving your present.



Your more than ever loving

UNCLE REYNOLDS.

TO THE REV. R. H. WHITWORTH.

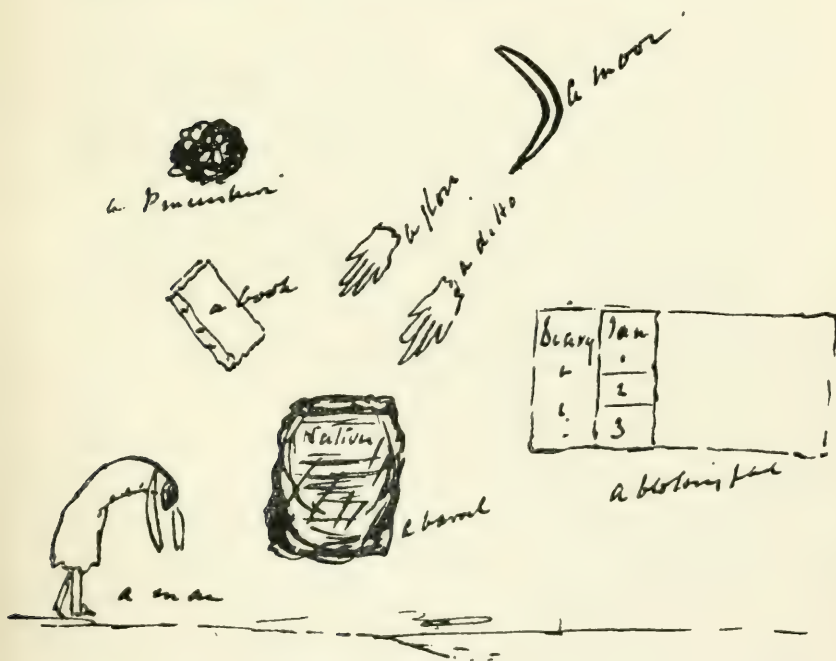
CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

Christmas Day 1884.

Your genial words, my very dear Brother, "set the echoes flying," like Tennyson's Bugle, in my responsive heart, which prays all true happiness for you and yours. Thanks for the extracts, which I return, and hope to see in print. What a sweet word, charming name for a doll or small dog, is "*warantizabunt*." Please tell Evelyn, with my

love, how much I admire and appreciate the pretty Christmas card.

Can you tell how it comes to pass, that, if you bow three times to the new moon, the first [time] you see it (not thro' glass), you are sure shortly to receive a gift. Owing to a recent obeisance, I have had a pair of winter gloves, a book, a blotting pad, a pincushion, and a barrel of oysters.



Yours ever affectionately,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO T. B. HALL.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,
S. ii. Epiphany, [January 18, 1885].

MY DEAR HALL,—The Protestant protest is so unwise and so unjust that I have sent a few words of remonstrance to the "Liverpool Courier," which will appear, I suppose, on Tuesday. Just when Christianity needs all its auxiliaries to battle against sin and unbelief, there is something very sad in a number of clergymen coming forward as accusers of the brethren, because they do not work in the same yard, or use precisely the same tools, as themselves.

I must hurry home from Liverpool, for I am working against time. I conduct the Mission at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Feb. 7 to 17, giving an address at 12 and sermon at 8. I *greatly admire* the Penny Dinners, and congratulate you on the Transformation at St. Paul's. I shall not be happy until Mrs. Hole has been to Larchwood. She would delight in the cart horses. Alas, I have no time to write to you as I should wish, but must sign myself yours in haste as well as in heart,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO THE HON. MRS. FRANCKLIN.

January 22, 1885.

MY DEAR ALICE,—Of the many who love you, few have prayed more earnestly, throughout this

sorrowful day, that GOD would be with you, and your brave brother, than—Yours ever affectionately,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

This letter was written on hearing that Mrs. Francklin's brother, Lord St. Vincent, had been mortally wounded at Abu Klea. Preaching after the garrison parade at York Minster in April, Hole referred to St. Vincent as a Christian hero—"One who was utterly unselfish, esteeming others better than himself, one who was so gentle yet so brave. St. Vincent needed no title to say that he was a noble man. It was pleasant to think of him reading lessons in his little parish church; bringing home soldiers that were ill and sick that they might enjoy and benefit from the country air; and at last, just before the fatal operation, giving directions that they whom he esteemed the most should receive his bounty when that brave heart was cold."

TO T. B. HALL.

CAUNTON MANOR,
January, 24, 1885.

MY DEAR HALL,—I have to speak at a Meeting of Working Men in Derby on Thursday evening, and hope to reach Liverpool at 1.20 P.M. on Friday, so that I may have the afternoon for work. It would be a great pleasure to grasp your hand, and have a smile from your beaming eye, if you can kindly realize your suggestion, and meet me at the Central Station.

I was preaching at Macclesfield on Wednesday,

and heard high praise of your new Bishop. He had greatly encouraged the Church people by a most unmistakeably Catholic Sermon.

I should think that those "four and twenty black-birds," who petitioned the great crow to kill all the thrushes, must find themselves "baked in a pie."—
With best regards, yours ever sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS WIFE.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

Sunday, [December 12, 1886].

OWN DEAREST,—The Oxonians were in such joyful spirits at my arrival that they set fire to one of the Colleges—Queen's. . . . They only burnt a part of it—nevertheless, it was a pretty *feu de joie*, and a very brilliant idea.

We had a large congregation, which was a real compliment as many are gone down, and the afternoon sermons are never well attended.

I breakfasted with the Principal and have made friends with the Dons. . . . I dined last night with Louis Hilton's friend, Pickard, and met another of his old allies, so like him that they would be a marvellous pair for a phaeton. I go to London to-morrow at 9.5.—Very lovingly yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. HOLE'S PET DOG.

"Love me, Love my Dog."

DOOR MAT, MOTHER'S ROOM,
CAUNTON MANOR, *November 18, 1886.*

DEAREST MAMA,—I am "a sad dog."

Fair Eleanor is gone, and I have reason to fear that she is engaged—I may say very much engaged—to a beastly little cur at Wellow, whom I will chaw up, the first time I meet him; and just now *you* are gone, and it seems to me, that as "every dog must have his day," I have had mine, and I almost wish that I might be treated as was one of my ancestors, who belonged to a Mr. Thompson, and "one morning, instead of giving him his breakfast, they took him out and 'anged 'im."

I have barked a good deal, being informed that Bark was a tonic, but it does not seem to strengthen me much: and I have taken to whine, but it does not exhilarate. I don't get no forrader.

Papa is kind, but is much engaged, and, when he is not engaged, he seems rather glum: and so I am friendless, with the exception of one kind-hearted flea, who does his best to attract my attention.

I am like the soldier, of whom I have heard Uncle Freddy relate that, just before going into battle, he remarked, "Mr. Burnaby, Sir, I feel

very hill." Please ask Mr. Scamp, with my respectful compliments, whether he has ever been in love, and whether he knows of anything good for the complaint.

Papa calls me, and I have just replied, "Whistle, and I'll come to thee, my Love."—So no more at present from your affectionate child,

POMPOM DOCKO.

TO T. FRANCIS RIVERS.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

August 6, 1886.

DEAR MR. RIVERS,—I propose to write, if I can find the time, an article on Roses for "The Quarterly Review," having received editorial approbations. Will you kindly inform me when "The Rose Amateur's Guide" was *first* published by my beloved friend, your father? I have "A new descriptive Catalogue of Roses, cultivated and sold by Thomas Rivers and Son," and issued in 1834 (probably the first important Catalogue ever published); but I have only the Third Edition of the book (followed, of course, by many others, sent to me by the dear hand that wrote) and do not know the date of their predecessors.

That grand grey head is ever in the battery of my thoughts, and I shall always regard it with true affection.—Sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO T. FRANCIS RIVERS.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

August 9, 1886.

DEAR MR. RIVERS,—I am delighted to have the *Editio Princeps* of your dear Father's book on the Rose. No one can prize it more heartily than his old pupil and friend.

To that little book we owe the great development of Rose-love and Rose-lore, which has gradually increased in this country since it was published.—Yours very gratefully,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO LORD HALIFAX.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

August 31.

MY DEAR LORD HALIFAX,—Convinced that, as president of the English Church Union, you have lost a great opportunity for the promotion of order and peace by advising the lay members to “stand by and help those priests who may feel that they must resist the officers of the Church,” which simply means that the laity must obey, but that the clergy may disobey, those who are set over them in the Lord ; that the soldiers must follow the captains, but that the captains may follow their own

imagination, I am constrained to notify to the secretaries and to others my withdrawal from the union.

I shall never lose my grateful appreciation of the work which you have done in the past, and I hope to retain in the future the privilege of your friendship.—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO T. FRANCIS RIVERS.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

September 28, 1886.

DEAR MR. RIVERS,—At last I return the very precious book, which, with a generous confidence, you so kindly lent to me. I have been working against time, since I received it, and have only just now found leisure to peruse it. What innocent happenings that book has diffused throughout the land. It is more than forty years since I devoured it, little thinking that the author would ever sign himself, in writing to me: "Once your Master, now your Pupil." Kindly said by the dear old man, but he had forgotten more than I ever knew.

How I loved and love him!—Gratefully and sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS WIFE.

CAUNTON MANOR,

Thursday, [February 6, 1887].

Maymie saw those sweets as they passed through Newark, and she brought home a parcel of flowers,

which I have transferred to our Professor of Botany. Dear old Lady —, though she is the milk of human kindness, does not respond to the Caunton Squeeze, but says, "if we collect £74, she will present the final £1." She has been taught caution by the parishioners of —, to whom she wrote that she would *double* whatever they collected—and they collected £33.

The weather and the landscape can only be described as heavenly. I am just starting for Cromwell Ruridecanal Meeting, then dine with our George. Wish I was home again—and you were back with your lilacs, laburnums, clipped sheep, foals, young turkeys, and loving husband,

REYNOLDS.

TO HIS WIFE.

GORSEBROOK HOUSE, WOLVERHAMPTON,

Wednesday, February 7, 1887.

The Congress is successful. I have just lunched with the Mayor, and brother of Canon Vincent Jackson, who sat opposite to me at table, and *stood* opposite to me for the proctorship. We are now good friends. There is to be a grand gathering of Working Men to-night, and the Bishop of Lichfield has just paid me the compliment of asking me to speak last, "because," he says, "they won't listen to anybody afterwards."

It's all very nice, but only makes me wish that I could do more practical work for the men.

I must attend to my speech, and sign myself,—
Lovingly yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO T. B. HALL.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,
July 13, 1887.

MY DEAR HALL,—Travelling on dusty railways, and preaching in crowded churches, during the intense and continuous heat, I have been unable to contend with my enemy, Hay Fever, and have been compelled to give up several engagements. Resting in the shade, and inhaling these cooler breezes, I am gradually resuming my virility; presided at a very interesting meeting of "The Railway-men's Christian Association" at Newark last night, but am not yet fit for foreign service.

I positively dread the rail, and most reluctantly and regretfully abandon the hope of brotherly "love among the roses" this year on the banks of the Mersey. I shall try to get to Manchester, my last chance of doing homage to the Queen of the Garden, but don't feel very sanguine. Absent or present, I am ever, with kindest regards,—Most sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

A ROSARIAN'S VICTORY.

TO T. B. HALL.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,
Thursday, July 14, 1887.

Grand—Nurra!

Glorious—Nurra!!

Goloptious—Nurra!!!

Quite as well I was not at Edinburgh. The Archbishop of Canterbury might have been perturbed, and the Municipal Authorities of Liverpool perplexed, to hear, that the Revd. Canon Hole and T. B. Hall, Esq., were seen dancing a Scotch reel in Highland costume, round a Box of Roses,—Bagpipes obligato by the Revd. H. H. D'Ombrain.¹

And, tho' defeated, "merrily danced the quaker's wife, and merrily danced the quaker," from Darlington, in honour of one whom all Rosarians love. I am much better, and if I can get to Larch Wood on Tuesday night, I will. The news of your victory seems to brighten my spirits like a sunbeam.—Your hip-hip-hipishly and-one-cheer-moreishly,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

George Henry Powell, to whom the following letters were written, was a workman in a factory at Derby. He corresponded regularly for many years with Dean Hole,

¹ The well-known rose-grower, founder of the National Rose Society, and editor of "The Rosarian's Year-Book."

who was much attached to him, and he was a visitor to Cauntton and to Rochester. Powell was a man of considerable gifts; an ingenious hand at ornamental and other iron work; great in physical and moral courage; unfretful in extreme suffering. His faith as a Christian was as unquestioning as a little child's, yet it was the faith of a strong man in its will and intensity. A note of deep melancholy runs through his letters to Dean Hole. He was in grief for a long time through the loss of his son, who was killed by a terrible accident in the factory. One of his letters describing his state then is very moving. He says that whenever he tries to work, faintness attacks him—and work with such a nature, we know, is often prayer in another form. But in the most dreadful misfortunes there is a resignation, a sort of glory in the burden, which is the privilege of men of this character.

“An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry,”

expresses well the state of many highly-educated men and women in the racking trials of life; but Powell never seems to be in perplexity—everything that happens or can happen simply goes to confirm him in the belief in God and the desire to bend to God's Will.

TO GEORGE POWELL.

CAUNTTON MANOR, NEWARK,
SS. Simon and Jude, 1887.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I have been on my knees more than once since I received the tidings of your terrible bereavement, praying that the only Comforter may come into your poor bleeding

heart. Vain is the help of man, however kindly it be offered, in such an overwhelming sorrow, but "God is our Hope and Strength, a very present help in trouble." His Hand is heavy upon you, but it is the hand of our Father; the burden seems greater than you can bear, but it is the Cross.

Dear Brother, do not be disheartened, because you cannot pray as you would wish, or because your natural grief seems to overpower your spiritual faith, or because all things seem to be confused, and you are bewildered, and almost in despair, only do your best to be resigned, to "be still and murmur not," and God in His own good time will set the rainbow of hope upon the black cloud of your sorrow, and "the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the LORD."

And tell your dear wife, that, as surely as our Lord Jesus restored her son to the weeping mother at Nain, so will He give her back her boy, at the Resurrection,

"When with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile."

"Speedily was he taken, lest that wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul." Think of him as safe on the shore, and waiting to welcome you there.

May the Lord be with you both, and with your loving brother in Christ,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO GEORGE POWELL.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

December 31, 1887.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I was much interested in your letter, and I cannot doubt but that GOD will bless your endeavours to help those who are least able to help themselves, and not only to relieve their bodily wants, but to speak to them of their immortal souls, and of the Infinite Love, which died and lives to save them—to “tell them the old, old story of Jesus and His Love.”

How thoughtful and kind of the good Bishop to send flowers for the dear boy's grave! I wonder whether the angels told him in Paradise, and how his father is trying to do good, until “we meet to part no more.”

I have had about 400 letters of congratulation,¹ but none have pleased me more than those which have come from various branches of the Church of England Working Men's Society.

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO GEORGE POWELL.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

October 29, 1891.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I am to preach to the Church of England Working Men's Society on Monday next at 8 P.M. in St. Alban's Church,

¹ On his appointment to the Deanery of Rochester.

Sneinton, Nottingham, and I need not say that it would be a great happiness to me to take your hand in mine once more.

Try to remember that GOD has done what was best for your dear boy, delivering him out of the temptations and sorrows of a sinful world, and ever repeat to yourself the Blessed Saviour's words, "Thy Son Liveth."

With kind regards, I remain,—Yours always
sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

We often look, with delightful memories, at the Derby China given to us by working men.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

TO GEORGE POWELL.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

December 11, 1892.

DEAR FRIEND,

Goose or Turkey?

Sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO GEORGE POWELL.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

January 4, 1893.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am much pleased with the papers which you have sent me, and I hope some day to bring before many readers (1) the power of

sympathy between all classes in the Palace or the Foundry, and (2) how a working man can bowl out a Marquis when the latter doesn't play with a straight bat. With all good wishes, and pleasant recollections of your visit, I remain,—Your sincere friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO GEORGE POWELL.

COMRIE, PERTHSHIRE,
September 25, 1895.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—You have often been in my thoughts since that glorious victory, when you and others of your mind knocked King Braggadocio off his throne, and chose King Christian to reign in his stead. I am more than ever in love with the working men at Derby, and more than ever proud to have friends among them.

I met Mr. —, who is visiting in this neighbourhood, a few days ago, and we were so pleased with each other that, if we had had a Piper, we should have danced a Scotch reel together.

I have promised to preach for the Derby Hospital (do you remember our meeting there?) on the evening of Nov^r 6 (Wednesday) in the Church of All Saints, and I need not say how pleased I shall be to grasp your hand and see your face again.—With love from Mrs. Hole and myself to you and to yours, I remain, yours always sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO GEORGE POWELL.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

June 30, 1897.

Long may you smoke the Pipe of Peace, my dear old friend, with your good wife by your side, loyal to Church and Queen, and doing your best for Christ's glory, and the welfare of your fellowmen.

I have been for some time under the doctor, first with gout, then influenza, then hay fever, and am consequently in a somewhat low condition. Otherwise I should have accepted an invitation from the Bishop of Derby to address some of my dear old friends in your Drill Hall on the Sunday before the Church Congress at Nottingham, Sept. 28. But I don't feel equal to the effort, much as I should enjoy the meeting, and I cannot any longer shut my eyes to the fact that I must resign as Member for Foreign Affairs, and must restrict my attentions to the Home Office.—With kind regards,
yours always sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

We are just starting for our old Home at Caunton, both wanting change of air and rest.

TO T. B. HALL.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

Saturday, March 12, 1887.

MY DEAR HALL,—I hope to arrive in Liverpool at 11.30 A.M. on Monday, and have most happy

anticipations of reunion with beloved friends. I read with pleasure in this day's "Church Review" that the attendance at the midday service at St. Nicholas has been "very fair." Several invitations have come to me from Liverpool, and I could not refuse Bell Cox or the Founder of St. Agnes. The rest I have declined, and as these include an appeal from the Mersey Mission to Sailors, I do not see my way to "The Indefatigable."

I have, in fact, undertaken as much as I can well do, and for this shall have to work from hand to mouth, that is, from pen to pulpit. I am deeply grieved by the decision in the Queen's Bench Division yesterday, but "He Who now letteth will let," in His Own time and way. Great are the troubles of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.—Yours ever sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO T. B. HALL.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,
Christmas Eve, 1887.

MY DEAR HALL,—I have a sure conviction that of all the congratulations¹ which I have received, some hundreds, none have been *more* hearty, *very few so* hearty, as those from my beloved friends at
* Larchwood. I know those bright eyes of yours

¹ On his appointment to Rochester.

would sparkle when they saw the news, and that you would read it, even more joyfully, in your unselfish sympathy, than the "First Prize and Cup" so dear to the Rosarian's gaze.

We have been to inspect Rochester, and met with a most kindly reception. The Deanery is a large rambling old house, and there is a spacious garden, with no signs of horticulture! We want a gardener who loves out-door flowers (there is no glass), and is not afraid of work. Can you tell me of such a man?

.

Affectionately yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE¹

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
June 25, 1888.

MY DEAR HERO,—I have not many, and therefore am more proud than a preacher of Humility ought to be to have such a genial letter from John Inglesant. It encourages me to express the hope that he will some day send me a still brighter gladness in an announcement that he is coming to the Deanery for as hearty a welcome as we can give to him, and, if such an additional pleasure be possible, to Mrs. Shorthouse.

¹ Author of "John Inglesant."

By that, which some term "a strange coincidence," but which occurs to the observant so frequently as to be no longer strange, I shall meet Miss Wordsworth, the chief writer of the biography, at dinner to-night, and I know that I may give her the happiness of reading your letter.

Polycletus carved such a perfect model of a man that the sculptors of his day accepted it as "the rule." I regard Christopher Lincoln as the rule for an English Catholic.—With kindest regards, yours most sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

This is the only letter to the author of "John Inglesant" which I have been able to obtain. There is a reference to the friendship between Dean Hole and J. Henry Shorthouse in a letter to Mr. Hugh Hole later on: it was intimate and delightful. Mrs. Shorthouse says that the letter here given must have been written at the time Miss Wordsworth was writing the Life of Bishop Wordsworth. She recalls a visit which she and her husband paid to Rochester in 1888: "I remember that one of the many interesting people who met us at dinner advised the Dean to visit the House for Six Poor Travellers in the city made famous by Charles Dickens. So the Dean took us there next day, and a most interesting place it was." To this place Shorthouse referred in a letter written to Dean Hole in 1888:

"Turning over the other day Walpool's 'British Traveller,' which has been a favourite of mine since

my childhood when I used to delight in it in my grandmother's country house, I came on the following notice of the Poor Travellers' House at Rochester. As far as I remember we were very vague about the reason of the inscription, as far as it relates to Proctors, when we spent those delightful hours with you. Whether the account given is correct or not, there is a quaintness about the passage which I hope may entertain Mrs. Hole and yourself. Walpool's 'Traveller,' London, 1784: 'They have . . . also an almshouse where six poor travellers are allowed to lodge, and in the morning they receive four pence. The place is greatly improved, and many of the poor inhabitants, who have no visible livelihood, are set to work in it, and during the summer it is generally full of lodgers. It was founded by one Richard Watts, whose will expresses that no person afflicted with any contagious distemper shall be admitted into it, nor any rogues, vagabonds, or proctors. We believe it is but seldom that proctors come to almshouses, the follies and vices of mankind procuring them a considerable fortune, but Mr. Watts had good reason for excluding any of that fraternity from his charity, for having employed one of them to make his will, whilst he lay sick, the villain devised the whole to himself, but his roguery was discovered and detected by the recovery of the patient.'

"I have read with very great pleasure your temperance sermon in 'The Guardian.' I need not say how much I admire it. The lesson of the matter seems to be that it is ^{dangerous} } to preach to enthusiasts without some
 } difficult } clear understanding beforehand.—Ever yours sincerely
 and gratefully, J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE."

Two other extracts from J. Henry Shorthouse's letters to the Dean give some notion, I think, of the

charm of the author of "John Inglesant" as a correspondent. There is a certain spiritual distinction about the letters of his which I have seen, and a touch of delicate humour.

"*October 14, 1888.*—We shall often recall the eleventh of October as a day long to be remembered, beginning with the Cathedral Service and the interest of the Cathedral, then the delightful walk with Mrs. Hole under the old Keep and among the pigeons—the still more pleasant work often lined with a gleam of physical sunshine to sympathise with the sunshine of the mind—then the visit to the home of the six poor Travellers, the pleasant little sale of work—the Dockyards—and the delightful people we met in the evenings, all this, in Mrs. Hole's presence, you must, I think, yourself admit, goes to fill up the hours of a day not easily forgotten. . . . I have often thought of the view over your orchard and the old wall and Church Tower and houses beyond with the faded Autumn Tints over it. . . . I don't think I told you how much I was struck with your sundial. It must have a history. Was it the work (conception) of some seventeenth-century Dean with mathematical tendencies, like Bp. Wilkins?"

"*1st Sunday after Trinity, 1891.*—Mrs. Hole deserves our grateful thanks for allowing you to write. I well remember how potent her influence for *good* is, as when she gently and sweetly persuaded us to go to bed, instead of injuring ourselves by sitting up, smoking and drinking, as Mrs. Somebody says in 'George Eliot,' 'like the beasts that perish' ('poor maligned beasts!'). I have often reflected with satisfaction on our conduct on that occasion. It is the first time I ever heard of the delightful experience of taking out Influenza and other noxious

visitants with you in a pony carriage and surreptitiously getting rid of them in a sunk ditch by the way. I feel sure that this power is reserved for *Deans* of the *Church of England*, but I am also strongly of opinion that [it] is only given to the good old-fashioned sort of Dean and not the modern style of Dean who runs about everywhere knocking himself up and killing himself and depriving the Church of his inestimable personality."

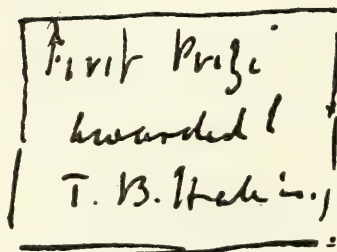
TO T. B. HALL.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
June 27, 1888.

MY DEAR HALL,—We are happily contemplating your presence here on Saturday, July 7, and heartily hope that Mrs. Hall will be with you. I have promised to act as Judge at "the Palace," so that we can return together. I fancy you as rather busy,



and confidently anticipate the usual results :—



Gold warming pan

&c.

&c.

&c.

With love to you all, yours ever sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS WIFE.

Those railways are capable of softening the hardest brains, and you were very clever to get your luggage as you did. How I should have rejoiced to have seen *It*, on its nice horse by the covert side, and heard the horn and the music of the hounds once more.

The Congress is very successful. I made the Puritans angry last night by expressing my opinion that people might put into raffles and play at cards for sixpences without being *hopeless reprobates*; and I intend to make the geese hiss again to-night by stating that a glass of good wine or good beer is not only pleasant but invigorating.

TO DEAN PIGOU.

GLOUCESTER,

HOTEL—DON'T KNOW IT'S NAME.

Came at midnight, after preaching in London *en route*, to preach at Tewkesbury to-day, September 27, 1888:

Dear Pigou
Is *Truth* true?
And are you
Going to be
D. of C.?

Personally I shall rejoice; but, not to be over

reticent, how about Income? But, as the lady said when congratulated on her daughter's engagement, "Ah, thanks; Jenny hates the man, but there's always something." One thing I must impress on you; if you are going to be a Dean, there is only one man in England who can make gaiters—all others are alligators. Come at once to Rochester, and I will take you on your arrival to be measured.

TO HIS WIFE.

PRESTON,

Saturday, October 6, 1888.

OWN DEAREST,—I flatter myself that you will like to hear that, tho' one of my legs gently intimates that I have had enough tramping on the Manchester pavements, I am quite well, after 10 sermons or speeches in 10 successive days. The Congress has been a grand success, and no one has enjoyed it more than I have. It was so very pleasant to be with the Bishop of Manchester,¹ a grand *man*, and his distinguished guests. I went one night to a social meeting of Working Men, about 3000, in the Free Trade Hall, to listen and to rest, without a thought of speaking; and suddenly, to my astonishment, there came a cry of "Dean Hole," "Canon Hole," "Hole, Hole," from all parts of the building. The Bishop rose and

¹ Bishop Moorhouse.

said, "If you working men would rather hear Dean Hole than speak yourselves, or hear the other speakers, I have no doubt the Dean will find something to say to you;" on which they cheered, and the Dean made a very poor speech, but they seemed quite satisfied. The fact is, they know that my heart is with them, and they reciprocate.

I am going to Liverpool this afternoon for 3 sermons and a speech, and then shall bring what remains of your old man to Rochester on Tuesday. Archdeacon Farrar and Knox-Little were my companion speakers at a meeting of working men, over 3000, held here last night.

Your loving husband,

REYNOLDS.

The London "Guardian" has a complimentary Leading Article on my speech on "Gambling and Betting."

TO ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

July 11, 1889.

MY VERY DEAR ARCHBISHOP,—Continuous and ubiquitous work, accompanied by Hay Fever, has brought me to the doctor, and when he forbids me to leave home, Conscience adds, "Honour the Physician, because you know that he is right."

If the clergy will bravely denounce Gambling and Betting in sermons, and in society, they will have the support of the thoughtful laity, and both, in union, the Divine help. There *is* a manifest encouragement. Since the publication of the enclosed Address, I have had letters of thankful sympathy from all sorts and conditions of men, from the chaplains at Nice, Mentone, and Alexandria, from officers, barristers, commercial travellers, &c. &c. &c., . . . and it is evident that honest men, who like racing for its own sake, are becoming more and more disgusted with the knaves and blacklegs. If such men as the Dukes of Westminster and Portland would exert their Herculean power, the Augæan stable might be sweetened, if not cleansed.

I most earnestly hope that the members of your Grace's Conference will not estrange men who are friendly disposed by denouncing penny or sixpenny points at whist, and the giving of a shilling to a lottery. On this matter, as the "Guardian" says, the Lower House of Convocation "drew dangerously near to the ridiculous." To tell me that they who mean no harm and *feel none*, that some of the best men and women I ever knew were promoting vicious practice at their whist and quadrille, is an insult to my affection and an outrage on my common-sense. And who was ever heard to say, "I was virtuous, I was innocent, until I went one day

to a bazaar. I was induced to put into a lottery, with a view to increasing the receipts. I won a gorgeous anti-Macassar, worth at least £1, and gradually from that fatal day I became a Gambler!"

It is paltry, pusillanimous, and perilous also, that the shepherds should be searching for small insects in the wool of the sheep, when the eagles swoop down upon the lambs.—With great respect, affectionately yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO DEAN PIGOU.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
March 8, 1889.

DEAR PIGOU,—By the aid of the most powerful microscopes known to science, portions of your last communication have been deciphered, and have pleasantly rewarded the labour bestowed upon them in the anticipation of arriving at Chichester at 6.5 P.M. on the 14th inst.—Affectionately thine,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

COPY OF TESTIMONIAL.

At the request of my friend, the Very Revd. the Dean of Rochester, D.D., Professor of Caligraphy, I subjoin specimens of my signature

before and after I had received instructions from him.

Before—

Yours truly
F. Pigou

After—

Truly yours
Francis Pigou.

TO DEAN PIGOU.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
February 18, 1890.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—Could you come on the 8th to preach on the 9th of March?

I am specially anxious to see you then, as I may have completed a few preliminary chapters of my great History of the Corea,¹ to be dedicated

¹ A friend had been staying with Dean Pigou, and had told him much about Corea and the Coreans. Some time afterwards Dean Hole and Dean Spence were staying at Chichester, and Dean Pigou asked them if they knew where Corea was. Hole said he thought you booked for Charing Cross, and Spence that you got out at Baker Street. Dean Pigou expressed himself shocked by such profound ignorance in two Deans; whereupon a Bishop who was present asked how they showed their ignorance.

to yourself and Mr. Mundella. It is a deeply interesting subject. I commence on its northern boundary, where the river Turiman Kiang, rising in the centre of the Chang-pe-shar Mountains, runs to the sea of Japan. Its banks, though fertile, are uninhabited.

You will, I feel sure, be gratified to know that "the coasts are high and bold," because they will remind you of the Dean of Rochester, who is so universally beloved; and when I tell you "that whales are numerous on the eastern coasts" you will be reminded how "very like" that monster is to many of your own excellent anecdotes.

The history will conclude in the Dining-room, Feb. 11, 1890. I am pleased to find that I can draw all my maps and landscapes from memory.—
Affectionately yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE,

*Geographer to the Pope, and Local Inspector
of the Universe.*

TO DEAN PIGOU.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

March 22, 1890.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—By your love of Art (especially of the presentments of dying warriors, military and naval), by the mug which you gave me when I was "a good little boy," by our wanderings in the

Corea, by the perplexities of the Revd. Mr. Bailey when you ignored your engagement, by ze Booby, ze Dooks, and ze wicked lad in the corner, by Rothschild's purchase of "The Times," I adjure you to send the amount of your travelling expenses to,—Yours ever sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Your sermon made a great impression—and the Dean, for the hearers, sends you 10,000 thanks.

"By your love of Art." Dean Pigou's explanation of this is in his "Odds and Ends": "I never pass down John Street (Whitby) without recalling a very memorable occasion in which he took part. There used to be . . . a small 'bric-a-brac' shop for the sale of 'Odds and Ends.' In the front window, attracting attention, was a truly awful daub, supposed to represent 'The Death of Wolfe.' I have the picture in the Deanery, and whenever Hole comes it is put at the foot of his bed. Wolfe is supported in his dying agonies by two giants in the uniform of the German Emperor's *élite* Prussian Guards. Some one—I imagine a surgeon—is dabbing a very large bath sponge in Wolfe's eye. Two others, of the race of Anak, are looking on with sympathetic interest. . . . Hole said to me: 'Pigou, let us go in and buy that picture.' We examined it. We examined it critically. 'Who do you think,' said Hole, 'painted it?' I replied: 'I think I detect Rubens in the general pose.' 'Do you not trace the hand of Murillo,' said Hole, 'in that surgeon and his sponge?' Pursuing our criticism, I said: 'That nose is undoubtedly Rembrandt's work.' 'These giants,' said Hole, 'must have been painted by

Sir Joshua Reynolds.' The woman who kept the shop stood by deeply interested, I might almost say *awed*. 'What do you want,' we said, 'for this picture?' 'Well, gen'lemen,' she replied, 'I have marked it one shilling, but after what you gen'lemen have said, and I take you to be what they call *connosours*, I shall ask five shillings.' . . . We both felt very foolish. . . . Hole paid the five shillings, and bestowed this work of art on me." But, later, Dean Pigou paid off his friend in kind. He bought for a shilling in the same shop an equally bad picture of Nelson's death, wrapped it up with great care, and sent it by rail to Caunton, labelled "Work of Art; with the utmost care." The parcel duly arrived, and—according to Dean Pigou—"Hole insisted on the station-master, ticket-collector, and every available porter being present" at the unpacking of the parcel, so that if the work of art were damaged, he might claim damages from the Company. "Slowly and carefully wrappers were undone and strings cut . . . at last the Colman's Mustard box was reached. As the lid was opened and cotton-wool removed, 'The Death of Nelson' burst into view. The station-master, collector, porters, were all craning their necks to catch a glimpse of this precious treasure. Hole, in writing to me, said it would have been described by an Eton boy as 'golomptious.' He did his utmost to conceal this treasure from the view of the curious and drove home with it, I say not in what mood. I have reason to think it is still in possession of the family."

"Lord Rothschild's purchase of the 'Times.'" This was a popular "catch." "Have you heard that Lord Rothschild bought the 'Times' yesterday?" would generally tempt people into some wild hazard as to the sum paid. At a certain meeting of clergy the sum suggested rose as high, it was said, as two million, before the explanation was given—"He gave threepence."

TO DEAN PIGOU.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
November 17, 1891.

DEAR PIGOU,—Partly for my wife's health, partly for my own, and because I desire to see Naples and Rome, and Venice, and may not have another opportunity, I have accepted the Chaplaincy at Amalfi (in reply to an advertisement for an ecclesiastic of abnormal beauty and immense intellect), and shall be out of England in Lent.

I wish you had been with me on Sunday in a London Church. We had huge rainbows of tapers, incense as thick as a London fog (we were all specially censed), lace-edged cottas, copes, 20 banners, &c. You may guess how depressed your friend, Moody, felt! tho' I must say that there was real devotion, and the heartiest congregational singing. Rome is no longer "in it" (the slang man's phrase), but is cold and colourless. This was at evensong, so I suppose on greater occasions they have fireworks and artillery.—Your affectionate frater,

DECANUS HOLE.

TO DEAN PIGOU.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
November 13, 1891.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—In forwarding the enclosed, sent by mistake to Rochester, I have the welcome

opportunity for congratulating the Dean of Chichester and the people of Bristol on the recent transfer.

You will now have the power of making the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and 30 years hence you shall have a statue in Bristol Cathedral, like that which stands in the gardens at Alton Towers, and with the same Inscription,

“He made the desert smile.”

—Yours ever affectionately,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Apropos of the rose, you will be pleased to hear that the eleventh edition of my little Book was sold in 6 months—3000 copies.

TO DEAN PIGOU.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
Ash Wednesday.

MY DEAR PIGOU,—Mrs. Hole is absorbed in her “Society of Needle-women,” sick folks in a great hospital, of which I am patron, and poor folks in the Workhouse, and so reluctantly foregoes the pleasure which you so kindly suggest.

“Domum mansit, lanam fecit”—

She stayed at home, and made clothes, like Dorcas.

I have to preach at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, on

Thursday—Might I come to you in the evening? I must leave early on Saturday, and should like to see something of you and yours.

I must admire your programme of good works, except the "special service for men short." Why leave out the long ones? No doubt Zacchæus was an excellent man, and David said, "I am small," but I can assure you that we tall men are not above instruction, and I anxiously hope that, when you have done with the short ones, you will sing "*altiora peto*." I met your very pleasant Arch-deacon at Gregory's last week (why were you absent from Convocation?), but was so engrossed with my neighbours, the Bp. of Lincoln and George Denison, that I had no introduction to him.—
Affectionately yours, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO DEAN PIGOU.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
July 11, 1892.

"Do I remember Francis Pigou?" I knew him well, Horatio. A fellow of infinite jest, and yet withal a man of noble thought and eloquent expression, earnest and brave, with a sweet tenderness and true affection, one whom I rejoice to number among my friends, to see and to hear, and to read. And I am glad at heart to know that he is again the right man in the right place, with a larger sphere for his

sacred ambitions, and his big brain and practical energies.

I cannot come to have ocular proof, being over-weighted with engagements until Christmas, and I have so much work on hand and in contemplation, here, that henceforth I must give up foreign service. Moreover I have a book of Memories in preparation. What of that which you promised?

In conformity with the announcements of the English Churchman and other protestant accusers of the brethren I have been "over to Rome," and was bitterly disappointed with the same; always excepting St. Peter's and the Vatican Galleries. We were all ill in that city of stinks, and my niece was in bed for a month with typhoid fever.

Will you come with me to Chicago for the Exhibition? The Bishop of New York invites me to preach at the opening—expenses paid there and back.

I am grieved at heart to hear that your dear good wife is not well.—Ever yours affectionately,

HOLE, CARDINAL.

TO HIS WIFE.

THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER,

Wednesday, November 1892.

You always make the best of yourself, and I can tell that, tho' you say that you are better, you are still far from well. The weather is hopelessly

against invalids, and here it is dripping and dreary from morn to night. Nevertheless, you have a better air in Notts than at Rochester, and I hope you will remain until we have a more genial surrounding. The perpetual rain is very unfavourable to the Mission which is being held throughout the city here, but we have good congregations in the Cathedral, where I give addresses at midday.

I have made up my mind to retire from *Foreign Service*, and wrote yesterday to Dean Gregory, declining his usual invitation to St. Paul's. I am too old to go scampering all over England, and there is plenty to do at home.

My Book¹ is successful beyond my hopes, and has passed into a second edition before it has been published a week! The Liberal and Conservative, High Church and Low Church Newspapers have alike most favourable reviews.

I go home on Friday. I shall sadly miss you, but don't come back until you feel stronger.

REYNOLDS.

TO RICHARD DAFT (THE NOTTS CRICKETER).

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
December 2, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am gratified to hear that I have given pleasure to one, who has so often

¹ "The Memories of Dean Hole."

delighted me with his excellence in the grand old game, and I shall always value the photograph which you have kindly sent. I enclose the best likeness I have of,—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

The Best Tea Roses are marked in the accompanying list. I have also marked a few of the best Hybrid Perpetuals.

Dean Hole took a keen delight in cricket from childhood to the end of his life. He could recall the chief figures in county—especially, of course, Notts—cricket for seventy years past. The Parrs, Alfred Mynn, Pitch, Box—"keeping wicket in a tall white hat"—and George Daft—"a wonderful leg-hitter"—Tom Barker, Caffyn, and Carpenter were among them. He liked to dwell on his first visit to the Trent Bridge ground—"that dear old field with its long line of booths and stands; with Clark the captain having a few confidential words with the rector of Gedling, a devoted lover and learned judge of cricket, and with Johnson, the secretary, smiling at everybody through his spectacles, and the fruit merchant inviting us to buy his pears at six a penny, and the dealers in correct cards announcing 'The order, gentlemen, the order—Nottingham goes in!'" There, too, in hundreds were our famous lambs. Generally speaking the title is not appropriate, but on one particular occasion the resemblance in friskiness, jumping and skipping, was remarkable. Alfred Mynn, in stopping a very awkward ball from Clark, got too near the wicket and hit off one of his bails. For a moment there was a hush of consternation, astonishment, and doubt; but when the great Alfred left his ground, there arose such an uproar of triumphant shouts as had not

been heard on earth since the walls of Jericho fell down. More than this, the lambs left their seats and danced on the green. I never saw such an irrepressible display of exuberant, genuine, undiluted mirth." He told the Nottingham mechanics that "as a manifestation of strength under the control of science, as a triple alliance of eye, hand, and brain," cricket was the first of all games; and should be auxiliary to "the noblest and most sacred purposes of life, to morality and to religion, helpful to temperance, manliness, self-command, obedience, endurance, and unity."

TO HIS SON, HUGH HOLE.

OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN,
February 1, 1892.

MY DEAR BUOY (Excuse the spelling, but I'm so fond of the sea I can't help it),—I would that you could have seen your proximate progenitor eating his Sunday dinner of Roast Beef and Plum Pudding, rich and hot, in the middle of the Bay of Biscay.

I have never been ill, and I attribute the fact to my quiet preparation and the medical prescription which Mrs. Kelly gave me. Also to our removal from the bewildering sounds and sickening smells of the cabin, in which we were first placed, to a purer air and more peaceful position.

To-day the weather is most delicious. Sunshine and a fresh soft breeze. We were in a fog for an hour last night, and as the instrument which is

played on such occasions was close to our cabin, we had more Medway music than we anticipated when we left its muddy shores.

My only discomfort is my bed. Short berths are good for mothers, but bad for gigantic fathers. Man wants but little *here below*, but when he is over 6 foot 3, he wants that little long, and I should like to have a couple of hinges in my centre, that I might be doubled up as with boards for bagatelle.

—Your affectionate Father,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Did I not know that what is best to them who so accept it, I should lament that my groundless dread of the sea had prevented me from seeing more of the world. If my health is given to me, I think my holiday in 1893 will be spent in the States. We should go in Royal State in the "Teutonic," your mother would see her brother, and I might perhaps give a few lectures—towards the expenses.

TO R. W. GREENSMITH (ON THE DEATH
OF HIS LITTLE GIRL).

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
December 15, 1892.

You have indeed, dear Friend, my heart's sympathies in your great sorrow, and my earnest prayers

that the only Comforter will bring you in their fullness the sweet consolations of Hope.

I send you some very beautiful lines, which shed a heavenly light upon such bereavements as yours.

“ The flock stood gazing by the rapid river,
 And dared not cross ;
 Altho’ the shepherd gently called them thither,
 And banks of moss
 And pastures green and verdant wood surrounded
 The distant shore,
 The peril still their narrow vision bounded
 Of crossing o’er.

The shepherd took a lamb, and gently bore it
 Within his arms
 To where the sunlit meadows gleamed before,
 And all alarms
 Were hushed ; the mother heard its voice of gentle pleading,
 And, crossing o’er,
 The flock behind her followed in her leading,
 And reached the shore.”

I am pleased to include this letter, for to many readers it may recall strenuous passages indeed in Dean Hole’s life. Mr. Greensmith was secretary of the Derby branch of the Church of England Working Men’s Society. He well remembers the great gatherings of working men in Derby as well as Nottingham, which, in the early ’eighties, Hole addressed with really wonderful success. Hole was in his element at the Derby Drill Hall, speaking to and completely dominating—the domination of love—a packed gathering of keen working men. When the Congress met at Derby in 1882, Hole was chosen to address the great meeting of working men. He was then over sixty, yet at the zenith of his power as platform speaker. He held this mass of rough

workers from start to finish, charmed and swayed it. To this day there are probably people at Derby in whose ears the speech of five-and-twenty years ago rings a little. "Canon Hole's strong raucous voice—reminding one of Archbishop Temple's, but with a pleasanter, merrier turn about it—made itself heard effectively in every part of the vast building. But he also spoke to the Midland Railway workmen during their breakfast hour; and hearing that an old working-man friend—the late George Powell, who had saved no end of lives from drowning, and had the medal of the Royal Humane Society—was in the Infirmary, paid him a long visit."

TO HENRY SILVER.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

March 10, 1893.

MY DEAR SILVER,—Our letters have passed each other, "between you and me and the post." I am impecunious and, tho' I appreciate the happiness of giving, have to refuse invitations daily. But I honour those who will go through the ordeal of begging, the most distasteful (and unselfish) of all experiments.—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Mr. Henry Silver was the friend of Hole's who, as mentioned earlier in the book, lent the half-dozen letters written to Leech. He has sent this note on Leech and Hole:—

"It was at the 'Punch' Table in February 1860 that I first met Mr. Reynolds Hole, who there was

welcomed as a friend of Leech, with whom in the year previous he had made his 'Little Tour in Ireland.'

"Besides his regular 'staff' officers, the other guests of Mr. Punch were not more than three or four in the more than dozen years when I enjoyed the weekly privilege of dining with him. And this was assuredly a memorable evening, being the only one I can remember when a clergyman was present.

"We renewed our acquaintance, Canon Hole and I, in 1878, when I was living in the house where Leech had died—Number Six, The Terrace, Kensington: a handsome red brick house, with a square courtyard in front of it, where now stand shops and flats, which to my eyes are far less handsome."

TO HIS WIFE.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
March 15, 1893.

I received your welcome little letter just before I left Halstead this morning, and hope that you have safely arrived among the old familiar places and faces. I enjoyed my London visit,—pleasant host and hostess, a beautiful Church, with a congregation (morning) of 1000 people, chiefly men, and perfectly delicious weather. I arrived at Halstead about 4.30 P.M. and went next day to see Lamberhurst—such a pretty village, amid charming scenery of hill and valley, orchards, and hop-yards.

Mrs. Thorneycroft, one of the principal inhabitants, entertained me, inviting the two chief squires to meet me at luncheon. The income is

£500 per annum, and, having made every inquiry and given the matter my most thoughtful, prayerful consideration, I think it will be best to offer the living to Mr. Langhorne.

.

The garden is delicious! Narcissus and hyacinths coming into bloom, and everything developing into beauty.

.

Johnny has had forty-five minutes over grass in the Bicester country, and writes a letter proving him to be his mother's son.

Apropos of letters, I am up to my knees in that article, but would not resist a yarn with my best beloved.—Ever yours devotedly, REYNOLDS.

TO MR. AND MRS. BURNABY-ATKINS.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
June 1893.

MY VERY DEAR FREDDY AND LILY,—I hope that you will be pleased to know my conviction, that our sweet little Bessie has made a most happy choice, a gentleman, in the truest sense of the word, not from his good looks, or his genial manners, or his connections and affinities, but from those high Christian principles, without which

no man can be a gentleman at heart. How I wish I could be with you to-day, to speak instead of writing my congratulations on the anniversary of that day when we all sang "Haste to the Wedding," and my earnest wish and prayer for many years of happiness.

.

Water at Caunton pronounced unfit for use—hence the premature death of my dear Father, and my own emaciated and drivelling condition.¹ Happily, I feel sure that the Americans will be delighted to pay for new drains and new wells, after they have built a new Tower for Rochester Cathedral, &c. &c. &c.—You know me to be your loving Brother,

OLD REYNOLDS.

TO WILLIAM WALKER.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
December 20, 1893.

Pride goeth before a fall, and I, boastful of my knowledge of Dickens, am justly humbled. I should not have thought it possible that I could

¹ It undoubtedly contained a large amount of animal life, as so many old wells of "delicious" drinking-water do. The premature death of Dean Hole's father, Samuel Hole, occurred in his ninetieth year. He used to drink a glass of water drawn from this well every night of his life before going to bed.



SAMUEL HOLE.
Dean Hole's Father.

have attributed to Mrs. Gamp any doubt as to the existence of Mrs. Harris.¹ My "Memories" have just entered on a new edition (the 12th) but I hope, in the next, to make the correction which you have kindly suggested. S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS SON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
February 19, 1894.

I am still in correspondence with Major —, who considers, "having read my book, that I am the best equipped clergyman he knows for the business," but requires careful riding; tho' Sir Edwin Arnold tells me, that he represents Fairation,² with just a slight inclination towards his own side.

I hope you are taking lessons in the art of brushing the dear Baron's³ hat, folding his umbrella, &c. &c.

I have to preach and speak at Cambridge on Sunday. I have found it on the map, and there is a railway station, not far away, at Newmarket, and a carrier every Wednesday and Saturday.—
Your affectionate Papa, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ Hole had attributed the "memorable and tremendous words" of Mrs. Harris to Mrs. Gamp.

² An old cricket umpire, returning thanks, said an umpire should be fair—"Fairation, with just a little leaning towards your own side."

³ Baron Pollock.

TO HIS WIFE.

TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE,
Sunday [February 1894].

MY BEST BELOVED,—I must send you a brief assurance that you are ever in my thought, and prayerful hope that you are fast recovering your health. I have had a most precious, genial reception here, occupy the State Bedroom, in which two Queens, Anne and Victoria, have slept; and last night met a very large company of the Heads of Colleges (with their bodies, I need hardly mention) at dinner. The Master of Trinity¹ is a most agreeable host, and we have many mutual friends, including Henry Nethercote, of whom he tells me pleasant reminiscences.

I preached in the grand old Chapel this morning, and we have a meeting this evening.

TO CANON POLLOCK.

TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE,
February 25, 1894.

MY DEAR HERBERT,—I had no difficulty in finding Cambridge. A man, from whom I inquired in London, informed me "that he was going there himself, having just returned home on ticket of leave, and wishing to see the dear old place,

¹ Hole was a guest at Trinity. "The charm of his conversation," writes the Master of Trinity, "is still fresh in my memory."

where he had been Senior Wrangler, and Smith's Prize-fighter."—Seriously, it is a great pleasure to write to you from your old college, where I am receiving the most genial hospitality from the Master.

He has put me in the State Bedroom, which Queens Anne and Victoria, and Prince Albert, have kindly aired for your Dean, and last night invited a large company of Dons, including the Vice-Chancellor (Austin Leigh) and several Heads of Colleges (Latham of Trinity Hall was the only one I knew personally), to meet me at dinner. This morning I went to the early Celebration, and preached in the forenoon (having the Master on my left, and Sir R. Webster on my right) in the grand old Chapel, filled with surpliced students, teachers, and a few ladies.

To-night we dine in Hall, and Bishop Selwyn and others join us. In the evening, a meeting for the Trinity Mission, with Sir R. Webster *and two working men* as speakers.

I return to-morrow. My thoughts and prayers are with you, and I remain,—Your loving brother,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO CANON POLLOCK.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
February 28, 1894.

MY DEAR HERBERT,—I hear that a good many watches, spoons, pocket handkerchiefs, and other

light articles, are missing on both sides of the Mersey, but if you steal some hearts as well, it will be ample compensation.

I never was so interested in another man's enterprise, and therefore your report of progress makes my heart glad. I see you in that tall, black old pulpit with the ugliest painted window in all Christendom beyond, and the galleries, I hope, beginning to fill.

If the stout Verger is still there in his gown, please tell him that the Dean of R. desires to be kindly remembered by him.

You could not promote the financial success of my new little book more efficiently than by asking booksellers whether they have it. It has been most favourably received by "the Trade"—one firm, Simpkin and Marshall, ordered 780 copies. "Nothing succeeds like success," tho' I don't quite agree with Sir Walter Scott's remark, "When you once get a name, you may write just what you like." You will see from the enclosed (read and burn), that Yeld is going to Grapesdale, close to Liverpool, and S. Notts is sending another son to that city.

Do not forget, before you leave it, to affix the biggest cracker you can buy to the episcopal knocker—

Apropos of fireworks, the Revd. — has been letting off some political squibs in our absence, and

I propose to throw some cold water on his inflammatory pyrotechnics.—Ever your affectionate
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS SON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
March 21, 1894.

DEAR HUGHIE,—Your letters are as welcome, and have the same exhilarating influence, as “Refreshers” to a weary Barrister. You are indeed to be congratulated on your association with such a man as Baron Pollock, and on the experience to which he introduces you. It may seem matter of course as it comes, but it will be deeply interesting hereafter: and I strongly urge you to make annotations, and to keep a diary.

“The Revival of the Marshals”¹ may have a limited circulation, but the Autobiography of Hole, Q.C., will be a splendid success, some 30 years hence.

Mother has returned in much better condition, but she is, like everything human, capable of improvement.

My friend, Shorthouse, the author of “John Inglesant” (*the* book of its day), lives at Lansdowne, Edgbaston, but I don’t suppose that you are likely to meet. You are also within a few miles of the

¹ Hugh Hole was Marshal to Baron Pollock.

Rectory, Sutton Coldfield, the home of Ivy Bedford, at whom you were forbidden, by Joe Birley, to throw the cat.

Also to Needham, who made my first and only breech-loader.—Your very affectionate and hopeful Father,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS WIFE.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
June 4, 1894.

I trust you had a prosperous journey, and found our dear old friend as healthful in body as she would be happy in mind to receive you. I have written to Mrs. Silver to say that Whitaker will come with me to-morrow. I missed you sadly yesterday. You would have greatly enjoyed a walk in Kew Gardens and the luncheon at Cambridge Cottage. The dear old Duke¹ was so jolly and almost affectionate as he took me by the arm and thanked me for my "perfect sermon." The Duchess of Teck inquired as to your whereabouts and welfare.

We have a Chapter this morning concerning the Schoolboy criminals.—Your loving husband,
REYNOLDS.

¹ Duke of Cambridge.

TO HIS SON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
June 9, 1894.

MY DEAR BOY,—Six guineas, and six hundred benedictions, on the head of my Son and Heir. I am heartily glad to hear of your association with Mr. Coward. If I am a judge of a size, that is, if I can measure my fellow-men, he is *τετραγωνος*, a singular brick. That Dan O. of yours¹ has been at me with a whip. I wish you would impress upon him the protest, which the tenpenny nail made to the sledge-hammer, “Hit one of your own size.” Men who walk arm in arm with H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, as I did on Sunday, don’t like being knocked about by their juniors.—Your affectionate Papa,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS WIFE.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
July 13, 1894.

You will know how grieved I am to hear of dear Kercheval’s accident, and how thankful I am to be assured of his escape from more serious results. We English are the only nation which exults in perilous games and sports, and we are, in consequence, the greatest.

¹ The Dean’s grandson.

I am much interested in your account of Caunton, and longing for more. I should like to have been with you and Annie in Maplebeck Lane, among the roses, if they were not over.

I can't help thinking about that poor tooth, and shall heartily rejoice, when, like the Queen of Sheba, you have given up your ivory to the King. My love to all, more especially to dear old K.—Ever your fondly affectionate

REYNOLDS.

TO HIS WIFE.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
August 22, 1894.

I had a pleasant visitor at luncheon yesterday, a friend of General Esmead, whom I met at the B——, and who wished to see the Cathedral. He was in the Harrow Eleven with Nethercote, and is an old friend of Herbert Ollivier's father. He knows a young artist, who went to America, and is now making a large income from pictorial decoration of houses, for which the Americans pay extravagant amounts. It is no degradation to Art, as some of the most famous Italian Painters have so employed themselves in making homes beautiful. — thinks Mr. Seymour will write to Herbert's father. How curious these coincidences are.

Four brace of grouse have arrived ; 3 from Mr. Style, 1 from Lilly. Rachel says I am to keep the former for my dinner-party. The Mayor accepts for the 30th, so I have invited—

- 2 Lords.
- 3 Generals.
- 2 Admirals.
- 1 Colonel.
- 1 Archdeacon.
- 1 Lawyer.
- 1 General dealer.
- 1 Miller.
- 1 Auctioneer, to meet him.

We mean to make a night of it, and all are requested to bring revolvers. The Deanery will most probably be on fire about 3 A.M.—Your loving husband,

REYNOLDS.

TO HIS WIFE.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
S. xiv. Trinity, August 26, 1894.

MY OWN DEAR WIFE,—I had hoped for good news this morning, and feel rather doleful.

Colonels Barrington-Foote and Shaw-Hellier came to luncheon yesterday. The former brought his boy, nine years old. Reading the Brass in memory of Charles Dickens in the Cathedral, he said to his Father, "Was he executed here?"

"No," said Papa, "why do you ask?" "Because it says 'by order of his executors.'" Colonel Cockburn came for Bowls, and I won three games. The Bishop of Brisbane arrived for dinner. I wish you could hear some of his Australian experiences, especially as to driving—boy with 4 pair of horses loose in front, and the Bishop making constant changes on the road.

REYNOLDS.

TO T. B. HALL.

EVERETT HOUSE, NEW YORK,
December 13, 1894.

MY DEAR HALL,—I know that you will be glad to hear that ever since I landed in America our floral brothers have welcomed me, wherever I have gone, and kept our rooms bright with roses, carnations, chrysanthemums, &c. They gave me a great banquet here in New York, and a splendid reception, of which I enclose an account, at Boston. Three new flowers have been named Dean Hole, and even in smoky Chicago and Pittsburg the gardeners have met me with bouquets.

I have been a lecture tour of 6000 miles, and was glad to rest awhile on my return. Audiences are numerous and sympathetic, but a long distance apart.—Yours ever sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS SON.

R.M.S. "MAJESTIC,"

*Wednesday, [October 18, 1894].**"Off, off, said the Stranger."*

DEAR HUGHIE,—How kind to remember the book, which I shall greatly enjoy, and (whatever else may decline to stay) shall inwardly digest.

We had a most comfortable journey to Liverpool, and an excellent dinner with my friend, Imrie. This morning we had a further instalment of kindly letters, telegrams, and gifts, the latter including two pipes, a basket and huge bouquet of roses, and welcome volume. Imrie has given us a most delightful deck cabin, came with us to the ship, and personally commended us to the care of the Captain, Chief Steward, Purser, &c.

Your mother has done bravely, but could only favour the company with a narrow slit in one of her eyes after dinner last night. She is gradually acquiring a strong American accent.—Your ever affectionate father,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS SON.

THE HEUBLEIN, HARTFORD, CONN.,

January 16, 1895.

MY DEAR BOY,—You will be gratified by the description of "a rugged elderly gentleman, with

a florid face," in whom you are interested, "in knickerbockers, leggings, &c."; also with "Kentshire," "Caughton in North Hinmanshire," "Old Hugh Hole," and his ecclesiastical descendants.

Lord —— would have foamed at the mouth to have heard himself described as Mr. Dennis (a relation, perhaps, of the hangman in "Barnaby Rudge"), and the reference to "Rob and his friends" is a pleasing novelty. These compositions are now so numerous that I have long since abandoned all idea of collecting them, having pasted a few hundreds in my "Book of Cuttings."

Nevertheless, the times are very bad for Strolling Players, and dollars accumulate, after paying for advertisements, travelling, hotels, and agents, very slowly.

I hoped to have brought home £1000 for further restoration of the Cathedral at Rochester, but I shall not achieve more than £500.

I am, of course, making many notes for "Dean Hole's American Tour," which I hope to publish about Nov^r next, and which I am told will be a much greater financial success. The American reviewers are even more laudatory of my literary efforts than our own, so that my next book will have a circulation on both sides of the Atlantic, and I shall secure the copyright on this.

I have seen much that is interesting, and have made many agreeable friends, including Max

O'Rell, Bill Nye, Wilson Barrett, and some American authors. I have been thrice "behind the scenes."

I return to Mrs. Hole, whom I think you know, to-day, and hope to find her recovered from an attack of Influenza, which is here called "Grippe."

Next week we go westward, stopping at 3 or 4 places on our road to Denver, returning towards the end of February, and then "Homeward Bound!"

With dearest love to those delicious darlings,¹—
Your very affectionate father,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Dean Hole's experiences of this lecturing tour in the States are given in his "A Little Tour in America." It was a success, and brought in a fair sum towards the restoration of Rochester Cathedral. Here is a typical specimen of American comment on the Dean:—

"About the finest specimen of Elizabethan ecclesiastical architecture that England has sent us for a long while. Alike in his hearty delight in literature and in all forms of healthy life, his love of outdoor sports, and his tolerant and catholic spirit, he is a stranger to the narrower puritanism which rules both conformists and non-conformists in England, and is no less strong in the United States. The contrast between clergymen like Dean Hole and clergymen like Dr. R. S. McArthur, for instance, in whose church the Dean lectured, is great enough to be amusing. I trembled all the time the good giant was lecturing lest his sporting blood

¹ His grandchildren.

should prove too rich for the thinner vein of most of his hearers. But there was no trouble. His great size conquered. Even his legs commanded silence. Everybody likes this stalwart and jovial gentleman. A man that has lived with Thackeray and Leech and horses and roses has led a happy life."

TO BRUCE FINDLEY.¹

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
March 9, 1895.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—We only returned from America on Wednesday, but your words of congratulation were none the less welcome because they were payable in advance, before the delivery of the goods. We had more than four months in the States, and travelled as far as the Rocky Mountains, 2000 miles from New York.

The extremes of heat and cold are very discouraging to outdoor gardening in America, but the culture of flowers under glass, especially of roses and carnations, is, owing to the continual sunshine, practical experience and profitable results, most admirable.

At one nursery I saw 9 houses, each 100 yards in length, closely packed with roses grown from cuttings, and each plant had a fine flower on its stalk. The florists welcomed me with far more enthusiasm than I have met in England, sending

¹ Curator of the Manchester Botanical Gardens.

me large boxes of lovely flowers wherever I went, and offering me all kinds of hospitality and sympathy.

I have lost two very dear friends in Wm. Thompson and George Harrison—both true gentlemen in the highest meaning of the word.

Please give my love to your dear ones, and believe me ever to be,—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO MRS. NICHOLSON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

March 23, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. NICHOLSON,—I will do my best for the poor fellow, who has nothing but a mangle to live on.¹ He ought to be supplied with the same apparatus which Major Jones, now at Chatham with the Warwickshire Regiment, told me was charged for to his father by the village carpenter, thus:—

The Revd. Mr. JONES to J. SMITH.

“A set of lignum vitæ Bowels.”

The e in the final dissyllable was, I need hardly remark, superfluous.

With my affectionate admirations to “the Beauty

¹ Mrs. Nicholson had asked Hole to get a nomination as Bedesman in Rochester Cathedral for an old *protégé* of hers who had nothing but a mangle to get his living by.

of Kent,"¹ and my love to the Admiral, I remain,—
Yours very sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Sheep do well on mangolds.

TO BRUCE FINDLEY.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
December 18, 1895.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Not many days ago, I heard for the first time from a Manchester gentleman (Mr. Kendall of Sale), whom I met in Nottingham, that your dear wife was dead. At first I felt sore at heart, and sadly distressed, but very soon the thought that she was "in rest and felicity" glowed like a rainbow on the dark cloud of my sorrow, and seemed to reprove my grief. I had a great regard and respect for her, and shall never forget her uniform kindness to me.

I do not doubt that in repeating that 23rd Psalm she heard the voice and felt the Presence of the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep. I hope that you and I may remember those words, and realise their beautiful truth when our time shall come.

I will be with you, if I can, on the 25th of July. I am heartily with you as to the allotment system, and wrote about the Nottingham gardens in my little book about roses some 35 years ago.—Ever
yours sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ A title the Dean gave to Mrs. Nicholson.

TO T. F. BAYARD.¹

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
Christmas Eve, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR,—Your delicious donation will not only sweeten my palate, but it will strengthen the conviction which, thank God, I brought across the Atlantic, that whatever mistakes may be made on either of it, there is a natural love which will pray, and will prevail, for Peace. It will prevail because it is in harmony with His will and mission who came at this holy, happy time to teach, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, Goodwill towards men."

With many thanks and much esteem, I am, yours
very sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO MRS. BURNABY-ATKINS.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
January 11, 1896.

She's a-going to Cap Martin,
She's off there for sartin
To ride in a chariot,
With good Mr. Marriott,
And in satins and sables
She'll play at "the tables."

¹ U.S.A. Ambassador in London.

And we're going to Cannes,
 And a meeting must plan,
 And we'll gladden our eyes
 With the sun and blue skies ;
 And we'll favour our noses
 With "Cloth-of-Gold" roses,
 And we'll dance and we'll sing
 To the gay Mandolin.

And we'll all say ta-ta
 To sore throat and catarrh,
 To coughing and sneezing
 And weeping and wheezing.
 And it's hip-hip-hurra
 For the Ri-vi-e-ra !

TO BRUCE FINDLEY.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
April 13, 1896.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—In the concluding sentence of your letter, just received, you say "that I am wounding the feelings of a lot of my dear friends by speaking favourably of a wretched system which is bringing misery into so many homes."

I have never uttered a word in favour of the wretched system, which you justly denounce, of degrading Football and Cricket by money-grubbing, cruel acts and profanity. Blackguards are plentiful

as weeds in a garden, but we must not root up the wheat with the tares. Every effort should be made to overcome evil with good, by placing these games under the management of respectable persons, and by eliminating snobs. I have attended a good many Cricket matches, and have given away Cups at Football, without hearing or seeing anything offensive.

Not many weeks since, I preached in one of the grandest Churches in England, St. Mary's at Nottingham, to 1400 members of the Football Clubs, with an Offertory to the Hospital, and have since had other similar invitations.

We must all do our best to preserve these manly games from pollution, and so make them conducive to health, self-command, and good-fellowship.—
Yours always sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS SON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
October 13, 1896.

MY DEAR SON,—Thanks for letter and enclosures, and, best of all, for your intention of coming to the parental welcome. We shall be here until Saturday morning, when Admiral Nicholson brings his yacht, "The Wildfire," to convey us to Sheerness, where I am to preach to the sailors on Sunday. I am leaving for London, but have 3 Committees, with

other business, and shall not be able to gladden my eyes with the beauty of Bunny Road.

The death of my beloved friend¹ was at first a great distress to me, "but the souls of the righteous" are in God's Right Hand, and no man ever died a more hopeful, peaceful death.

London is too old, and the rest, with the exception of the Archbishop of York, too young, to succeed him.—Your loving Father,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO MR. C. E. KEMPE.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
October 1, 1896.

MY DEAR KEMPE,—We are delighted with the Processional Cross, but are we not in debt to Mr. Tate? Is there any hope of meeting you at Shrewsbury? I am most hopeful as to the Clergy and Artists' Association, and there is a brighter prospect every day (nobody has done more than you have to dispel the darkness) that we shall see "Ars, Ancilla Ecclesiæ" in and around our altars.—Yours ever sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

In the diary of Mr. Kempe, who died in the spring of 1907, there is this little passage, written on July 15, 1899, referring to the Dean's visit to Old Place, Lindfield:

¹ Archbishop Benson.

"The good Dean of Rochester made me a speech worthy of record, though of me unworthy. He said that [1] having done much to make GOD's house beautiful, He had given me a house beautiful to dwell in."

TO DEAN FARRAR.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
January 14, 1897.

MY DEAR DEAN,—Our Canterbury Pilgrims told me with smiling faces that their pilgrimage had been delightful.

With all my heart I reciprocate your kind wish, "Let brotherly love continue" between the two Cathedrals (or rather filial affection, for Rochester is your daughter), both on the Decani end and the Cantoris side.

It would be a privilege to preach again at Canterbury, and I hope to avail myself of your invitation. Just now I am cancelling engagements, after a severe attack of gout (not alcoholic), and we go to the Riviera for rest and sunshine next month.—Yours affect^{ly}, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO THE "DEAN OF SOUTHWARK."

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
April 15, 1897.

MY DEAR DEAN OF SOUTHWARK,—Altho' as Grand Chaplain Designate of the Grand Lodge of England

I am approaching an elevation from which your lowly occupation is hardly visible to the naked eye, I retain sympathies with your humble but highly respectable office, which persuade me to comply with your request, and to accept your invitation.

I feel that I can do this (especially with a prospect of Royal presence) without compromising my dignity.

As my Coronation does not take place until the end of the month, I shall expect to receive you as guest on Saturday at 2.30 with Mrs. Talbot, and your son.

Our grandchildren have not been well, and it is doubtful whether their mother will bring them on this week ; but under any circumstances we can find a room for your son. He must have nothing to do with Bulls Romani or Roffences.

Believe me to be, so far as a Grand Chaplain can condescend,—Affectionately yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO MRS. BURNABY-ATKINS.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
August 11, 1897.

BELOVED AND BEAUTIFUL,—The arrangement which you suggest with regard to the opening of your Church, will, so far as I can assist, be most convenient. I have a long engagement to preach

on the 12th of October, but can be with you for Sunday the 17th.

Yes, it will be delicious to stand together on the tip ends of the mountains, and to prance upon their rims and edges; and, if I can hire a piper, we will show the visitors at Braemar how reels, and strapseys (?), and flings, can be done beautifully on slopes and crags.

Your ever affectionate Brother,

OLD REYNOLDS.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

CAMBUSMORE, CALLANDER, N.B.,

September 1, 1897.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—I will write to Mr. Imrie by this post. He is a Churchman who, in spite of Pope or protestant, holds the Catholic Faith, and will rejoice, I am sure, to do you honour.

If you feel a strong presentiment that you are going to be ill at sea, make up your mind, *απαξ*, once for all, *that you will be*, and betake yourself to your berth until the tyranny of Neptune is overpast. Chicken broth is the best food, and brandy with water the best fluid.

We are here among the hills, the salmon and the grouse,—best of all in the pure air. With a thankful heart “I opened my mouth, and drew in my breath,” when first I stood upon the mountainside.

In this house Sir Walter wrote part of "The Lady of the Lake," but this will soon be forgotten, and posterity will say, "In this house the admirable Dean of Rochester wrote to his illustrious Bishop on the merits of chicken broth at sea."

With our love believe me to be,—Very affectionately yours,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

THE DOG AND THE SERMON.

TO THE REV. F. C. BOULTBEE.

When the Church Conference was held at Newcastle, Hole told a story of a young Curate who was preaching in a strange church from which the Rector was away. He preached a very short sermon, and in the vestry afterwards the churchwarden remarked upon its shortness, and the Curate told him that a pup at his lodgings got into his room and ate half his sermon, whereupon the churchwarden said: "I should be much obliged if you could get our Rector one of the breed." Reading this story, Mr. Boulton wrote to ask Hole if he could say what happened to the dog after eating the sermon, and the reply was:—

RUFFORD ABBEY, OLLERTON, NOTTS,
October 2, 1897.

DEAR SIR,—You will be pleased to hear that when the dog had inwardly digested the sermon which he had torn, he turned over a new leaf. He had been sullen and morose, he became "a very jolly dog." He had been selfish and exclusive in

his manger, he generously gave it up to an aged poodle. He had been noisy and vulgar, he became a quiet, gentlemanly dog, he never growled again; and when he was bitten he always requested the cur who had torn his flesh to be so good, as a particular favour, to bite him again. He has established a Reformatory in the Isle of Dogs, for perverse puppies, and an Infirmary for Mangy Mastiffs in Houndsditch. He has won 26 medals from the Humane Society for rescuing children who have fallen into the canal. He spends six days of the week in conducting his brothers and sisters, who have lost their ways, to the Dogs' Home, and it is a most touching sight to see him leading the blind to church from morning to night on Sundays.¹—
Faithfully yours, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS SON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
October 6, 1897.

I am delighted, my dear Son, with your very interesting letter, and I congratulate you heartily on your magnificent right and left in the pursuit of friendships, Nansen and Ibsen, two of the most famous men of their day. All must admire

¹ According to the American press, Hole told this story in Chicago when lecturing there, and several men waited on him to know if some descendants of that dog could not be got for their city, but he told them that England needed a monopoly.

Nansen's heroism, and Ibsen's intellectual power; and it does one good to be with such men, though in some points, in which they are not experts or students, we may have no sympathies. I anticipate a great enjoyment in hearing, *viva voce*, more details of your singular and exciting intercourse.

We shall be "*Arcades ambo, et cantam pares et respondere parati*," when we meet, seeing that we have been in half-a-score houses within the last 3 months, and with all sorts and conditions of men:—

A curious little incident at Colemandy. Sitting in a victoria behind the coachman, I noticed on his buttons the same crest as that of your grandmother's family, my mother, Mary Cooke, so I made inquiries and find it identical with that of Davies Cooke, and also received some very interesting accounts of our ancestors. The ruins of the old castle in Cheshire, in which the Cookes lived, are still to be seen, and some day I hope to see them.

.

I wish you could have witnessed the reception which the Working Men at Nottingham gave your old father, including 3 ringing cheers, a compliment never before paid to any speaker at a Church Congress. I wish also that you had been with us for a shoot at Rufford. They got 600 brace in 4 days, 4 guns—not quite up to Norfolk, but still interesting.

They kindly sent us to Caunton, when we were at Rufford, and we much enjoyed the old places and faces. Poor old Mrs. — died very suddenly, and her husband,¹ whom Lord Salisbury quite forgot to raise to the Peerage, seems much refreshed by her departure.

We gratefully appreciate your kind gift of game. Please thank Arthur Markham, with our best regards. I was so much gratified by a letter written to "The Times" by Charles Markham that I quoted it at the Congress. That "Times" is a most discriminating paper. It says that your Papa, "with his usual felicity, combined sound wisdom with shrewd humour and amusing anecdote."

Your ever affectionate father,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO SYBIL CORBET.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
October 7, 1897.

MY DEAR SYBIL,—On my return to Rochester I am delighted to find a book "from Sybil," and I have had much pleasure in visiting "Animal Land."² I was rather frightened, when I met

¹ A village ne'er-do-well.

² This little girl had just written and published an ingenious and very imaginative book on natural history.

for the first time, the Boddles, the Penna, the Burkan, the Beada, the Temmabunk, the Shem, the Azorkoa and the Womp, but on further acquaintance I got rid of my fears. The animals which I love the most are the Booba, the Kank, the Junn, the Jymalili, the Toop, the Jinkalin, the Dopppe and the Beppy. The last is my favourite, and I am glad to see that he is placed on the first, as well as on the last, page.

I should like to ask them all to a Garden Party, to be received at the "front door" by the Kank. The Booba, who makes no noise and runs, might take out the invitations, assisted by the Pokiban (who must be told to abstain from almonds and raisins until he returns home), and by the Rikka, who seems to have legs even longer than those of the Dean of Rochester. I hope that the Wuss will not be annoyed, if I ask him not to turn his back on the company when he partakes of refreshment, and I should like to give the Boddles a hint not to scream when he is enjoying his candles and soap. I shall give the Joon such a quantity of cabbages and beans that he will not be able to growl while the band is playing.

Accept my best thanks for your welcome gift. The Books of the Sybils have been precious for many hundred years.—Affectionately yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
November 4, 1897.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—You have been heartily remembered in our prayers, and we gladly welcome you home. In addition to the newspapers which Mrs. Talbot so kindly sent to Mrs. Hole, I have had an interesting letter from the Rev^d Algernon Crapsey, with reference to your visit to Rochester, which seemed to have evoked delight and admiration. That Sunday will be a day to be much remembered by hearers and preacher also.

I regret to hear that you had cause, on your return voyage, to sympathize with the protest of the village schoolmaster, when he first sailed upon the sea—

“They say Britannia rules the waves,
If so, I wish she’d rule ’em straighter,”

but at the same time, owing to the meanness of human nature, and the truthfulness of the French cynic when he says, “There is something in the misfortunes of others which does not altogether displease us,” I find solace in remembering that there was a day when the Dean of Rochester was expected to take the Service on board the “Majestic” and, as with the Bishop on Sunday last, he had other engagements.

I rejoice in Canon Gore’s convalescence. He

was a splendid Chaplain. Hoping soon to meet, and with our love to Mrs. Talbot and to you, I remain,—Yours ever affectionately,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HENRY SILVER.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
January 18, 1898.

MY DEAR SILVER,—Your letter cheers me

I. because, tho' I am not a bimetallist, I have a great appreciation of silver,

II. because Mrs. Silver's convalescence is a happiness to all who know her,

III. because you promise to bring her to the Deanery, "when the green leaves come again."

Elgood came to us just when a series of sunny days had brought us a simultaneous development of beauty in our herbaceous border;¹ and I doubt whether we shall ever see the like again. Nevertheless, there is always something pretty in our garden from May to October, the Narcissus in April, the Iris in May, the Roses in June, the Pæonies in July, and a mixture of perennials and annuals onward.

—Yours ever sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ Mr. Elgood made a painting of this border, which appears as the frontispiece in "Our Gardens," the volume the Dean wrote for the Haddon Hall Library.

Please give my love to Tenniel when you see him.

TO DEAN PIGOU.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
March 3, 1898.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—If the Queen only knew that you are as entertaining in your conversation as you are profitable in your preaching, you would partake very frequently of the Royal menu, and I wish that Her Majesty had the information, because it is certainly a real pleasure to have a gracious *tête-à-tête* with such a noble personage.¹

Medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid, and I had cramp in both legs that night from standing so long (tho' a man now of long standing) in the royal presence.

I am working against time, in ecclesiastical and literary engagements, and should vastly enjoy one of our dear quiet old *talks*. I have almost forgiven the cruel sufferings which you inflicted upon me, when Baron Rothschild purchased "The Times," and the porters at the Newark Station saw me open "Work of Art—perishable." In fact, I may sign myself,—Yours very affectionately,

SANBEY HOLE.

¹ Dean Pigou had lightly said that though he had preached twelve times before the Queen, he had never, like his friend, dined with her.

TO F. BURNABY-ATKINS.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
March 9, 1898.

Since I dined with the Queen, and had a most interesting conversation with Her Majesty, I have been constrained by the dignity of my position to rectify the boundaries of my association with my fellow-men. You will, I know, rejoice to hear that I have decided to include Deputy Lieutenants within the circle, and that I shall be enabled in consequence to maintain my intercourse with yourself, with dear Mrs. Burnaby-Atkins, your comely daughters, and Mr. John from Oxford.

When I dined with the Queen, and had a most interesting conversation with Her Majesty, we were waited upon by Orientals in scarlet tunics and turbans, and I shall be glad if you will place one of your establishment—may I suggest A?—in a similar attire when I visit Halstead. If B should be vested in the costume of a Page, I should feel still more at home, and the retinue would be perfect if C¹ might appear as a Highlander, with or without the pipes. Believe me to be, though I dine with the Queen, and have most interesting conversations with Her Majesty,—Faithfully yours,
 S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ A, B, and C were three men employed about the house and grounds, particularly unsuited to the parts suggested.

If you desire to show me for any charitable purpose as I appeared at the Royal Table, I will consider your application.

TO MRS. BURNABY-ATKINS.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
[*July 29/98*].

The King of Roses to the Queen of Roses
Greeting :

We hope to be at Halstead Station at 5.54 P.M.
to-morrow. (Signed) HOLE.

TO HIS SON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
November 17, 1898.

MY DEAR SON,—Many thanks for your letter. I am better, but the recovery of strength is slow with one who will so soon enter upon his 80th year. I have given the subject of the plantation every consideration, as an old gardener knowing the ground, and I have come to the conviction that ornamental trees, including Geraldine's Acacias (I have not heard of "Bessons and Decaismeœnas") would be far more beautiful and suitable than Austrian Pines or Yews. No block is needed, because it is already provided between the Manor Gardens and Freeman's house, and to make a heavy screen . . .

would make the turn of the road very damp, dirty, and dangerous. I should strongly advise the lighter, brighter, and more graceful method, and it would, I feel sure, give general satisfaction, if it were known that you had no desire to do —— an injury, but only to beautify the surroundings of the Manor. There are few things which tend so much to the happiness of life as the goodwill, when it can be had, of our neighbours.

Do not forget that nurserymen have two infirmities; one is to get rid of expensive trees, and the other to send four times the quantity required.

Golden Yews, Scarlet and Pink Thorns, Almonds, Double Cherries, Crabs, Laurels and Laurestinus, Deutzias, Spiræas, Sumachs, Aucubas, Lilacs and Laburnum, with a few taller trees here and there, would be charming.—Your very affect. Father,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS SON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
December 7, 1898.

DEAR HUGH,—I rejoice in your joy with regard to the new plantation. You are quite right as to *Acer Negunda*. It is a “Sport” and should be used sparsely. Robinson hates it. The Snake-Wood is also Maple. We have a good specimen, and it is much the more valuable tree.

.

— is continually taking affront and will soon forget his present discomfiture. He is the sort of man who should be well kicked quarterly, and should have a black dose monthly.— Your ever affectionate Father,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Was it Mr. Knox the Police Magistrate whom you met—one of the most brilliant writers in “The Times” in his day? I met him more than once in the house of John Leech, and went with him (tell it not in Gath) to the Derby.

TO MRS. MARKHAM.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
December 5, 1898.

MY DEAR MRS. MARKHAM, — “What a nice letter!” I said to myself, when I had read your kind words. They are among the most welcome of my “Birthday Honours,” and highly valued as expressing the sympathy of a dear and sincere friend. Yes, I have entered upon my eightieth year to-day, with a grateful heart for the countless mercies of the past, and with a sure and certain hope for the future, through the Saviour’s infinite love.

I remember a time when I thought that, if I should reach my present age, I should be tottering

on two sticks, with an ear-trumpet a yard long, and my "big manly voice turning again to childish treble"; and I am, therefore, agreeably surprised to find myself with much power of happy enjoyment, a keen sense of humour (if not of hearing), and successful competitions at Bowls. But my chief delight has been and is, as you say, in my love of the Garden. "Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety"; and even now I am writing another book¹ on the subject, which I hope to send you when it is published at Easter.

Your affectionate friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

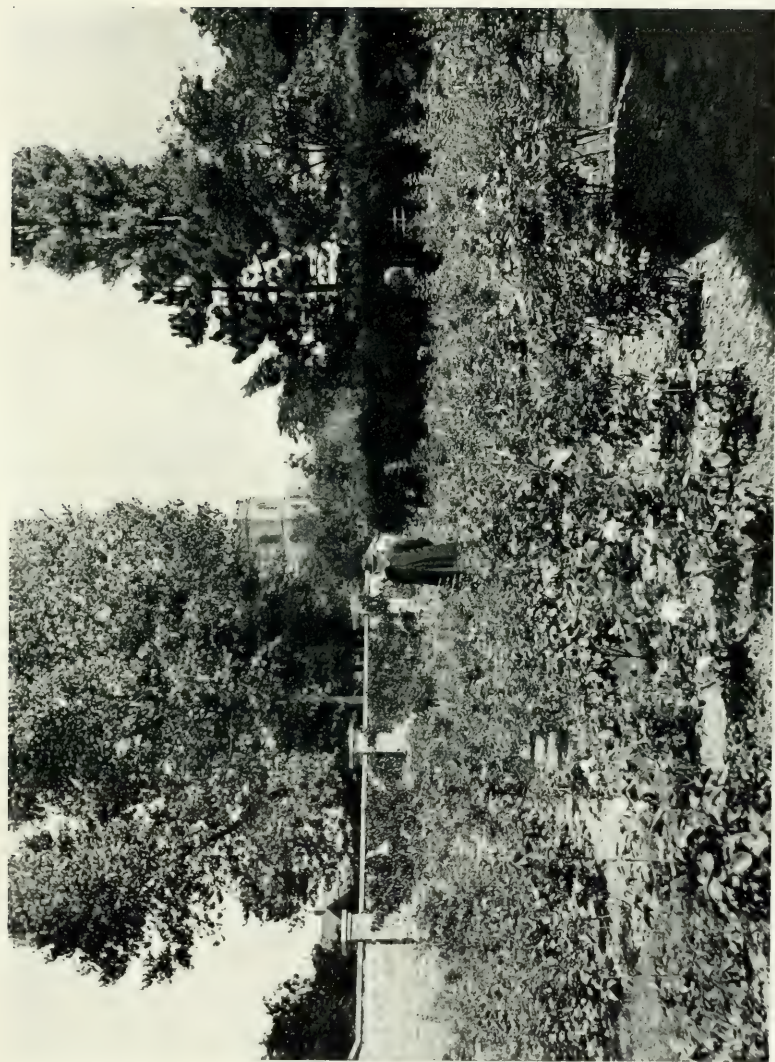
TO MISS ELKINGTON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
January 26, 1899.

DEAR MISS ELKINGTON,—Accept my thanks for your letter, which has given me much pleasure, reminding me of old times, places and faces, very dear to me. I can remember your mother's visit to Caunton, altho' the memory is not so distinct as some other "Memories of Dean Hole," to which you refer so kindly.

I should delight in a conversation with your mother, but I am in my 80th year, and seldom

¹ "Our Gardens."



F. Mason Good, photo.

THE ROSARY AT CAUNTON.

leave home. After many years of locomotion (I have preached in 500 Churches, including most of our Cathedrals, and 50 sermons in St. Paul's), I feel a strong desire to rest and be thankful.

It was my grandfather who married a Kercheval, and had 13 children, all of whom went together on a certain Christmas Day with their parent to Church at Caunton. I can just remember my grandmother—a dear *little* woman in a black silk dress, and her grandson is 6 feet 3½, and her great-grandson (my son, a barrister) 6 feet 5. Give a Kinsman's love to your mother, and believe me to be,—Most sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HENRY SILVER.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
March 4, 1899.

MY DEAR SILVER,—In “Bacon's Essays,” No. 46, you will find the thoughts about “Gardens” of one who was among the first to discover the true source of their beauty.

I appreciate your kindness in reminding me of dear Mr. Richard Owen's love of his birds.¹ I have remembered it gratefully, ever since I heard it from you.

¹ Walking with Sir Richard Owen in his garden, a lady noticed that the cherry trees, all save one, were netted. She called his attention to this, thinking it had been overlooked. “Oh no,” he answered, “it's the salary of the orchestra.”

Give my love to Tenniel. I am doing my best to catch him,¹ but am still eight months behind. I shall be 80 in Dec^r.—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO F. BURNABY-ATKINS.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
March 12, 1899.

MY DEAR FREDDY,—I withdrew my name after the Holborn Meeting, from the Council and Society of the English Church Union, but, after an appeal from Lord Halifax, for whom I have a great regard, and who has more real Religion in his heart and life than 19 out of 20 of those who denounce him, I decided to bide a wee, informing him, at the same time, that I should stand by the Archbishops and Bishops, and should regard the Queen as, in all matters temporal and ecclesiastical, supreme.

If the English Church Union in any way takes part with disobedience, *e.g.* in the matter of Reservation, you will read in "The Times" that I am no longer a member. It would be affectation to argue the fact that such an announcement would influence others, and I therefore forbear to make it, until I am constrained by some special resistance against the powers that be.

¹ Sir John Tenniel had just reached eighty.

— has had a satisfactory interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he has too much sympathy with the extremists. He is a brave soldier, but a bad general.

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Yours ever affectionately,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOE BIRLEY.

CAUNTON MANOR, NEWARK,

August 21, 1899.

DEAR JOE,—Come when you can, and bring your gun. I don't think that the shooting here is large enough to let. We were at Thurgarton on Thursday last, and, returning by Maggerdate Farm, I was reminded of an incident which occurred some years [ago], when the snow was on the ground. It may interest you, when we meet. We are greatly enjoying our holiday in the dear old home. Of course we miss the odour of the cement works, the music of the foghorn and the hurdy-gurdy, and the incessant ringing of the front-door bell; but we bear the trial with much patience.

If you happen to have a cigar-tube, bring it.—
Yours as ever,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO HIS SON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
St. John's Day, 1899.

MY DEAR SON,—I greatly honour your patriotism, though my heart is sore. It will be my constant and earnest prayer that GOD will be your defence and shield, and will bring safe home to,—
Your loving Father,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

This letter refers to Mr. Hugh Hole volunteering for service in South Africa. Himself six feet five, he raised a section of eighteen men who averaged six feet in height and forty inches round the chest. Half of them, moreover, had rowed for their college or 'varsity. When he told his father of this, the reply was, "You ought to bump anything Kruger can put on the Tugela." Mr. Hole's section was a remarkable feature of the C.I.V. They sailed in the *Ariosto*, and were rushed up country to garrison the Orange River Bridge while Paardeberg was being fought. His cyclists were sent away under General Settle and earned first-rate credentials. They were used for despatch riders, as Mr. Hole had intended them to be. While with the C.I.V. they were used as a section of cyclist infantry, and, through their heavy kit, were quite out of their element. Mr. Hole himself took part in all the engagements of the regiment up to Pretoria, and was then sent down to do duty at Bloemfontein. Here he soon found additional work. He submitted a scheme of civil government for the place to Sir G. Pretymann, the Governor, which was strongly approved by Lord Roberts, who ordered that it should

at once be adopted. Later he became Secretary to the Military Governor of the Free State, took charge of the criminal law, and was made editor of the Government Gazette; he was also Press Censor and Crown Prosecutor, and twice Provost-Marshal at Bloemfontein. Very few who volunteered for South Africa can have seen more varied service during the war, or done half-a-dozen tasks—almost at the same time—with more spirit and intelligence.

TO HIS SON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
December 30, 1899.

MY DEAR SON,—Is there anything, which I could give you, in place of the glasses, superseded? I am disappointed to hear that the Bank¹ make Child-ish objections to contributing a good cyclist and a good shot pro patriâ. I honour Edward, and dishonour their cheque.—Your affectionate Father,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO CANON TREBECK.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
February 6, 1900.

MY DEAR TREBECK,—I thank you for the pleasure which I always enjoy in hearing from such a dear and genuine old friend; and such letters are specially cheering when all have been more or less

¹ Child's Bank.

depressed in body by influenza and in mind by the war. I trust that you and your dear wife are now established, strengthened, and settled in health.

We went to see our son march from Wellington Barracks "when the dawn of the morning rose misty and grey," and thence to the Burnabys' who have taken a place, having let their own in Kent, near Lichfield. There his mother collapsed, and has only just now recovered after a fortnight in her bedroom.

Hugh was bound to go, seeing that *all* the members of the Cycle Corps which he had organized, trained, and commanded in the Inns of Court Volunteers, desired to offer their services.

I greatly appreciate your sympathy concerning the death of my dear nephew, Marsland. Very few were aware that beneath the surface, which was ever sparkling in the sun of his worth, there was a depth of religious faith and charity which has borne him to the haven where he would be.—
Always your affectionate friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO THE REV. LORD VICTOR SEYMOUR.

ROCHESTER, *April 23*, 1900.

MY DEAR VICTOR SEYMOUR,—Colonel Hole will rejoice to read the letter from his officers and men, which I have posted this morning. Some of them

may like to see his photograph and the paragraph, enclosed for their inspection, with his father's kind regards and good wishes. We have very interesting letters from Hugh. At present he is in command of a small company on the banks of the Orange River, guarding the railway and protecting the loyal farmers from the Boers. The boy bugler at Eton little thought of hard work in Africa!

I rejoice, as a patriot, to hear that you have another son. May he not only have what Keble calls "notes of fatherhood," but "notes of motherhood" also—so keeping the child's heart in the brave man's breast. How sweet the little ones are. We had our admirable Archbishop here yesterday, to preach a most eloquent, emphatic (and illogical) sermon on temperance, and it was delightful to hear our small granddaughter addressing him—without instruction—as "Your Grace."—Your affectionate friend, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO MRS. FARRAR.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
The Epiphany, 1900.

DEAR MRS. FARRAR,—I am very sorrowful, but not surprised, to hear that my dear friend¹ has received an intimation that he has exhausted for a time his marvellous store of mental and physical

¹ Dean Farrar.

power. I can think of no instance in which one man has done so much work as an author, preacher, teacher, and speaker. The difficulty will be to induce him to be convinced that his strength is to sit still, and to keep him from the front until his wound is healed.

With earnest prayer for the speedy and complete restoration of his health, I remain,—Yours ever sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO ADMIRAL SIR HENRY NICHOLSON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

July 1900.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—I should not tell you, if I could, how greatly we shall rejoice to welcome you with Lady Nicholson, because you would say that the Dean was piling it up too mountainous, and was hisalutinating. I shall, therefore, restrain myself, and merely remark that no more pleasant intimation could have come to us than the promise of your presence on the 10th of April. Of course you will stay for the Sunday, and as long afterwards as you can oblige and refresh us with your genial company—

And the lawn shall be rolled,
And the balls shall be bowled,
And the Dean, tho' he's old,
Shall be buoyant and bold :

And o'er his thresh-old,
In bright letters of gold,
This news shall be told :—

That the Lady and Knight,
All comely and bright,
Are gladdening the life
Of the Dean and his wife.

TO MRS. MARKHAM.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
August 31, 1900.

MY DEAR MRS. MARKHAM,—The goddess Pomona could not be more successful in the possession, or more generous in the distribution, of beautiful fruit than my most kind friend at Tapton. When the cornucopia was emptied it was indeed “a sight to make an old man young,” and would have gladdened the eyes of two Famous Men, Sir Joseph¹ and George Stephenson. Both would have uttered kind words of praise to Mr. Grimes, but neither could have appreciated his excellent culture more gratefully than we do.

I am glad to hear that you are about to enjoy a change of air and scene. Such emigrations are more conducive to health than all the medicines in the pharmacopœia. I rejoice, also, that Violet is well

¹ Sir Joseph Paxton, Mrs. Markham's father. George Stephenson lived at Tapton.

enough to resume little trips round the Universe. If she writes another book, I wish she would take me into her confidence as an old literary hand.
—Affectionately yours, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO CANON TETLEY ROWE.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
December 5 (81st anniversary of my birth), 1900.

MY DEAR ROWE,—I have been away to preach at St. Mary's, Nottingham (the congregation made a collection of £1 per annum, that is, £1 for every year of my life), or I should have sent you an earlier reply to the effect that I consider you a grand example of the rule, "Aide toi, Dieu t'aidera," and I heartily congratulate you on the bright hope that you will see the Church of St. Mary at Chatham "set in its state." The presence of the Hero from South Africa¹ would enlist much sympathy. I have annotated Feb. 6, and will come if I can.—
Affectionately yours, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO THE RECTOR OF CHATHAM.

December 18, 1900.

MY DEAR ROWE,—Another "regrettable incident";² but keep smiling.—Affectionately yours,
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ Lord Roberts.

² *I.e.* In the war.

TO ADMIRAL SIR HENRY NICHOLSON.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

February 10, 1901.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—Kind words are very precious which come from the true heart of a dear friend, and they never fail to fulfil their intention, and to give pleasure to those who read. I rejoice to hear that my verses are liked by yourself and Lady Nicholson (who is in the business,¹ and an expert), and your remarks about my son seem to me to be so apt for the encouragement of his ambition, that I have sent them for his perusal. I know that he will value them highly.

When will you bring Lady Nicholson to see the Window? I feel sure that you will admire it, and I regard it as the best in the Cathedral. Mrs. Hole bids me say how heartily and happily we shall welcome you. Will you come now or in the time of Bowls?

You take such a brotherly interest in my small compositions that you will be interested to hear that my hymn² was sung by the Windsor Choir at Osborne in the room where lay the body of our beloved Queen, and was approved by the Royal mourners.

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¹ The poetical business.

² "God Rest Our Queen."

Prune the rose trees early in March, digging in such manure as is not exhausted.

We are longing to repeat our most delightful visit, which will become a beautiful possibility after you have visited us. Meanwhile, with our love, I remain,—Your affectionate friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO MAY BURNABY-ATKINS.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
February 24, 1901.

DEAREST MAY,—Your most welcome letter inclosing Mr. ——'s Billet doux (bill from Sweet William), was like the spoonful of delicious preserve which followed a Black Dose in my childhood, and effectually overcame the unpleasant flavour which always accompanies a claim for payment, even when it is so moderate and long-deferred, as the one before me. I have sent a cheque, in order that the Sweet William may be *settled* in its *bank*.¹ You have been often in my thoughts, since I heard of that disastrous somersault. Really, those interlopers or interleapers make any Orlando Furioso, and turn smiling May into chill October.

With large love I remain,—Your ever affectionate
S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ "Sweet William," a nickname for the old family doctor; Miss Burnaby-Atkins had had a fall from her horse.

TO MRS. MAXWELL (MAY BURNABY-ATKINS).

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
Sunday.

DEAREST MAY,—I send you some newspaper cuttings, having reference to

OUR BOOK.¹

By far the most gratifying and important is the review from "Literature," a weekly paper published under the auspices and at the Printing Offices of "The Times." It will please you, as it has pleased me much, and it evokes the hope, that, unless "The Times" is a house divided against itself, we may have some further words of kindness from the Supreme Court of Judicature.

"The Scotsman" is canny, and puts more water in his whiskey than upon former occasions, but I think with "Literature," notwithstanding, that "Then and Now" is a more sterling book than "Memories," though the latter had, in more prosperous times, a wonderful success.

I hope you had good sport on Saturday, and wish all success to your Concert to-morrow, although the music must of course be painfully inferior to that of the hound and the horn. With dear love to those you love dearly,—Your loving old

UNCLE REYNOLDS.

¹ "Then and Now," Dean Hole's last book, which he dictated to his niece.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

COLOMENDY, MOLD,

July 20, 1901.

MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—I have a strong suspicion that the inundation of the Nave at Rochester was a knavish conspiracy of the Tee-totallers to submerge the Cathedral, during the absence of the Dean. The vergers have had Water-on-the-Brain, but Messrs. Bishop & Sons from London have assured Mr. Luard Selby that there is no organic disease.

I have regarded it as my duty, in anticipation of your lordship's visit to North Wales on Wednesday next, to see that all due preparations are made to receive you. I have been to —, and found that the new Chancel is making satisfactory progress. The new Altar frontal is beautiful, the tea and bread and butter at the Rectory are excellent, the roses in the garden are making extra efforts, the schoolmistress is in good health, the mountains are drawn up in saluting order, the mines are smoking peacefully, there will be cold lamb at the luncheon, weather permitting, and all frivolous persons will be banished to England, including yours ever,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO SIR F. C. BURNAND.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
November 13, 1901.

MY DEAR BURNAND,—I appreciate *toto corde*, with my whole heart, the kind words which I have just read in "Punch." The first edition of my new book was exhausted soon after publication, and this genial, generous eulogium by "The Baron" will be most helpful to No. 2.

I hope that you are in better health.

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

"Dean Hole," writes Sir F. C. Burnand, "received the Boz Club at Rochester, and showed us about. He was down here (Ramsgate) on two or three occasions, and the air set him up and going again for some time."

TO GEORGE WINCH.

ORGREAVE HALL, LICHFIELD,
December 26, 1901.

MY DEAR WINCH,—I am delighted with the clever, ornamental and useful souvenir which you have sent to me, as a schoolboy with a new knife, and it is much admired by a large party of my kinsfolk and acquaintance. It is an admirable appendage to the beautiful watch given to me on my 82nd birthday, by my brother-clergy, and as

it tells me the hours of the night I shall be henceforth, both in daylight and darkness, up to date.

You are as thoughtful and graceful in the selection of your gifts as you are generous in giving. "Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor," and heartiest wishes for the welfare of you and yours, from—Your very sincere friend,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO LADY FALMOUTH.

ORGREAVE HALL, LICHFIELD,
December 28, 1901.

DEAR LADY FALMOUTH,—I have seen the "Crimson Rambler" in its best form, at Trentham, Penrhyn, and elsewhere, on pergolas and on pillars, but I never admired it more than when I received it this morning,—not only for the surprise and beauty of the flowers, but because it was accompanied by the kind words and good wishes of one whose friendship I prize most highly. Altho' it was somewhat depressed on arrival, after its long journey from Truro to Rochester, and from Rochester to Lichfield, it has revived wonderfully in water, "cheers the ungenial day," "gladdens the woman's heart," and makes the old man young. I know something of the influence of the Cornish climate in its al fresco vegetation, but was not prepared for this lovely phenomenon. The rose

must have made an exceptional effort in recognition of your devotion to the Queen of Flowers, and its efflorescence reminds me of the dedication of a song—

“To the beautiful and accomplished Lady Emily G.,
Whose smile would make a summer, where darkness else would be.”

I am glad that Veitch sent you a good plant of “Queen Alexandra,” and am ashamed to say that I never heard of “Hermosa.”

I shall speculate mentally as to the alterations at Newark until they delight my eyes.—Most sincerely
yours, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO MRS. BURNABY-ATKINS.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
March 3, 1902.

DEAREST ELIZABETH,—I rejoice to hear that you will come to us some day next week, and I anxiously hope that you will approve the preparations which I am making for your visit. I have purchased the lightest skiff which has ever been launched, and I propose, in an elegant suit of white duck, with straw hat and blue ribbons, silk stockings and pumps, to row you on the Medway. I have also secured a cross-country motor car, ivory mounted with silver, which jumps fences and brooks, and plays beautiful tunes from a musical box about the size of a portmanteau.

And I feel sure that you will be pleased with my new Balloon, guided by the great French aeronaut.

Thus I hope to give you enjoyable exercise on water, on land, and in air; and, for our restful moments, I have ordered 76 tons of fireworks from Mr. Brock of the Crystal Palace, 43 Blue Hungarian Bands, 16 circuses, and 10 Music Halls. Fountains, 300 feet in height, will play the choicest champagne, and every man, woman, and child will be presented with a £10 note, after drinking the health of "Our lovely visitor, the Queen of all the Lilies."

Please make any additions which you may wish to this programme of your loving brother,

REYNOLDS.

TO MR. W. F. GRUNDY.

July 19, 1902.

DEAR MR. GRUNDY,—I am delighted with the roses, so vigorous in growth, rich in colour, and sweet in fragrance. We get some pretty roses here, in our city garden, and from our chalky soil, by selection of the fittest and generous treatment, but they have not the fulness, nor the freshness, of those which you have kindly sent. Some of the best roses for small gardens are La France, Ulrich Brunner, Mrs. John Laing, Caroline Testout, Merveille de Lyon, Madame Isaac Periere, Blairii 2 (for pillar), Lord Penzance's Sweet Briars, Marie Van Houtte, Polyanthas, Perle d'Or and Cecile

Brunner, Crimson Rambler, Madame Alfred Carriere (for pillars), Gustave Regis, Marguerite Dickson. "‘Green Roses’ are ugly freaks."

TO GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
November 22, 1902.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Very near to the 83rd anniversary of my birth, I am exempt from any temptations to gush, and only speak words of truth and soberness, when I tell you that I heartily rejoice in a sympathy, which has sent me one of the most delightful books¹ which I have ever read.

Delightful, though it brings to me a regretful sorrow and shame that I have been very blind and deaf to the beauty, the habits, and the music of birds, and that, ever since I shot my first partridge with flint and steel, my ornithology has been too exclusively associated with a "licence to kill game."²

¹ "The Birds in Our Wood."

² He was, however, a constant watcher of the rooks in the Deanery garden. "A special interest that I shared with him," writes a friend, "was an almost breathless excitement as to the number of nests the rooks would build each year in his garden. We knew so well that there was just a chance that the first nest would appear late in February, and when the 1st of March had come before the rooks showed any signs of building, our spirits were very low indeed. If either of us was away it was the business of the other to keep the absentee informed, if by any chance the record total of nests should be beaten. 'Hurrah, 24 easy!' ran an enigmatical postcard I received from him once."

I will not plead the poor apology that so many of my friends have been subject to the same infirmity, and that to the majority of Englishmen there comes a time when, if a near relative suddenly emerged from stubble or turnips, the instincts of destruction might precede the recognitions of love; but I do find real consolation in the privilege, which has been given to me for some 60 years, of a reverent admiration for our wonderful trees and flowers; and this long and happy experience enables me to reply to your question, as to what will happen "when you are 50, or even 60," as to your association with the birds and the woods. In your own words, the faith "that those who love and watch do absorb within themselves some goodly portion of these precious things" will always uphold you; the wren will always laugh for you; the ring-dove will soothe you with his gentle song; the skylark shall "sing hymns to sunrise"; and in the fir-tree walk, the turtle-dove lane, the wet coppice, and the woods, you shall find new revelations until the nightingale begins "her music of the morn." I will only add now, that the illustrations are charming, and that some day it will give me intense pleasure to tell you, with the aid of my pencil annotations, the special admiration of yours very gratefully and sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO W. G. HOLE.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

December 1, 1902.

MY DEAR SYNONYM,¹—I thankfully appreciate your kind letter, and am sure, from a brief prevision, that I shall enjoy the impressive pathos and sweet music of the poems. I am glad to be enlightened as to the verses in "The Pilot," and feel more honest, though denuded of a beautiful borrowed plume.

I wish we could prove kinsmanship, but *we* have no records beyond Hugh Hole, Vicar of Caunton, in 1567.

I hope you will write a Tragedy.

If you are in proximity to Rochester come and see,—Yours sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ Mr. W. G. Hole was constantly being mistaken for Dean Hole. In one instance "The Times" published a poem by Mr. Hole, and sent a cheque to the Dean. Mr. Hole writes: "I have found it almost impossible to get away from '*majori nominis umbra*.' A poem of mine in 'The Pilot' had been the subject of an article in one of the illustrated weeklies commenting on it as the work of the Dean; the wife of the headmaster of one of the public schools read another from 'The Spectator' at a large 'Afternoon,' and informed the people that it was by Dean Hole—my astounded wife being one of the guests; while I had long been accustomed to murmur upon being introduced to a stranger—in anticipation of the inevitable question: 'No—unless very, very distantly.'"

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

SIR,—Are we English Churchmen to ignore all Acts of Uniformity and vows of obedience, substituting, as our rule, that every man shall do that which is right in his own eyes and be wise in his own conceits? Are we to accept not only alterations and additions, but omissions and subtractions? May we not only embellish, gild, and paint, but remove or break down our carved work with axes and hammers as we please? Are we no longer to "hear the Church," and submit to her authority, but to follow our own imaginations, every man his own lawyer and every man his own Pope? Are we to learn the articles of the Christian faith from councils, fathers, and doctors, or from newly-made masters of arts, from German commentators, the scribes and disputers of the 20th century, from magazines and encyclopædias? Are we to "ask for the old paths, that we may walk therein," or do we look for chariots of fire and a whirlwind to bear us heavenward?

Shall it be *Athanasius contra mundum*, or *Mundus contra Athanasium*? The creed to which his name is attached is said, when it is ordered, in most of our churches but omitted in many. Recently we read that in Westminster Abbey a selection was sung, a compromise or blend between the Catholic

and Protestant faith, a sanctified "Auld Lang Syne."

The Marriage Service is frequently mutilated. In London, pre-eminently, on the occasion of a wedding in the upper classes, society represents itself as not only immaculately pure, but prudish. It is shocked at the very mention of anything which might be associated in a corrupt mind with evil. We do not come here, it seems to say, in our best clothes, to hear about babies, and the education of children, which belongs to the nursery-governess; we regard the allusions to continency and incontinency as indecent; we do not desire instruction as to hair-dressing, ornaments, and putting on of apparel; and we greatly prefer a short sentimental address to that wearisome quotation of texts. They succeed too often in persuading the clergyman to comply.

"It is as when one letteth out or letteth in water," the outlet in the reservoir or the leakage in the ship, which will destroy life if it be not closed. If Mr. Brown may omit or expurgate the Marriage Service as Mr. Bowdler expurgated Shakespeare, Mr. Jones may leave out any reference to regeneracy in baptism, and Mr. Robinson may be silent as to any hope for his brother lying in the grave at his feet. And what answer shall we make to the question, "How is it, when ye come together, that every one of you hath a

psalm, a doctrine, a revelation, an interpretation?"

—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

January 19, 1903.

TO GEORGE PAUL.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

February 7, 1903.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have just read in the last number of the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural* the report of your very interesting remarks on Exhibition Roses; and you will, I am sure, permit me to express my disappointment that in your epitome of the history of Rose-Shows you have ignored the fact that until July 1, 1858, there had been in England no Exhibition of *Roses only*. I suggested a National Rose Show in 1857, and, after many difficulties, enlisted the sympathy of a few enthusiasts, who helped me to collect subscriptions, to organize, and to realize with a complete success the Exhibition in London. The expenditure exceeded £200, and it was my privilege to present 36 silver cups to the successful exhibitors. I have been repaid a thousandfold for my exertions by the results which have ensued; but I am none the less anxious to retain the goodwill, which I value so highly, of my brother rosarians.—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO JOSEPH K. STILL.¹

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

April 28, 1903.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I thank you most heartily for your welcome words in reference to my book "Then and Now." It has brought me many kind commendations from the Press, and private correspondence, but I can assure you that not one has gratified me more than this expression of sympathy and brotherly love, from the Wesleyan Mission in North China.

Thanks be to our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom, though seas may separate, we have this fellowship one with another, and by whom, though there be diversities of gifts, and differences of administration, we can hold the Faith in unity of Spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life.

Your letter impresses me with an affectionate regard, and with a great respect, for your sacred and noble enterprise. Should you return to England at no distant time, I should rejoice to hold out to you the right hand of fellowship, but I am in my 84th year, and the days of my pilgrimage will soon be over.

Accept an old man's blessing, and believe him to be,—Most sincerely yrs.,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

¹ Of the Wesleyan Mission, Sui-Chow, China.

TO GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
May 16, 1903.

MY GENIAL AND GENEROUS FRIEND,—You have sent me a most acceptable gift.¹ George Herbert is conspicuous in my Valhalla of heroes; the writer of the Preface, John Inglesant, was my friend; and the kind words of the donor

Stir the blood in an old man's heart,
And make his pulses fly.

The book is placed by the side of "The Priest to the Temple" (edition 2, 1671) given to me, 60 years ago, by an Oxford friend, Maxwell Lyte, "bound and lettered by my father"—Henry Lyte, the author of "Abide with me," "The Sailor's Grave," and many pathetic verses.

Ten days ago my wife and I lunched with a niece of ours, who has recently married, and inhabits a small tenement known as 1 Cheyne Walk. I asked the driver of our hansom to stop at 34 Cheyne Court on our way to the Station, but he preferred, from motives which he did not communicate, to take us to Chelsea Court, and it became a matter of *nulla vestigia retrorsum* if we were to catch the train. I venture to think that

¹ George Herbert's "Temple"; a facsimile of first edition.

Colonel and Mrs. Ronald Maxwell would be approved by Mrs. Dewar and yourself, if you were disposed to call on them.

She is a lover of "whatsoever things are lovely," and he is a brave soldier and gentleman, in the War Office, A.A.G., and on Lord Roberts' Staff.

I should prize a small piece of the Speedwell, and Mrs. Hole has a way of making everything to grow. I am a lover of Roman Hyacinths, but cannot remember any gardens at Rome. The success will depend on the writer, and *your* decision will be right.—Most sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

We *must* meet this summer. Could you not give us a day in the latter part of June? I dare not say in "the month of Roses," for at present there seems small hope of their recovery. Jack Frost, like Jack Cade, would be a regicide, if he could, and his attempts at assassination have never been so near to success as now.

To T. H. FOORD.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
July 17, 1903.

I cannot express the feelings of surprise and delight, which brought tears to my eyes, and thankful praise to my lips, when I heard from Mr.

Arnold this morning of your most generous intention to give Five thousand pounds to be expended on our Cathedral.

As we have no longer any special fund from which we may repair or beautify the fabric, and as our incomes have been greatly reduced since I came to Rochester, your munificence is most opportune, and will be most gratefully appreciated by all who visit our grand old Church, and especially by those who worship within its walls.

Our organ is in a sad state of decay, and has none of the many modern improvements. To make it a perfect instrument would require a large outlay (the estimates are between £1500 and £2000), and we had thought of an appeal to the public, tho' it seemed hopeless.

Should you assent to our appropriation of a part of your gift to this purpose, with a notification that the work had been done at your expense? It would be a splendid offering for God's Service.—Believe me to be, most thankfully and sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO T. H. FOORD.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
July 22, 1903.

You have made this day one of the most memorable and happy days of my life. Within the space

of one hour I signed, as Patron and Governor of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester, a receipt of your noble gift of Five Thousand five hundred pounds, and afterwards, as Dean of Rochester, of the Five Thousand, which, in the same munificent spirit, you have contributed for the Restoration of our Cathedral.

Such generosity reminds me of Gundulph, the greatest benefactor of our city, the Founder of our Hospital, and the Builder of our Beautiful Church; and how can a man make a more excellent use of money than by promoting the worship of Him, "Who giveth all," and by relieving his fellow-creatures from suffering and disease?

You may be sure, my dear Sir, that no portion of your splendid offering will be spent without your approval, but I trust you will not think me presumptuous if I venture to suggest that no part of our Cathedral is in more need of restoration than our grand old organ, which for so many years has been such a help to devotion and to the impressive power of our Services, acknowledged by all who attend them. Believe me to be, with respect and gratitude,—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO T. H. FOORD.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
July 27, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. FOORD,—Few men have had more practice in writing and speaking than I in my long life, and I am very rarely at a loss for words with which to express my feelings, but your generosity beats me, and having already used the language which seemed most appropriate to my gratitude, I am quite unable to do justice to this new proof of your munificence. Happily for me, the men who do such noble works are not so anxious about words as those who rarely make any sacrifice, because they know that their benevolence will have the sympathy and admiration of those whom they esteem the most. I will therefore only say that your offer of 500 gs. towards the Organ Fund, provided that £1000 be raised by public subscription, is most heartily appreciated, and that earnest and prompt efforts will be made to collect the sum specified.

You have probably heard from Mr. Arnold that a strong desire has been expressed by many persons, including the Bishop of the Diocese and our most distinguished architects, that Cottingham's Tower, which they regard as a deformity, and out of keeping with the rest of the Cathedral, should be replaced by the old Norman structure

which preceded it, and Mr. A. has, I think, sent you a specification of the expense, £4200, made by our architect, when there seemed to be a probability that such a change might be made by the Masonic brotherhood. I was asked the other day, "Why should we not have 'Foord's Tower,' to commemorate his munificence for centuries?" and my answer was, "Mr. Foord has not expressed any wish to that effect, and his decisions are final. I have two large fine drawings of the Tower as it is, and as it was and might be, if you cared to see them.

There is much to be said pro and contra, pro as a matter of art, beauty and sentiment, contra as regards the expense. Believe me to be, with much esteem and thankfulness,—Most sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO A LOVER OF GARDENS.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

August 15, 1903.

Having found in gardens and with gardeners a chief happiness of my life and many of my dearest friends, and knowing the good influence which horticulture has upon all sorts and conditions of men, I rejoice to hear of the new society which you propose to form for Heywood and district, and heartily wish you success. It might be beneficial

to ask the Mayor to call a meeting, and to appoint officers and a committee; the secretary should be an enthusiastic gardener and a good man of business. Obtain the sympathy (and subscriptions) of the most influential neighbours, ladies and gentlemen, your M.P. and clergy, but at the same time do all you can to interest the cottage gardeners. If you can induce a working man to take some pains with his vegetables, and teach his wife how to cook them, you will do more to keep him sober than all the blue ribbons and pledges worn or signed.

A BIRTHDAY SPEECH.

[AT ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 5, 1903.]

I thank you all, my dear friends, for your presence here to-night. You have been very kind to drink my health. Although small, I may claim that our gathering is representative. The Church is represented by my dear friend, the energetic Rector of Chatham. The Army by my friend the General,¹ whom I can now call my junior, for though we were both eighty-three yesterday, I am eighty-four to-day. The Navy by the daughter of my old friend (whom I have lost awhile), Admiral Kelly; and the Law by my son, who, I can safely say, stands high in his profession—indeed I think I may say there are few higher. The

¹ General Wentworth Forbes.

next generation is represented by my dear grand-child, Bridget.

During the years that are gone I have seen many changes—some I regret, some I admire. Of those I regret are pigeon-shooting, barbed wire, Little Englanders, motor cars, and ping-pong. Of those I admire, electric light, Joe Chamberlain, and the XI. cricketers now in Australia. I pray God to bless you all with the same blessings with which He has blessed me.

*"What triumph knows the great sun when
A winter rose is born."*

TO GEORGE MOUNT.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
Christmas Day, 1903.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have received some very pretty Christmas gifts, books, pictures, fruits and flowers, but your bouquet of lovely Roses far excels them all! Grown, as you only know how to grow them, as perfectly, under glass and with artificial heat, as tho' they had always enjoyed the pure air, the gentle rain, and the warm sunshine, they are "a sight to make an old man young" and they have been enthusiastically admired by all our guests and visitors.

It was most kind of you to send me a gift,

which you knew would give me such intense pleasure, and to accompany it with such genial and welcome words.

Please accept the heartiest thanks of—Yours
very sincerely, S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,
January 2, 1904.

I rejoice to be so honourably and happily associated with "The Garden Diary."¹ It is a new endearment of names, already so dear to us, united in belle alliance to achieve a sure success. A little book, but, like a Liebig lozenge, containing a large amount of palatable and nutritious food. The prefatory notices of the months, their transformations and surroundings in vegetable and animal type, are most interesting; and there are selections and instructions for gardeners by an expert, and of objects, which should have special charms for the naturalist, in woods and fields, birds and insects, whenever he goes abroad. The quotations from the poets are both as to aptitude and abundance the best I have ever seen, a concert of sweet music.

And, in addition to the sweet enjoyment of the

¹ The gardening directions of this little book are those of Miss Rose Kingsley, herself a delightful writer on roses.

book itself, its suggestion and provision for the lover of the beautiful to make his own notes, will, if he accept his opportunity, bring a new pleasure into his life. He will write a book of his own, from his own observation, which will give him a delightful retrospect when it is finished, and be a very helpful guide to the future.—Most sincerely yours,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

THE DEANERY, ROCHESTER,

May 13, 1904.

MY VERY DEAR BISHOP AND FRIEND,—As the Sun and the Showers have clothed our Kent Orchards with garments of praise, and made the buds of our gardens to grow, so your words of warm and refreshing sympathy, from the comfort wherewith you are comforted of GOD, make my faith glad with the blossoms of hope, and quicken my prayers for those fruits of the Spirit, and those flowers of Eden, which will be restored in the new heaven and the new earth, where dwelleth Righteousness.

You say nothing of your recent illness, but you would feel sure of the loving sympathy of your people, and of their thankful joy in your recovery. "The stars shine o'er the cypress trees," and the brightest of all ever leads onward to the Light

which shineth more and more. The morning cometh,—tho' heaviness has made the night seem very long, and the enemy is gone and you have won the battle so bravely fought *pro Christo et Ecclesia*.

Forgive these words so ill-written and expressed. I am told to abstain awhile from correspondence, and when I disobey pen and brain appear to be unwilling allies of—Your loving and grateful subaltern,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

TO J. F. R. STAINER.

RAMSGATE, *April* 11, 1904.

DEAR MR. STAINER,—It is most kind of you to send to me the corrected sheet to be inserted in the copy—which I prize so dearly—of your father's music. The memory of our friendship is always treasured by me with affectionate admiration, and esteemed very highly . . . for his work's sake. It was delightful to welcome your dear mother at Rochester and to enjoy reminiscences of mutual friends and the beautiful old city¹ we love so well.—Yours very sincerely,

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

Sir John Stainer set to music Dean Hole's hymn, "Sons of Labour." "Sons of Labour"—one of the "Ancient and Modern Hymns"—was included in Sir

¹ Oxford.

John Stainer's collection. In 1899 he wrote from Oxford to Dean Hole: "Will you let me print the words of 'Sons of Labour'? But have you got any more which you could let me try to set? I should like to have one or two, or as many as possible, of your hymns in my little book, not only because of their poetic beauty, but because I feel attracted and grateful to you for long friendship and kindness to those dear to me." Again in 1900: "I am really very much pleased to hear of the substantial sum which your beautiful hymn has gained for the War Fund. I assure you I am very humble about my efforts as a composer, and I am grateful to you for giving me the opportunity of joining you in such a good work." This hymn, "Father, Forgive," was also set to music by Dr. Stainer. Messrs. Novello sold between twenty-eight and twenty-nine thousand copies, which realised nearly a hundred pounds for the Transvaal War Fund.

SONS OF LABOUR.

Sons of Labour, dear to Jesus,
 To your homes and work again;
 Go with brave hearts back to duty,
 Face the peril, bear the pain.
 Be your dwellings mean and lowly,
 Yet remember, by your bed,
 That the Son of God most Holy
 Had not where to lay His head.

Sons of Labour, think of Jesus,
 As you rest your homes within,
 Of that sweet Babe, born of Mary,
 In the stable of the Inn.
 Think upon the sacred story,
 Christ arose from humble grade,
 And the Lord of Life and Glory
 Worked with Joseph at his trade.

Sons of Labour, pray to Jesus,
Oh, how Jesus prayed for you !
In the moonlight, on the mountain,
Where the shimmering olives grew.
When you rise up at the dawning,
Ere to toil you wend your way,
Pray, as He prayed, in the morning,
Long before the break of day.

Sons of Labour, be like Jesus,
Undefilèd, chaste, and pure ;
And, though Satan tempt you sorely,
By His grace you shall endure.
Husband, father, son, and brother,
Be ye gentle, just, and true,—
Be ye kind to one another,
As the Lord is kind to you.

Sons of Labour, seek for Jesus,
Where He tells you ye shall find,
In the children, mid the mourners,
In the sick, poor, lame, and blind,—
“Search the Scriptures,” He entreats you,
“For of Me they testify ;”
Love His Altar, where He meets you,
Saying, “Fear not—It is I.”

Sons of Labour, go to Jesus,
In your sorrow, shame, and loss,
He is nearest, you are dearest,
When you bravely bear His Cross.
Go to Him, Who died to save you,
And is still the sinner’s friend ;
And the great love, which forgave you
Will forgive you to the end.

Sons of Labour, live for Jesus,
Be your work your worship too ;
In His Name, and to His glory,
Do whate’er you find to do.
Till this night of sin and sorrow
Be for ever overpast ;
And we see the golden morrow,
Safe with Jesus, home at last !

The letter to Mr. Stainer was one of the last Dean Hole wrote. He died a few months later. One who, with Mrs. Hole, was then constantly near him writes that his failure was very gradual, at first hardly to be noticed, and the end quiet and without pain. "It was many months before his death that he asked Mrs. Hole to find for him the words, 'God is the Lord, by whom we escape death;' telling her it was his special wish that this should be his epitaph. On Whitsunday 1904 he reminded her of this wish, and made us find and show him the text which is in the Psalm for the day.

"He had not been in the cathedral for some time, as he could not walk up the steps leading to the choir. His increasing breathlessness made it hard for him even to walk on the level. He was asked whether he would like to receive the Holy Communion privately on Whitmonday. At first he thought he would wait till Trinity Sunday, when he had every hope of being able to go to the cathedral; but feeling less well in the evening, he asked the Archdeacon to hold the service in his room. We shall none of us ever forget that wonderfully touching service; the little altar with its Niphotos roses from his own garden, the Dean sitting in his big armchair at the head of the table with Mrs. Hole, Canon Pollock, the housekeeper who had been in the Dean's service so many years, and myself, kneeling round. At the close of the service, he called Canon Pollock and gave him his blessing, and then beckoned for me also. That afternoon he was so much worse that he was not expected to live many days. Yet he rallied and lived till August. But somehow it was never quite the same again, it seemed he had been given a respite and knew it was a very short one.

"Those last weeks he lived in his garden, and never was there a more lovely summer, nor had his flowers been seen in greater beauty. He seemed now just to be waiting

in patient hope for the end. His great joy was to see the new Tower of Rochester Cathedral rising gradually, and he would say, 'I thank God for letting me see this work begun, even though it may not be His will that I should see it completed.' He just lived to see the whole outline of the new Tower, so that he could picture to himself how it would look when finished. Before Whitsuntide he had talked so hopefully of being present at its consecration, and rejoiced so much when he knew that the Archbishop had promised to come to Rochester to take the chief part in the service; he had seen the lists of guests, and had interested himself in every detail. But now, though his interest was just as great, it was as if he knew that, like Moses, he might only view the fulfilment of his desire from afar, that he should behold but not possess it."

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

THE DEAN'S SELECTION OF THE BEST ROSES FOR ALL GARDENS

Hybrid Perpetuals.—Alfred Colomb, A. K. Williams, Baroness Rothschild, Captain Hayward, Charles Lefèvre, Clio, Duke of Edinburgh, Dupuy Jamain, General Jacqueminot, Madame Gabriel Luizet, Marie Baumann, Merveille de Lyon, Mrs. John Laing, Mrs. Sharman-Crawford, Prince Arthur, Madame Victor Verdier, Suzanne M. Rodocanachi, Ulrich Brunner.

Hybrid Teas. — Augustine Guinoisseau, Caroline Testout, Gustave Regis, Kaiserin A. Victoria, Killarney, La France, Mrs. W. J. Grant, Papa Gontier, Viscountess Folkestone.

Teas.—Anna Olivier, Catherine Mermet, G. Nabonnand, Gloire de Dijon (for wall), Madame Hoste, Madame Lambard, Maman Cochet, Maréchal Niel (for wall), Marie Van Houtte, Rubens, Souvenir d'un Ami, Souvenir de S. A. Prince, The Bride, White Maman Cochet, W. A. Richardson (for wall).

China Roses. — Common China, Crimson China, Laurette Messimy, Madame Eugène Resal.

Polyantha Roses.—Cecile Brunner, Perle d'Or.

APPENDIX B

ROSES IN THE DEANERY GARDEN AT ROCHESTER IN 1903

THE DEAN'S LIST

A

Alfred Colomb.
Alfred Williams.
Amadis.
Alice Lindsell.
Anna Olivier.
Augustine Guinoisseau.
Austrian Yellow.

B

Bardou Job.
Baroness Rothschild.
Belle Lyonnaise.
Belle Siebricht.
Ben Cant.
Bessie Brown.
Blairii 2.
Bouquet d'Or.
Bride, The.

C

Camoëns.
Captain Christy.
Captain Hayward.

Carmine Pillar.
Caroline Testout.
Catherine Mermet.
Cecile Brunner.
Celeni Forestier.
Charles Lawson.
Charles Lefèvre.
Climbing C. Christy.
Climbing Kaiserin
Victoria
Climbing Mrs. Grant.
Cimbing Perle des Jardins.
Clio.
Common Moss.
Common Sweet Briar.
Common China.
Conrad F. Meyer.
Crimson China.
Crimson Rambler.

D

Dorothy Perkins.
Duchess of Portland.

Duc de Luxembourg.
 Duke of Edinburgh.
 Dupuy Jamain.

K
 Kaiserin Augusta Victoria.
 Killarney.

E

Etienne Levet.

F

Félicité Perpétue.
 Fisher Holmes.
 Flora M'Ivor.
 François Croupe.
 Frau Paul Druski.

G

General Jacqueminot.
 George Pernet.
 G. Nabonnand.
 Gladys Harkness.
 Gloire de Dijon.
 Gloire Lyonnaise.
 Grace Darling.
 Grüss an Teplitz.
 Gustave Regis.

H

Her Majesty.
 Honble. Edith Gifford.

I

Innocente Pirola.
 Irish Beauty.

J

Jeannie Deans.

L

Lady Bathence.
 Lady Moyse Beauclerc.
 Lady Penzance.
 La France.
 La Tosca.
 Laurette Messimy.
 Liberty.
 L'Ideal.
 Lord Penzance.
 Longworth Rambler.
 Louis Van Houtte.

M

Madame Abel Chatenay.
 Madame Alfred Carrière.
 Madame Berard.
 Madame Chédane Guinnoisseau.
 Madame de Watteville.
 Madame Eugène Resal.
 Madame Gabriel Luizet.
 Madame Hoste.
 Madame Jules Grolez.
 Madame Lambard.
 Madame Isaac Percine.
 Madame Pernet Ducher.
 Madame Ravany.
 Madame Victor Verdier.
 Maman Cochet.
 Maréchal Niel.

Marguerite Dickson.
 Marie Baumann.
 Marie Van Houtte.
 Marquise de Salisbury.
 Marquise Litta.
 Merveille de Lyon.
 Mildred Grant.
 Mrs. Bosanquet.
 Mrs. B. R. Cant.
 Mrs. John Laing.
 Mrs. Reynolds Hole.
 Mrs. Sharman-Crawford.
 Mrs. W. J. Grant.

N

Niphetos.

P

Papa Gontier.
 Papa Lambert.
 Paul Lergon.
 Perle d'Or.
 Perle des Jardins.
 Perle des Rouges.
 Persian Yellow.
 Prince Arthur.

Q

Queen Alexandra.

R

Rev. Alan Hicks.
 Reve d'Or.
 Reynolds Hole.
 Reine Marie Henriette.
 Rosa Lucida.
 Rosa Macrantha.
 Rosa Mundi.
 Rosa Linica.
 Rubens.

S

Senator Varpe.
 Soleil d'Or.
 Souvenir de Catherine
 Guillot.
 Souvenir de Pierre
 Notting.
 Sunrise.
 Suzanne M. Rodocanachi.

U

Ulrich Brunner.

V

Village Maid.
 Vicountess Folkestone.

W

White Maman Cochet.
 William Allan Richardson.

APPENDIX C

"THE VULGAR TONGUE "

This was a lecture which Hole delivered for charity in many Midland towns during the 'seventies and 'eighties. It was very successful. Portions of it only are given here.

FIRST, of abuses. I protest against those sensational adjectives, which are so commonly misapplied—against the union of grand and noble words with subjects of a minute and trivial nature. It is as though a huge locomotive engine were brought out to draw a child's perambulator, or as though an Armstrong gun were loaded and levelled to exterminate a tom-tit.

I heard a tourist say the other day, that when he was at Black Gang Chine, in the Isle of Wight, he had seen the *most magnificent*—what do you think? A sunset, a man-of-war, a thunderstorm? Nothing of the kind. He had seen the *most magnificent prawns* he ever ate in his life.

And when I asked another young gentleman, who was speaking of "*the most tremendous screw* ever made in the world," to which of our great ironclads he referred, he smiled upon me with a benign and courteous pity, as he said that he "was alluding to a screw into the middle pocket, which he had recently seen during a game at billiards between Cook and the younger Roberts."

When you hear one young lady informing another that she has just seen simply the most *exquisite*, the most *lovely*, the most *perfect* thing in existence, is she

referring to something wonderful in nature, or to something beautiful in art, or can it only be a bonnet? Has she just come home from the glaciers of Switzerland, the lakes of Italy, the mountains of Connemara, or the castles of the Rhine, or can it be that she has been no farther than Marshall and Snelgrove's shop?

Then there's that awful "*aweful!*" Why—if a thousandth part of the things which are commonly affirmed to be awful were awful, we should go about with our faces blanched, like his who drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night, our teeth chattering, and our hair on end. Everything is *aweful*—awefully good or awefully bad.

Only last week, I handed a plate to a young lady, at luncheon, and, looking sweetly upon me, as though I had brought a reprieve from the gallows, she sighed, "Oh thanks! how *awefully* kind!"

And years ago, I went with John Leech to admire Robson, in "*The Porter's Knot*," and when that pathetic little drama was over, and the actor had stirred our souls with pity, an undergraduate, in the stalls before us, turned to his companion, as the curtain fell, and said, tremulously, with an emotion which did him honour, although his diction was queer—" *Awefully jolly! awefully jolly!* "

Yes, it amuses, but it pains us more, this reckless abuse and confusion of words, because it tends to lower the dignity and to pervert the meaning of our language: it dishonours the best member that we have. If we use the most startling and impressive words which we can find, when we do not really require them, when the crisis comes in which they are appropriate, they seem feeble and commonplace. We are as persons who, wearing their best clothes daily, are but dingy guests at a feast.

Then comes retribution. They who cry "Wolf" whenever they see a leveret, are not believed when Lupus comes. They who suffer "excruciating agony" whenever a thorn pricks, can say no more under exquisite pain, and their familiar words are powerless to evoke the sympathy which they have repelled so long. They are more likely to receive the severe rebuke administered by a gruff old gentleman to his maudlin moribund neighbour, who was ever exaggerating his ailments, and who, upon his doleful declaration, that "between three and four o'clock that morning he had been at Death's Door!" was abruptly but anxiously asked—"Oh, *why didn't you go in?*"

I protest, in the next place, against the use of long large words for the gratification of that conceit or covetousness, which seeks to obtain from mere grandiloquence, reputations, and rewards, to which it is not entitled. Being a gardener, I like to call a spade as spelt; and if any one terms it a horticultural implement, or a mattock, I do not expect him to dig much. I have used the monosyllable shop, and I will not recall it, though a thousand pairs of gleaming scissors were pointed at my breast, and I was told by an angry army of apprentices to talk shop no more—the word was vulgar, or rather obsolete, superseded by the more graceful terms of mart, emporium, warehouse, repository, bazaar, and lounge.

Plain folk, who sold drugs, when I was a boy, were not ashamed to be called druggists, but now they are pharmaceutical chymists, and analytical homœopathists; and one is tempted to quote Canning's paraphrase, which he made, when Dr. Addington had been complimenting the country party, "I do remember an apothecary, gulling of simples." Persons who cut hair were known as hair-cutters, and they who attended to the

feet were called corn-cutters; but now the former are artists in hair, and the latter are chiropodists.

No long time ago, I consulted with an intelligent tradesman as to the best way of protecting from frost a long line of standard rose trees, growing near a wall in my garden, and shortly afterwards I received from him the drawing of a clever design, with a letter informing me that he had now the pleasure of submitting to my inspection his idea of a *Cheimoboethus*. When I rallied from my swoon, and was staggering towards my lexicon, I remembered that, as *χειμων* was the Greek for winter, and *βοηθος* for a friend in need, the word was not without appropriate meaning; but I never took heart to order the invention, because I felt convinced, that if I were to inform my gardener that we were going to have a *Cheimoboethus*, he would say that he would rather leave.

A bird-stuffer is now a plumassier and taxidermist; and when I asked a waiter the meaning of "Phusitech-nicon," which I read over a shop opposite his hotel, he told me it meant old china. And he bowed respectfully, as one who knew how to treat a great scholar, when he met him, as I remarked gravely, "Ah yes, I see: no doubt from phusi—the ancients, and technicon—cups and saucers."

Nor can I leave these long Greek words without noticing another objectionable abuse of them, whereby, upon the principle that "what in the captain's but a choleric word, is in the soldier flat blasphemy," a distinction is made between vice in the rich and vice in the poor, and that which in the latter is obstinate depravity, to be handled only by the police, becomes in the former a pitiable weakness, or an irresistible impulse, to be gently nursed by the physician. If a poor man steals, he is a desperate thief, but if a rich man fancies that

which does not belong to him he is a Kleptomaniac, and "the spoons will be returned." If a poor man is addicted to alcohol, he is a drunken sot; but if a rich man is oft intoxicated, he is afflicted with Dipsomania! Interesting patient! I should like to prescribe for him. I feel sure I could do him good with my medicines—the crank and water-gruel!

Leaving him at it, I pass on to another mania, which rather provokes amusement than anger—the mania to be called "Esquire." Forty years ago, the title was restricted to those who carried arms. The armiger, no longer toiling after his knight with heavy helmet and shield, bore his own arms, as he drove along, proudly and pleasantly upon his carriage door. People who became rich, and found themselves shut out from "genteel society," because they had only letters upon their spoons, instead of birds and beasts, arms with daggers, and legs with spurs, were delighted to discover, on application at the Heralds' Office, that one of their ancestors had undoubtedly exercised the functions of a groom in the establishment of William the Conqueror. and that they were consequently entitled to bear upon their arms a stable-bucket azure, between two horses current, and to wear as their crest a curry-comb in base argent, between two wisps of hay proper, they and their descendants, according to the law of arms. But the luxury was expensive, a lump sum to the Heralds, and two pound two to the King's Taxes; and so, as time went on, men of large ambition, but of limited means, began to crave for some more economical process by which they might become Esquires. They met together, and they solved the difficulty. They conferred the title upon each other, and they charged no fee. And now the postal authorities will tell you that the number of "esquires," not carrying arms, not having so much as a

leg to stand on (in the matter of legal claims), is something "awful!" But the process is so charmingly cheap and easy, that we may expect a further development. Why should we not all be Baronets? Why should we not raise ourselves, every man of us, on his own private hoist, to the Peerage?

We have all been ladies and gentlemen so long, that a little nobility, with its attendant titles, cannot fail to make a pleasant change. Bessie Black, who cleans the fire-irons, has, for some years, been Miss Cinderella, with a chignon and a lover on Sundays; and Bill, who weeds in the garden, is Mr. Groundsell with a betting-book and a bad cigar. A quotation from the newspapers will exemplify the comprehensiveness of those terms "ladies and gentlemen," which had once such definite and narrow restrictions. A witness, giving evidence at a trial, says, "When I see that gentleman in the handcuffs a-shinning and a-punching that lady with the black eye, I says to my missus, 'Them's ways,' I says, 'as I don't hold to;'" and she makes answer to me, "You better hadn't."

Let me not be misunderstood to mean that none are ladies and gentlemen who do not eat with silver forks, or that all persons who go about in carriages deserve those gracious names. I have met with persons calling themselves gentlemen, who evidently thought it manly and high-spirited to swear at their servants, and who were incapable of appreciating any anecdote which was not profane or coarse; and I have met, as all who go amongst the poor have met, men who well deserved that noble epithet in cottages and corduroy. Who has not seen illustrious snobs in satin, and sweet, modest, gentlewomen in homely print and serge? A gentleman! There's no title shouted at a reception so grand in my idea as this; and yet, methinks, that any man may win

and wear it who is brave, and truthful, and generous, and pure, and kind—who is, in one word, a Christian !

Some people think to make themselves gentlemen by tampering with their patronymics, and by altering their family name. Brown has added an *e* to his ; and greedy Green, though he had two already, has followed his example ; and White spells his with a *y* ; and Bob Smith calls his son and heir Augustus Charlemagne Sacheverel Smythe ; and Tailor calls himself Tayleure. And one day Tailor went out a-hunting, and he worried a whipper-in, who had plenty of work on his hands, with a series of silly questions, until, upon his asking the name of a hound, he received an answer which put an end to the discourse—"Well, sir," said the Whip, "we used to call him Towler ; but things has got so fine and fashionable, we calls him *Tow-leure*."

Passing from abuse to disuse, I would now refer to words which are gradually becoming obsolete, but which some of us, partly from admiration of the words themselves, and partly from old associations, would not willingly let die. Beginning alphabetically, the adjective *Ask* is one of those grand old English monosyllables which convey the sense in the sound. It speaks to you of a day in March, when the wind is in the east, and all the clouds are of a dull slate colour, and the roads are white, and the hedges black, and the fallows are dry and hard as bricks, and a bitter, searching, piercing wind whistles contemptuously at your sealskins and Ulsters, your Lindseys and Jerseys, your foot-warmers and muffatees, and you feel, with Miggs, "as though water were flowing aperiently down your back," and sit shuddering—dithering (there's another word rarely used, but with a sufficient amount of chilliness in it to ice a bottle of champagne) "dithering in that *ask*, ungenial day."

Then I like *abear* (the penultimate *a* pronounced as *e*)—"I can't abeer him;" *addled*—"Bill's addled noat a three week;" *agate*—"I see you've got agate on't;" *among-hands*—"Tom schemed to do it among-hands;" *all along of*—"It was all along of them 'osses," &c.

Of B's there is a swarm, *beleddy* (a corruption, as most men know, of "by our lady"), and I can only notice a few of the Queens. *Botch* is a word which, though found in Shakspeare and Dryden, and other authors, is rarely used by us; and yet, methinks, in these days, when the great object seems to be to get quantity in place of quality, and to make as much display as we can at the price—when so much is done by contract, and there is, in consequence, strong temptation to daub with untempered mortar, to use green timber, to put in bad material where it will not be seen, the verb to *botch* is only too appropriate to all such scampish proceedings.

And what do you think of *Bofen-yed*? I once heard a farmer, shouting from his garden fence, with the vocal powers of a Boanerges, to a labourer at work about a quarter of a mile away, "Yer gret bofen-yed, can ter ear noat?" (Anglicé, "You ox-headed lout, are you stone deaf?"); and more frequently the terms, *pudding-yed* and *noggen-yed* have been addressed in my hearing to obtuse and stupid folk. The former requires no comment, and an explanation of the latter—*noggen*, hard, rough, coarse—may be found in Johnson. "Nay, *I* did na say thee wor a noggen-yed; I said, Lawyer said thee wor a noggen-yed," was a poor apology, once spoken in Lancashire. And there, also, in time-honoured Lancaster, was made the following illustrative speech: A conceited young barrister, with a *nez retroussé* and a new wig, had been bullying for some time a rough, honest, Lancashire lad, who was giving evidence in a

trial, and at last the lawyer, thinking that he saw his opportunity, turned sharply upon the witness and said, "Why, fellow, only a short time ago you stated so and so." To which came the indignant answer, "Why, yer powder-yedded monkey, I never said noat o' sort; I appeal to th' company!"

I have a loving faith in children. Mixing with them daily—in church, in school, and at their play—I think that I know something about them; and I maintain that a disagreeable child is a sorrowful exception to the rule, and the result of mismanagement and foolish indulgence on the part of parents and teachers. But when this abnormal nuisance is found, a peevish, fretful child—a child who is always wanting to taste—a child who ignores the admirable purposes for which pocket-handkerchiefs were designed, such an *enfant terrible*, as he who told the kindly mother, offering to bring her 'Gustus to join him in his play, that "if you bring your 'Gustus here I shall make a slit in him with my new knife, and let out all his sawdust"—when, I repeat, we come in contact with such an obnoxious precocity as this, what word can describe him so satisfactorily as the monosyllable—*Brat*?

More detestable, because more powerful to do hurt, and with less excuse for doing it, is *the Blab*; the unctuous, tattling Blab, who creeps to your side with words softer than butter, but having war in his heart; "he always thought that Sam Smith was such a friend of yours, and" (hardly waiting for your "so he is") "was surprised and rather disgusted by his remarks at the Club last Thursday." And then he tells you something which, for a moment, and until principle prevails over passion, suggests the removal by violence of several of Sam's teeth, and he leaves you distressed and distrustful, until you discover, as you most probably will,

that there has been cruel misrepresentation. Ah, if poor Jeannette's desire were realised, and they who make the quarrels were the only men to fight, how nice it would be to sit upon an eminence and watch the Battle of the Blabs!

There was a battle once on a small scale, the only rational duel ever fought, in which a brace of Blabs were sweetly discomfited. They had succeeded in separating "very friends," and had arranged a hostile meeting; but, through the intervention of better men, and without their cognisance, the principals entered into explanations, and, finding that they had been misled, mutually agreed to fire at the seconds, who had made the mischief. One Blab received a bullet in the calf of his leg, and the other heard a *ping* close to his whiskers; and then the combatants said that their honour was satisfied, and the party broke up.

Some years ago there lived in our village an individual, who was known to us as *Brawnging* Bill. Does not the epithet describe the man? As you pronounce it, does not William's photograph present itself to your mental eye. A large, obese, idle *hulk* of a man (fine old Saxon word that *hulc*!) lounging about with his hands in his pockets, and a pipe in his mouth; a man who talks at the top of his voice, and laughs the loud laugh, which tells the vacant mind, and lies with such volubility, that you would think Truth was a fool. Eloquent, didactic, imperious was he, in the taproom and by the blacksmith's forge, in the quoit-yard and in the alley of skittles, and yet, whenever his tongue led him into trouble, and there was whisper of peril to that fat form of his, at the first utterance of a threat, the first sign of aggressive anger, there was a dissolving view of our Brawnging Bill.

From B. to C.—Whenever the fairer sex enter Parliament (breathes there a man with ears so deaf as to

doubt their powers of parlanee ?) and we have a House of Ladies as well as a House of Lords, I anticipate that among the first measures introduced will be a Coercive Bill for Regulating in the Clay Districts, the scraping, wiping, and cleaning of men's boots on their return from the garden or the field. A sore provocation it must surely be to those who love order and brightness to find slabs of dirt upon their new oilcloth, Indian mats, and bright encaustic tiles. Justly may the gentlest spirit *chunter* and complain, while the guilty husband, from his dressing-room hard by, vainly essays to evade his shame by a quotation—"Would my darling have me come bootless home—home without boots, and in wet weather, too ?" Better to give the real, the only excuse, and say that the soil is so—no, not adhesive, not sticky, not tenacious, but, to use a word ten thousand times more expressive than these, so *clarty*.

And do you not remember (on we go voyaging among the C's), a time, a happy time, before you knew what digestion meant, when you delighted to *crunch* the unripe gooseberry, until you heard the *clomp* of the paternal tread on the *causey*, and crouched lest you should *catch it*, hid to escape a hiding ; and how, nevertheless, swift retribution followed upon the track of crime, and you suffered those internal pains, which were vulgarly known as *colly-wobbles*, and were *coddled*, in consequence, upon your mother's knees ?

Going on to D.—Dickens, in a description of a street row, represents one of the lady disputants as saying to her adversary, "You go home, and when you are quite sober, mend your stockings ;" and he adds that these allusions, not only to her intemperate habits, but to the state of her wardrobe, were so exasperating to the accused party that she proceeded to comply, not with the suggestion of her accuser, but with the request

of the bystanders, and to "pitch in" with considerable alacrity. Assuming that her hose was as reported, let us hope that she had the worst of the combat, for there is something in the idea of a *dowdy* which is hateful to the manly mind. How life-like the portrait which the word paints for us—a coarse, fat female, her dingy cap, with its faded ribbons, awry upon her unkempt hair; eyes hookless, holes buttonless, upon her shabby gown; a bootlace trailing on the ground. When we clergy visit Mrs. Dowdy's home, or the residence of her sister, Mrs. Slattern, and find that, though it is towards evening, they have not tidied either self or house, we know why the children are unhealthy and untaught, and why the husband prefers the warmth and cleanliness of "The Manor Arms" to his own miserable hut. As a house-keeper, Mrs. Dowdy could only "please the pigs"; and this reminds me what an apt word we have in *Dunky* for a rotund, obese, little porket. I do not find the latter in Johnson, but dowdy is Shakspeare, and slattern is from the Swedish.

No word suggests itself as I stand at E's, and I therefore proceed with a sonata in F, composed not by Beethoven, but by a horse-breaker, with certain amplifications of my own:—"The young horse was in famous *fettle*, and *framed* splendidly over the *flakes*, but he seemed all of a *flabber-gaster* when he caught sight of the water, put himself into a regular *fandango*, and the more I *flanked* him the more he *funked*, till in he went with a *flop*."

I come now to a gem of purest ray serene. To me the monosyllable *Gorp* is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Take a youth, who has passed his life as an underling, on some secluded farm, to an exhibition of wax figures, gorgeously attired, rolling their eyes and lifting up their arms to slow music, and you shall see

him *gorp*. Or go with that young man to a display of fireworks, and when the first asteroid rocket sends out its glowing stars, you shall see that wide-mouthed, wobbling agriculturist so gorp, as to make it almost impossible for the descending stick to go anywhere save down his throat.

But we are all of us naturally fond of gorping. We abstain in our sensitive days, because somebody said it was vulgar; but, as we grow older and wiser, and that bell-wether Fashion tinkles vainly in our ears, we flatten our happy noses upon the shop windows once again, and thoroughly enjoy our *gorp*.

At Oxford, I remember, it was considered very low indeed to gorp. In fact, we did not allow ourselves to be astonished at anything, unless it was the audacity of trades-people, with reference to the payment of their little bills. Wherefore I the more honour the conduct and courage of a college friend, who, honest himself, and as free from humbug as any man I know, was bored, especially in London, by the society of an affected coxcomb, who persisted in attaching himself, whenever they met, giving himself all sorts of silly airs, enlarging upon his intimacy with titled folks, and asserting himself to be, like Mrs. Jarley's show, the delight of the nobility and gentry of the day. "Gradually," said my friend to me, "I discovered a process by which I might execute a deed of separation. First, I rattled my stick against the area railings, and I saw him wince; then I whistled an Ethiopian serenade, and 'o'er his face a tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced'; but when I set my hat well on the back of my head, and *gorped* with open mouth at six legs of pork in a butcher's shop, he fled, and I saw him no more."

Thus did my friend successfully assume the lineaments of a *Gawk*, and the deportment of a *Gorby*, that

he might evade the oppressive attentions of a companion given to *Gawster*. The enemy whom he so adroitly dispersed, bore a strong family likeness to a fraternal nuisance, whom we recently inspected, being, in fact, a new edition, on toned paper, and elegantly bound, of the braggart, "Brawnging Bill," and exhibiting the same feeble powers of resistance, when his silly conceits were thwarted. Honest men, hoping reformation, rejoice to see him slink away, rejoice to see the *Gawsterer* subdued, as when Theodore Hook rushed across Fleet Street to one, who was walking as proudly down it, as though the Bank of England was his counting-house, and St. Paul's his private Chapel, and, almost breathless with admiring awe, gasped his anxious question—"O sir, O pray sir, may I ask, sir—are you anybody in particular?" Certainly it is either a great amusement or a great irritation (as the weather, or disposition, or digestion may influence), to meet with persons in parks, promenades, esplanades, and spas, who ostensibly expect you to look at them in an ecstasy of wonder, as though they were a sunset on Mont Blanc or the Balaklava Charge.

Only in three exceptional cases is it permissible, as I think, to *Gawster*. I like to see a drum-major, with my grandmother's carriage-muff on his head, and a baton in his hand as long as a bean-rod, swaggering at the head of his regiment, as though he had only to knock at the gates of a besieged city, and the governor would instantly send the keys. Secondly, I was disappointed the other day at the stolid behaviour of a sheep, who went on grazing with a sublime indifference, when a peacock, having marched some distance for the purpose, wheeled round within a yard of its nose, displaying his brilliant charms in vain; and all the eyes of Argus seemed to pale their ineffectual fire, as when

Mercury, with his delightful music, in accordance with the command of Jupiter, and with Lemprière's dictionary, made them wink in a delicious drowse. And, thirdly, in the case of a game bantam, once my property, who flew up every morning to the top of a tall pump, and challenged Nottinghamshire to fight, I could not but admire the gawstering spirit, because he so thoroughly meant all that he said, and would have gladly matched himself against a mad elephant, or would have crowed defiance, midway between the rails, as the express rushed on at speed.

But in other animals I would pitilessly suppress proclivities to gawster. I would ask power from Parliament to whip, when mild persuasion failed, the precocious prig, "neither man nor boy," who struts about on Sundays, scoffing at religion, and polluting the air with bad tobacco and worse talk; and I would authorise the police to supervise, and to send home at their discretion, those small giggling girls, who, having lost the shame which is a glory and a grace, and coveting every adornment but one, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, are seen in our streets, with nearly half a year's wage upon their backs, and the change on their faces—in brass.

To gawster, in fine, is a sure indication of moral and physical debility. He who gawsters is like a show, which has enormous pictures and clanging cymbals, and gongs, and drums, and an obese showman, in his shirt-sleeves, lying through a speaking-trumpet at the top of his voice, *outside*, and little more than a three-headed puppy, or a seven-legged lamb (not in vigorous life, as shown upon the canvas, but in glass and spirits of wine) *within*. When, for example, you hear a man gawster about his horsemanship, you may be sure that he will never be first over a fence, unless it be some

wee obstacle, which you could almost arrange on 'a rocking-horse, and then he will rush wildly at it, as though he had made up his mind to die; or, if his boasting be of cricket, you may expect next morning to see him miss the first easy catch which comes.

I need hardly ask whether you have known, my reader, what it is to feel yourself *Glopped*, as when in boyhood (if feminine, please ask your brother), you had just finished your first pipe of the herb called shag, and on your face a tablet of unutterable thoughts was traced, as represented in that marvellous sketch by John Leech, "Old Bagshawe under the influence of tobacco;" when you went forth with your mother for an innings, as you hoped, at the confectioner's, and a second ditto at the toyshop, and saw her ringing the dentist's bell; when you had carefully adjusted that cracker to Mr. Nabal's knocker, and were lighting the lucifer within the quiet seclusion of your cap, and suddenly the knuckles of Mr. Nabal's left pressed rudely on your nape, and the thumb and finger of his right essayed to meet each other through the lobe of your ear; when your dearest friend, in the strictest confidence, and having sworn you to secrecy, showed you a lock of gleaming hair, given to him by the girl whom you adored,

"And it was you, my Thomas, you,
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did;"

or when, in after years, unequally mated, you groaned, with Parolles, under the subjugation of a stronger will, "a man that's married is a man that's marred;" and it might be said of you, as once it was said by a labourer of one of his neighbours (so have I read in a book about roses, a charming volume, which should be on

every table), "Bill has been and married his mestur, and she has *glopped* him a goodish bit."

I remember an occasion when a gawsterer was glopped sorely. There was an ancient mansion, wainscoted and floored with shining oak—*glib*, I have not heard that apposite, terse little monosyllable since I went *slurring* with the village boys—*glib* as glass; and in that ancient mansion there was a banquet; and to that banquet came, with other guests, "a fop in a gay coat," a coxcomb wearing the bright vestment of the hunter, albeit in the hour of chase he only hunted gates and gaps; and upon the white satin lining of his "pink" there was a tiny button-hole bouquet, such as Mab might have held with her fairy fingers at the time of her coronation; and in collar, if in nothing else, he resembled the immortal Shakspeare; and his bosom was broad and snowy as the swan's; and his pumps were glossy as the raven's wing; and he was going dinnerward, with a winsome damsel on his arm, and a complacent smile of self-conceit upon his countenance, when the smooth soles of these new and shining shoes suddenly performed a rapid evolution, as though they were skates upon ice; and there was a little shriek from the winsome damsel in particular, and a large "Oh!" from the procession in general, and a flash of horizontal scarlet, as when a soldier falls in battle; and then the bruised and bewildered dandy picked himself up, as best he could, to perform a part for which his qualifications were small—the personification of a man who had a relish for pain; and I sympathised with, though I did not love him—not so much because his feelings, as because his raiment was torn, and he, who was generally the most lively and locomotive of all, was now depressed and sedentary, like the lover of Constance, brooding upon his silent grief, as on its nest the

dove, while we remained at the dinner-table, and finally backing out of the drawing-room, at an early hour, as though our hostess were the queen.

And his involuntary gymnastics remind me, as I pass on to that "terrible thoroughbred" letter H (I have heard men speak of others who ignored it in conversation as though they must be capable of any crime), of a stout old lady in the manufacturing districts, whose husband had been very successful in business, and had purchased a fine old country-residence from some dilapidated squire. She was complaining to a visitor of the difficulty which she had in walking upon the polished floors. "First I sluther," she said, "and then I *hutch*, and then I sluther, and then I hutch; and the more I hutch the more I sluther."

Only one other specimen (for I must hurry on helter-skelter and harum-scarum) from words beginning with H—to be, or cause others to be, on the *Hig*, that is, to go about, or cause others to go about, in a fume, angrily excited, menacing revenge. "Betty," I asked one of my parishioners, "why do you make these ill-natured, irritating speeches to your next-door neighbour?" "Oh, bless yer," was the reply I received, "I only said 'em just to set old Sally on the *hig*." She knew that not to many was it given to hear resignedly the bitter word, that not to many was given in its reality the resignation affected by another of my old women, who (one of those wretched combinations of religion and rancour, "who think they're pious when they're only bilious") accosted me with the startling intelligence—"Oh, Mestur 'Ole, I've got another lift towards 'eaven. Bowcocks" (tenants of the cottage adjoining her own), "Bowcocks has been telling more lies; blessed are the parsecuted!" Better open war than this dismal affectation of peace! Better to confess

ourselves *Hity-tity*, and to raise a *Hullabaloo*, than such *humbug* as this!

I, the egotist, has for once nothing to say; but *J* recalls to me an extract from a conversation which took place during one of my parochial visitations:—

Pastor.—"Did I not see old Nanny Smith talking with you at your door, just now?"

Parishioner.—"O yes, she wor here not three minutes sin', and *jabbering*, as usual, like a clamm'd (famished) jay in a wood; but when she see your reverence coming up th' lane, th' old lass wor gone in a *jiffey*."

K makes no suggestions, and *L* but few. "Ill *lay*" has no reference to eggs or to a recumbent posture, but implies a wager. Some years ago, I was riding to the meet, and came up inaudibly, upon the wayside grass, with two grooms on their masters' hunters, peering over their pummels at a mounted horse in the distance before them, and anxiously discussing his identity. Just as I was passing the disputants, the one turned to the other and said, "I shall *lay yer* three threepenny gins to one as it's Colonel's rat-tailed 'oss."

Lig is still commonly used for lie. "Our Bob has ligabed sin' Monday." "The moon wor *ligging* behind a cloud, so they couldn't see keepers coming." To *lorp* is to move awkwardly or idly, and the word suggests a noble line for the alliterative poet,

Lo, lazy lubbers loutish, lorp and loll.

In the days of my boyhood I was perplexed conjecturing by what process of the rustic mind moles had changed their names into *Mouldiwarps*; but I have since discovered that in this instance, as in countless others, the bucolic brain was not so mollified by beans and bacon as some would have us believe. The *mould*,

and very fine mould it is, is *warped*, turned up by the mole; and this reminds me of a mole-catcher, whose principles were warped also, and whose occupation was gone awhile in our parts, when it was discovered that he carried a collection of dead moles about with him, with which, the morning after his traps had been set, he made a grand display on some contiguous hedge, inducing his employer fondly to imagine that his enemies (as he thought them) had been all destroyed in a night.

Flying onwards, for this is a very fugitive piece, I would ask admiration for the adjective *Muggy*, as exquisitely descriptive of weather, not uncommon in this climate, where a fog gives one the idea, suggested by Dickens, that nature is brewing on an extensive scale outside, and there's dampness everywhere, taking the curl from ringlet and whisker, and causing our adhesive envelopes to fasten themselves on our writing-table, as though practising the duties of their post.

“ No sun, no moon,
 No morn, no noon,
 No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day—
 No sky, no earthly view,
 No distance looking blue.
 No road, no street, no t'other side the way—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member,
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No . . . vember!”

I love, though not as licensed victuallers love, the little monosyllable *Nip*. What a nimble agility, what a motive power, in that curt, imperative word, the pistol-shot which starts the boat-race, the brief shrill whistle which starts the train. “Just nip off your horse and pull out that stake.” “You nipped out o’ the army,”

said a snob to a friend of mine, who had retired some years before the Crimean invasion, and who, in his magisterial capacity, had offended the snob; "you know'd t' war wor a-coming; you nipped out, you didn't relish them Rooshan baggonets a-prodding and a-pricking. You nipped out o' th' army; you know'd t' war wor coming. Good morning. I think you were right."

When the wind bloweth in from the Orient, or when our discretion has collapsed before a lobster salad (that claw looked so innocently pink, and that lettuce so crisp and green!) then is poor human nature but too prone to be querulous; we disagree, like the lobster, with our fellow-creatures; we are peevishly disposed to *Nag*. "My mestur has been a good husband to me," said one of the matrons of my flock, "but he can chime in nasty when he wants to *nag*."

Times of refinement are probably at hand when, under the sacred influence of School Boards, the rural tongue shall cease to substitute the word *No-at* for nought or nothing. I am not sorry that when that epoch comes I shall no longer be attached to this machine. I cling to those expressions, which I have heard from childhood: "He's like a *no-at*." "He's up to *no-at*." One day, years ago, we waited for the train at, not Coventry, but Ratcliffe-on-Trent, and while we waited a weary workman, with his bag of tools on his back, came and sat on the bench beside. Presently we were joined by a third person in the garrulous phase of inebriety, and he pestered the tired artisan with his *bosh* and *gibberish* (two words which should have been introduced at an earlier period of my history) until he provoked the righteous expostulation, "Oh, don't bother me, you're drunk." Then with an air of outraged dignity, and with a stern solemnity, which, if he had not wobbled in

his gait, and stammered in his utterance, might have suggested the idea that he had just been appointed Professor of Philosophy for the Midland Districts, he delivered an oration: "Now just you listen to me. Do you suppose as a Mighty Power 'ud mak the barley to grow, and the 'ops to grow, and then put it into the minds of other parties to mak 'em foment, and me not meant to drink 'em; why, you know *no-at!*" Where-upon the apt rejoinder: "I know this—that a Mighty Power never meant the barley to grow nor the hops to grow, for you to take and turn yoursen into a be-ast."

Nobbut is still common in these parts, in abbreviation of "nothing but." I congratulated an invalid parishioner on the presence of the doctor, and he said dolefully, "Oh yes, sir; thank yer, sir — but it's *nobbut* th' 'prentice."

My limits do not allow me to mind my P's and Q's and R's, or I might have enlarged upon such words as *palaver* and *pawting* and *peart* and *prod*, and *ramper* and *ramshackle* and *rawm*; and I can only dwell upon one selection from the S's, of which there is a long Sigma-tismus, such as *snag* ("Billy and Sally's always at *snags*") and *scuft* and *scrawl* ("he wor just a glass over the *scrawl*," *i.e.* the line of sobriety), and *scrawn* and *slape* and *snigger* and *slive* ("I see that *shack a-sliving* and *a-skulking* about"), and *slare* and *slawmy* and *sneck* and *snoodle* and *spank* and *stodge* and *stunt* and *swish*.

The word which I would illustrate is *skimpy*. It signifies something mean and defective; and in the following history, told to me by a clerical friend, it refers to an attenuated and bony female. When a curate in a remote country parish, he took a raw village lad into his service, to train him for some better place; and, when his education was sufficiently advanced, and he had made some progress in the art of waiting, he was

permitted to accompany his master to a large dinner-party given by a neighbouring squire. Next morning he communicated his experiences to the housekeeper, and she treacherously repeated them to my friend. "‘Oh,’ he said, ‘it just wor grand. Me and t’other gentlemen in livery we stood i’ th’ ’all, and they flung open folding doors, and out come the quality tu and tu, harm i’ harm, all a-talking and a-grinning, and as smart as ninepence. I wor quite surprised at mestur. He come out last of all, with a *skimpy* old woman, I should say she wor sixty off, and there were squire’s daughter, looking as bewtifle as bewtifle, and dressed up as gay as waxwork. I never made no mistake, except giving one gentleman mustard wrong side, and just a drop or so o’ gravy down a hunbeknown young lady’s back.’”

I have reached the length of my tether, and will go no longer a-*tewing* after words, lest I put my readers in a *tiff*, and leave them in a *tantrum*. I will *yark* off. Said an underkeeper, who had just shot at a snipe, "It *yarked* up and screeted, and I nipped round and blazed; but I caught my toe on a bit of a tussock, and so, consarn it, I missed." Let me hope that I have not so completely failed in my aim, while firing my small shot against certain abuses and disuses connected with The Vulgar Tongue.

APPENDIX D

THE ELECTION OF PROCTORS FOR THE DIOCESE OF SOUTHWELL

ON the 23rd of July 1886 a large number of the clergy of the diocese met in the Lecture-hall of the Mechanics' Institute, Nottingham, to elect two Proctors to represent them in Convocation. The Lord Bishop of Southwell presided.

Canon Morse proposed Canon Hole as a candidate for the office of Proctor (applause). He had been elected to the office twice and oftener without any opposition, and he concluded from that the clergy then present voted for him (no). Certainly none voted against him. He held precisely the same views as before, and he thought they were happy in having such a man in the archdeaconry. He had ever been a good Churchman (applause). He was a finished speaker, and one they wanted in the Lower House of Convocation. He asked them to look round, and in almost every cathedral in the country they would find that he was known. As to his popularity he (Canon Morse) would only say that the last time Canon Hole preached in St. Mary's Church, he thought he should never get in himself. He maintained that he was a man whom they ought to have in Convocation (applause).

Canon Trebeck seconded the nomination. Canon Hole held a position of distinction as a clergyman in

the diocese and in the Church of England, and he might say, without exaggeration, all over the English-speaking world. He was making great sacrifices for the service of the Church, which he accepted as a pledge of his devotion to her cause. He had leisure for his duties in Convocation. He had the ear of all classes of the community, and possessed the comparatively rare gift of facility in debate. He had served in the office long and faithfully, and he offered to serve them again, not with vague promises of reform, which might mean anything or nothing, but building his hopes for the future of the Church rather in the power which they each possessed of purifying, by the Divine aid, the spirit in which they did their work than in the thankless task of trying to conciliate opposition by making concessions sure to be followed by increased demands (applause). He (Canon Trebeck) confessed he found it difficult to take very seriously the objections which had been raised to Canon Hole's proctorship in respect of his orthodoxy. Canon Hole's teaching was sought for everywhere and incessantly on almost every sort of religious occasion in the nation and beyond it—services which Canon Hole as readily rendered around his own home as when called to address the largest and most influential assemblies. It had been alleged that Canon Hole's reply in regard to some expressions of Lord Halifax was unsatisfactory. The difficulty, he submitted, if difficulty existed, was logical and not theological. There was something like what was called the "fallacy of many questions" in the question as it was put to him. If Canon Hole's answer was unsatisfactory it was because an answer that was logically satisfactory was impossible to a question put in that particular form. Let them take some extracts from Canon Hole's letters, and they could be made, as almost all isolated expressions could be made, objectionable.

Let them read the same letters *in extenso*, and they would find as strong a repudiation of Papal errors and Papal intrigues as words could give. But they were not criticising letters, nor were they sending a printed letter to Convocation as a testimonial of the orthodoxy of the diocese. Canon Hole was himself their epistle to Convocation "known and read of all men." His religious convictions stood in the clear and steady light for good or evil of his everyday labours, and to hold out to them the winking tapers of excuses and apologies would be simply to obscure them. They were there not to hunt for exceptions in correspondence, but to judge of their representative by the whole tenor of his conduct. If pious hopes for the union of Christendom were mischievous because their fulfilment was beyond human foresight, what would be said of those who hoped for the conversion of the Jews, or prayed that "Satan may be beaten down under our feet." Canon Hole went no further than that. They did not expect infallibility in a Proctor for Convocation. Taking one thing with another, they could send no better man to represent them; their choice would be approved by the Church of England at large, and ratified by the electing body of the diocese.

The Rev. J. Chancellor proposed that the Rev. Thomas Henry Freer, rector of Sudbury, should be nominated.—Mr. F. Jourdain seconded.

The Rev. Lord Forester proposed Canon Jackson. His duty was not altogether unmixed with pain because there appeared to be some spice of opposition in his proposal.—The Rev. Canon Knight seconded the nomination.

The Bishop then announced that it was open for any one to ask questions of the candidates.

The Rev. T. A. Field then put the following question

to Canon Hole: "Are you a member of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, and if so do you join with that association in desiring the Reservation of that Sacrament?"

Canon Hole, in reply, said he was thankful to say he had been for many years a member of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. All that it had done for him had been to give him additional subjects of prayer, and to deepen his love for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He did not recognise that the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament had anything whatever to do with Rome, certainly not with their doctrine of Transubstantiation. As for Reservation, it was a subject to which he had not given consideration (applause). He did not see the slightest probability of its being restored in the Church. He had come to no decision on the matter, and he would therefore make no definite answer.

The Rev. T. A. Field submitted that the latter part of the question had not been answered.

The Lord Bishop said he held that it had been answered (applause).

Canon Hole was then asked whether, in view of his recent letter, and that of Lord Halifax, as to the policy of the English Church Union, he had ceased to be a member of that body? In reply, he said he had not the slightest intention of ceasing to be a member of the English Church Union (applause)—so long as some of the holiest and hardest working men throughout England, with whom he was acquainted, were liable to persecution for following the dictates of their consciences and obeying, as they believed, the laws of the Church of England. With regard to Lord Halifax, he had said he very much agreed with the spirit in which he had advocated the reunion of Christendom. Was it possible that there could be a man in that room who did

not pray to Almighty God for the reunion of half Christendom? and that was the Church of Rome. Was it possible that such a thing could be that they should not follow their Lord's example and pray for reunion? ("Not with Rome.") Yes, with Rome, purified of Romish errors (loud applause)—and not only with Rome, but with all—even with the vilest drunkards and harlots in the streets (applause). So far he entirely agreed with Lord Halifax. He did not agree with him as to what he had said with respect to the supremacy of the Pope. From the very first he had said he desired no chief beyond his own Archbishop. He had nothing to do with the supremacy of the Pope, and he never should dream of submitting to it. He had said he had no more wish to see the Pope at the head of the Church than he had as an Englishman to obey the Sultan or King Parnell. What was plainer English than that? He must confess that he had gone through a variety of very strong emotions since the opposition started to his re-election as proctor. He was mystified. What had he done? In what particular point had Reynolds Hole, whom they had elected four times to Convocation, failed? (applause). How was it that those men whose names he saw in the newspapers were opposing him, from whom he had continual solicitations to go into their parishes and preach the word of God? (applause). But now as to Lord Halifax he should speak for himself in the following letter:—

LETTER FROM LORD HALIFAX, THE PRESIDENT
OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION

"THE MOULT, KINGSBRIDGE, SOUTH DEVON,
July 16, 1886.

"MY DEAR CANON HOLE,—I am sorry that any words of mine should have been so interpreted as to cause you any

inconvenience. It may be, as some have said to you, that they were unguarded ; but it is almost impossible in a short address to say all that has to be said on all sides of a very complicated subject ; and, after all, I do not know that I said anything more than I have often said before. The Catholic Revival has certainly transformed the Church of England within the last fifty years, and I look upon this revival as the continuation and development of the Evangelical movement, to which we certainly owe the revival of the idea of 'Grace' in the Church of England, just as I believe the Evangelical movement itself was due to John Wesley, who, amid the deadness of spiritual religion prevailing during the last half of the eighteenth century, kept alive the idea of a supernatural order amongst us.

"But what is this except to recognise God's good providence, guiding the Church of England for her good in the past, and to believe that He, Who has begun that good work, will also complete it by bringing again into one the scattered members of Christ's flock.

"For that reunion of Christendom I do most earnestly pray. Who can help doing so, who thinks of our Lord's last prayer, that His disciples may be *one*? And I think one of the saddest things possible is to see how little, as a rule, people seem to care about our most unhappy divisions.

"I desire reunion among ourselves, with our separated brethren at home, not by a sacrifice of the truth, but through the truth ; and, in the same way, I most earnestly desire the restoration of visible communion between ourselves and the members of the Roman Church, not, as I have always said, by a sacrifice of the truth, but through the truth, and as the great and most effectual step towards that most blessed end, after prayer to God. I have wished that we all should try to think of our own faults rather than those of our neighbours—to correct those which we might amend, rather than those which were not so primarily our own especial business. As an *argumentum ad hominem*, in view of much that was written at one time in regard to the Bishop of Capetown on the South African Church, I have also said, having regard to our own deficiencies, that an appeal from a Christian Bishop about the verities of the Faith to a court like the Judicial

Committee of Privy Council is a scandal, which an appeal on such matters from a Bishop to his Metropolitan, or from a Metropolitan to a Patriarch, or from one Bishop to the Primate of Christendom, is *not*. This, I certainly do think, and most instructed Christians will, I think, agree with me; but I have never said that I wished to see appeals restored from Canterbury to Rome, and, in point of fact, I have no such wish.

"The reunion of Christendom on Catholic principles is one thing, the revival of an appellate jurisdiction from Canterbury to Rome, quite another. You see I write to you with the greatest frankness. I could not endure anything except the most perfect openness about my opinions, which are, after all, my own, not necessarily those of any other member of the Union, or of the Society at large, and which, if I know myself at all, have their root and growth in my own most earnest desire to serve that portion of God's Church in which it has pleased Him to place me.—Ever yours most sincerely,

HALIFAX."

If that was not satisfactory—if that was not the letter of a true son of the Church of England—he never read one that was, and if they were not satisfied they ought to be. There were some people whom it was very difficult to satisfy. He said to a friend of his—"I have done my best to answer the accusation which I never dreamed would be brought against me. I have said as plainly as I can what I mean about the Church of Rome; I think they will be satisfied." And his friend replied, "My dear Hole, they don't want to be satisfied" (applause). He was accused by hint and innuendo, and also by written accusation, of being associated with men who wish to Romanise the Church of England. He indignantly, with all the righteous indignation of an honest man answering a charge of dishonesty, denied, repelled, and despised that accusation (loud applause). He had lived all his life amongst them; who could mention a single word or act of his in favour of any

specific Romish practice or doctrine? If there was any one let him come forth (applause). He had many friends to whom he had opened his heart. Let the man come forward who could say he had ever heard him speak a word against the Church of England, of which he was an unworthy priest. What had he done that he should be accused of sympathies with the Church of Rome? He had been selected to preach to his University, he had been through the land preaching, and there was not a man who could say he had spoken in favour of Papal supremacy. He never had an interview but once with a Romish priest, and their conversation ended by his (Canon Hole) saying that the Church of England had got all the Grace and Truth that the Roman Catholics had got, and was free from her errors and novelties; and yet, forsooth, he was going to Romanise the English Church. It seemed to him—his life had been long and his experience large—that the men amongst them doing most to Romanise the Church of England were those who were keeping from the children of the Church their full privileges—(applause)—those who were watering down her Doctrines and minimising her Services. The matter was of local interest. A young man not very long ago in that neighbourhood went over to Rome. The clergyman said he had suspected him long, because he had been flirting with choral unions and with that sort of thing. A friend of his happened to meet him, and asked whether it was true that the choral union had anything to do with it. No, he said, it was the absence of what he ought to have had in the Church of England that drove him to Rome. It was, he added, because he found the Creeds sometimes not said at all, and very often contradicted. He (the speaker) had a letter not long ago from a young man in that district, who said he had

been two years a communicant, but had never once heard the Athanasian Creed. (Question.) He should be very sorry to name the clerical gentleman in whose Church it was. All he wanted to tell them was that he had no sympathy with the errors of the Church of Rome. He had no wish for union at the sacrifice of Truth. If the Romans were to come to them they must come as Primitive Catholic Christians, without their Infallibility and their compulsory celibacy of clergy, and on that basis alone could they have union. Unless some specific question was to be asked he would say no more except that he should like to state that his feeling of astonishment and indignation had gone by. The storm had passed over; the sea was calm. Hope reigned triumphant. He would just ask one question. Was there any man in that room or in the diocese who really believed in his heart that he (Canon Hole) wished to Romanise the Church of England? And another question was—Was there any man there who really believed in his heart that if Mr. Jackson went to Convocation in his place the influence of the Roman Church would from that moment materially decrease? (laughter). He left them with those two questions, and with just this one remark—What had he done to lose that confidence which they had given him so long, and which he confidently believed they would give him again? (applause).

The Rev. T. Cleworth asked if Canon Hole had said that he would never preach in a church where evening communions were administered, and was he in favour of a thorough measure of Church reform, and if so, what is it? (laughter).

Canon Hole said that he had 400 invitations a year to preach, and he certainly should not select any church which had an evening communion. They had Church

reform discussed in Convocation the other day, and a great deal was said about the elasticity of their services. He suggested that the clergy should have more elastic boots, should get up earlier and do more work, and then reform of Church work would be begun. Let them do more work in the Church's way, instead of only talking about fancies and impossibilities.

The voting was then taken, and the result was that Canon Hole and the Rev. T. H. Freer were declared elected, Canon Jackson only receiving about thirty-five votes as compared with fifty given to Dean Hole.

The Rev. Lord Forester demanded a poll on behalf of Canon Jackson, and the election took place on 29th July, with the result that Canon Hole was re-elected by a large majority, 200 against 136.

APPENDIX E

CLASSES AND RULES FOR THE FIRST NATIONAL ROSE SHOW, JULY 1, 1858

CLASS I.—*To Growers for Sale.*

- A.* For the best Collection of Roses, three trusses of each variety: 1st, A Silver Cup, value ten guineas; 2nd, A Silver Cup, value five guineas.
- B.* For the best Collection of Roses, one truss of each variety: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd prize, £3.
(Exhibitors in Class *A* cannot show in Class *B*.)
- C.* For the best Collection of Roses of 48 distinct varieties, to be shown in single trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd prize, £3.
- D.* For the best Collection of Roses of 24 distinct varieties, to be shown in single trusses; 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd prize, £3.
(Exhibitors in Class *C* cannot show in class *D*.)
- E.* For the best Collection of Moss Roses, to be shown in single trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd prize, £2.
- F.* For the best Collection of Tea and Noisette Roses, to be shown in three trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd prize, £2.
- G.* For the best Collection of Gallica Roses, to be shown in three trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd prize, £2.

CLASS II.—*To Amateurs regularly employing a Gardener.*

- H. For the best Collection of Roses, to be shown in single trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value ten guineas; 2nd, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 3rd, Piece of Plate, value £3.
- I. For the best Collection of 24 distinct varieties, to be shown in single trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value ten guineas; 2nd, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 3rd, a Piece of Plate, value £3.
- J. For the best Collection of 12 distinct varieties, to be shown in single trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd, A Piece of Plate, value £3; 3rd, ditto, £2.
- K. For the best Collection of 6 distinct varieties, to be shown in single trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd, A Piece of Plate, value £3; 3rd, ditto, £2.

CLASS III.—*To Amateurs not regularly employing a Gardener.*

- L. For the best Collection of 24 distinct varieties, to be shown in single trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd, Piece of Plate, £3; 3rd, ditto, £2.
- M. For the best Collection of 12 distinct varieties, to be shown in single trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd, Piece of Plate, £3; 3rd, ditto, £2.
- N. For the best Collection of 6 distinct varieties, to be shown in single trusses: 1st, A Silver Cup, value five guineas; 2nd, Piece of Plate, £3; 3rd, ditto, £2.

Open to all Classes.

- O. For the best Group of Roses, arranged in a vase or basket: A Silver Cup, value five guineas.

Exhibitors must give notice to the Secretary on or before 20th June, as to the classes in which they propose to exhibit, and the space which they will require. Roses intended for exhibition must be in St. James's Hall before 11 A.M. They must be shown in moss, and in boxes painted of a green colour. It is requested that the flowers may be named on sheets of card or

paper, placed in front of the boxes, and not by labels attached to the individual blooms.

By a truss is meant a rose with its buds and leaves, cut from wood of the current year, so as to be exhibited in the most natural manner, as grown upon the tree. Any addition to the original truss will disqualify the pan. In cases (very rarely occurring) where neither buds nor foliage can conveniently be included with the flower, a single rose may be exhibited.

The name of any person showing roses not grown by himself will be publicly advertised on discovery, and the exhibitor will be excluded for the future from competing at the National Rose Show.

Subscribers, on payment of their Subscription, will receive Schedules, with a list of Subscribers, and Tickets of Admission to the Show. Subscriptions are received by Mr. THOMAS RIVERS, Sawbridgeworth, Herts; Mr. WILLIAM PAUL, Chess-hunt, Herts; Mr. CHARLES TURNER, Slough, Bucks; and the Rev. REYNOLDS HOLE, Secretary, Cauntton Manor, Newark, Notts.

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